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ON PERSONAL IDENTITY.

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“Ha! here be three of us sophisticated.”—*Lear*.
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“IF I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes!” said the Macedonian hero; and the cynic might have retorted the compliment upon the prince by saying, that, “were he not Diogenes, he would be Alexander!” This is the universal exception, the invariable reservation that our self-love makes, the utmost point at which our admiration or envy ever arrives—to wish, if we were not ourselves, to be some other individual. No one ever wishes to be another, *instead* of himself. We may feel a desire to change places with others—to have one man’s fortune—another’s health or strength—his wit or learning, or accomplishments of various kinds—

“Wishing to be like one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,
Desiring this man’s art, and that man’s scope:”

but we would still be ourselves, to possess and enjoy all these, or we would not give a doit for them. But, on this supposition, what in truth should we be the better for them? It is not we, but another, that would reap the benefit; and what do we care about that other? In that case, the present owner might as well continue to enjoy them. *We* should not be gainers by the change. If the meanest beggar who crouches at a palace-gate, and looks up with awe and suppliant fear to the proud inmate as he passes, could be put in possession of all the finery, the pomp, the luxury, and wealth that he sees and envies, on the sole condition of getting rid, together with his rags and misery, of all recollection that there ever was such a wretch as himself, he would reject the proffered boon with scorn. He might be glad to change situations; but he would insist on keeping his own thoughts, to *compare notes*, and point the transition by the force of contrast. He would not, on any account,

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forego his self-congratulation on the unexpected accession of good fortune, and his escape from past suffering. All that excites his cupidity, his envy, his repining or despair, is the alternative of some great good to himself; and if, in order to attain that object, he is to part with his own existence to take that of another, he can feel no farther interest in it. This is the language both of passion and reason.

Here lies "the rub that makes calamity of so long life:" for it is not barely the apprehension of the ills that "in that sleep of death may come," but also our ignorance and indifference to the promised good, that produces our repugnance and backwardness to quit the present scene. No man, if he had his choice, would be the angel Gabriel to-morrow! What is the angel Gabriel to him but a splendid vision? He might as well have an ambition to be turned into a bright cloud, or a particular star. The interpretation of which is, he can have no sympathy with the angel Gabriel. Before he can be transformed into so bright and ethereal an essence, he must necessarily "put off this mortal coil"—be divested of all his old habits, passions, thoughts, and feelings—to be endowed with other lofty and beatific attributes, of which he has no notion; and, therefore, he would rather remain a little longer in this mansion of clay, which, with all its flaws, inconveniences, and perplexities, contains all that he has any real knowledge of, or any affection for. When, indeed, he is about to quit it in spite of himself, and has no other chance left to escape the darkness of the tomb, he may then have no objection (making a virtue of necessity) to put on angels' wings, to have radiant locks, to wear a wreath of amaranth, and thus to masquerade it in the skies.

It is an instance of the truth and beauty of the ancient mythology, that the various transmutations it recounts are never voluntary, or of favourable omen, but are interposed as a timely release to those who, driven on by fate, and urged to the last extremity of fear or anguish, are turned into a flower, a plant, an animal, a star, a precious stone, or into some object that may inspire pity or mitigate our regret for their misfortunes. Narcissus was transformed into a flower; Daphne into a laurel; Arethusa into a fountain (by the favour of the gods)—but not till no other remedy was left for their despair. It is a sort of smiling cheat upon death, and graceful compromise with annihilation. It is better to exist by proxy, in some softened type and soothing allegory, than not at all—to breathe in a flower or shine in a constellation, than to be utterly forgot; but no one would change his natural condition (if he could help it) for that of a bird, an insect, a beast, or a fish, however delightful their mode of existence, or however enviable he might deem their lot compared to his own. Their thoughts are not our thoughts—their happiness is not our happiness; nor can we enter into it, except with a passing smile of approbation, or as a refinement of fancy. As the poet sings:—

"What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of nature?
To reign in the air from earth to highest sky;
To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature;
To taste whatever thing doth please the eye?—
Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness!"

This is gorgeous description and fine declamation: yet who would be found to act upon it, even in the forming of a wish; or would not rather be the thrall of wretchedness, than launch out (by the aid of some magic spell) into all the delights of such a butterfly state of existence? The French (if any people can) may be said to enjoy this airy, heedless gaiety and unalloyed exuberance of satisfaction: yet what Englishman would deliberately change with them? We would sooner be miserable after our own fashion than happy after their's. It is not happiness, then, in the abstract, which we seek, that can be addressed as

“That something still that prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we wish to live or dare to die,”—

but a happiness suited to our tastes and faculties—that has become a part of ourselves, by habit and enjoyment—that is endeared to us by a thousand recollections, privations, and sufferings. No one, then, would willingly change his country or his kind for the most plausible pretences held out to him. The most humiliating punishment inflicted in ancient fable is the change of sex: not that it was any degradation in itself—but that it must occasion a total derangement of the moral economy and confusion of the sense of personal propriety. The thing is said to have happened, *au sens contraire*, in our time. The story is to be met with in “very choice Italian;” and Lord D—— tells it in very plain English!

We may often find ourselves envying the possessions of others, and sometimes inadvertently indulging a wish to change places with them altogether; but our self-love soon discovers some excuse to be off the bargain we were ready to strike, and retracts “vows made in haste, as violent and void.” We might make up our minds to the alteration in every other particular; but, when it comes to the point, there is sure to be some trait or feature of character in the object of our admiration to which we cannot reconcile ourselves—some favourite quality or darling foible of our own, with which we can by no means resolve to part. The more enviable the situation of another, the more entirely to our taste, the more reluctant we are to leave any part of ourselves behind that would be so fully capable of appreciating all the exquisiteness of its new situation, or not to enter into the possession of such an imaginary reversion of good fortune with all our previous inclinations and sentiments. The outward circumstances were fine: they only wanted a *soul* to enjoy them, and that soul is our's (as the costly ring wants the peerless jewel to perfect and set it off). The humble prayer and petition to sneak into visionary felicity by personal adoption, or the surrender of our own personal pretensions, always ends in a daring project of usurpation, and a determination to expel the actual proprietor, and supply his place so much more worthily with our own identity—not bating a single jot of it. Thus, in passing through a fine collection of pictures, who has not envied the privilege of visiting it every day, and wished to be the owner? But the rising sigh is soon checked, and “the native hue of emulation is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,” when we come to ask ourselves not merely whether the owner has any taste at all for these splendid works, and does not look upon them as so much expensive furniture, like his chairs and tables—but whether he has the same precise (and only true) taste that we have—whether he has the very same favourites that we have—whether he may not be so blind as to prefer a Vandyke to a Titian, a Ruysdael to a Claude;—nay, whether he may not have other pursuits

and avocations that draw off his attention from the sole objects of our idolatry, and which seem to us mere impertinences and waste of time? In that case, we at once lose all patience, and exclaim indignantly, "Give us back our taste, and keep your pictures!" It is not we who should envy them the possession of the treasure, but they who should envy us the true and exclusive enjoyment of it. A similar train of feeling seems to have dictated Warton's spirited Sonnet on visiting Wilton-House:—

"From Pembroke's princely dome, where mimic art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble start,
How to life's humbler scene can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous towers,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
Vain the complaint! For fancy can impart
(To fate superior and to fortune's power)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their attic-pall;
Bid the green landskip's vernal beauty bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight wall."

One sometimes passes by a gentleman's park, an old family-seat, with its moss-grown ruinous paling, its "glades mild-opening to the genial day," or embrowned with forest-trees. Here one would be glad to spend one's life, "shut up in measureless content," and to grow old beneath ancestral oaks, instead of gaining a precarious, irksome, and despised livelihood, by indulging romantic sentiments, and writing disjointed descriptions of them. The thought has scarcely risen to the lips, when we learn that the owner of so blissful a seclusion is a thorough-bred fox-hunter, a preserver of the game, a brawling electioneerer, a Tory member of parliament, a "no-Popery" man!—"I'd sooner be a dog, and bay the moon!" Who would be Sir Thomas Lethbridge for his title and estate? asks one man. But would not almost any one wish to be Sir Francis Burdett, the man of the people, the idol of the electors of Westminster? says another. I can only answer for myself. Respectable and honest as he is, there is something in his white boots, and white breeches, and white coat, and white hair, and red face, and white hat, that I cannot, by any effort of candour, confound my personal identity with! If Mr. Hobhouse can prevail on Sir Francis to exchange, let him do so by all means. Perhaps they might contrive to *club* a soul between them! Could I have had my will, I should have been born a lord: but one would not be a booby lord neither. I am haunted by an odd fancy of driving down the Great North Road in a chaise and four, about fifty years ago, and coming to the inn at Ferry-bridge, with out-riders, white favours, and a coronet on the panels; and then I choose my companion in the coach. Really there is a witchcraft in all this that makes it necessary to turn away from it, lest, in the conflict between imagination and impossibility, I should grow feverish and light-headed! But, on the other hand, if one was born a lord, should one have the same idea (that every one else has) of a *peeress in her own right*? Is not distance, giddy elevation, mysterious awe, an impassable gulf, necessary to form this idea in the mind, that fine ligament of "ethereal braid, sky-woven," that lets down heaven upon earth, fair as enchantment, soft as Berenice's hair, bright

and garlanded like Ariadne's crown; and is it not better to have had this idea all through life—to have caught but glimpses of it, to have known it but in a dream—than to have been born a lord ten times over, with twenty pampered menials at one's back, and twenty descents to boast of? It is the envy of certain privileges, the sharp privations we have undergone, the cutting neglect we have met with from the want of birth or title, that gives its zest to the distinction: the thing itself may be indifferent or contemptible enough. It is the *becoming* a lord that is to be desired; but he who becomes a lord in reality is an upstart—a mere pretender, without the sterling essence; so that all that is of any worth in this supposed transition is purely imaginary and impossible. Had I been a lord, I should have married Miss —, and my life would not have been one long-drawn sigh, made up of sweet and bitter regret!* Had I been a lord, I would have been a Popish lord, and then I might also have been an honest man:—poor, and then I might have been proud and not vulgar! Kings are so accustomed to look down on all the rest of the world, that they consider the condition of mortality as vile and intolerable, if stripped of royal state, and cry out in the bitterness of their despair, "Give me a crown, or a tomb!" It should seem from this as if all mankind would change with the first crowned head that could propose the alternative, or that it would be only the presumption of the supposition, or a sense of their own unworthiness, that would deter them. Perhaps there is not a single throne that, if it was to be filled by this sort of voluntary metempsychosis, would not remain empty. Many would, no doubt, be glad to "monarchise, be feared, and kill with looks" in their own persons and after their own fashion: but who would be the *double* of —, or of those shadows of a shade—those "tenth transmitters of a foolish face"—Charles X. and Ferdinand VII.? If monarchs have little sympathy with mankind, mankind have even less with monarchs. They are merely to us a sort of state-puppets or royal wax-work, which we may gaze at with superstitious wonder, but have no wish to become; and he who should meditate such a change must not only feel by anticipation an utter contempt for the *slough* of humanity which he is prepared to cast, but must feel an absolute void and want of attraction in those lofty and incomprehensible sentiments which are to supply its place. With respect to actual royalty, the spell is in a great measure broken. But, among ancient monarchs, there is no one, I think, who envies Darius or Xerxes. One has a different feeling with respect to Alexander or Pyrrhus; but this is because they were great men as well as great kings, and the soul is up in arms at the mention of their names as at the sound of a trumpet. But as to all the rest—those "in the catalogue who go for kings"—the praying, eating, drinking, dressing monarchs of the earth, in time past or present—one would as soon think of wishing to personate the Golden Calf, or to turn out with Nebuchadnezzar to graze, as to be transformed into one of that "swinish multitude." There is no point of affinity. The extrinsic circumstances are imposing: but, within, there is nothing but morbid humours and proud flesh! Some persons might vote for Charlemagne; and there are others

* When Lord Byron was cut by the great, on account of his quarrel with his wife, he stood leaning on a marble slab at the entrance of a room, while troops of duchesses and countesses passed out. One little, pert, red-haired girl staid a few paces behind the rest; and, as she passed him, said with a nod, "Aye, you should have married me, and then all this wouldn't have happened to you!"

who would have no objection to be the modern Charlemagne, with all he inflicted and suffered, even after the necromantic field of Waterloo, and the bloody wreath on the vacant brow of his conqueror, and that fell jailer set over him by a craven foe, that "glared round his soul, and mocked his closing eyelids!"

It has been remarked, that could we at pleasure change our situation in life, more persons would be found anxious to descend than to ascend in the scale of society. One reason may be, that we have it more in our power to do so; and this encourages the thought, and makes it familiar to us. A second is, that we naturally wish to throw off the cares of state, of fortune or business, that oppress us, and to seek repose before we find it in the grave. A third reason is, that, as we descend to common life, the pleasures are simple, natural, such as all can enter into, and therefore excite a general interest, and combine all suffrages. Of the different occupations of life, none is beheld with a more pleasing emotion, or less aversion to a change for our own, than that of a shepherd tending his flock: the pastoral ages have been the envy and the theme of all succeeding ones; and a beggar with his crutch is more closely allied than the monarch and his crown to the associations of mirth and heart's-ease. On the other hand, it must be admitted that our pride is too apt to prefer grandeur to happiness; and that our passions make us envy great vices oftener than great virtues.

The world shew their sense in nothing more than in a distrust and aversion to those changes of situation which only tend to make the successful candidates ridiculous, and which do not carry along with them a mind adequate to the circumstances. The common people, in this respect, are more shrewd and judicious than their superiors, from feeling their own awkwardness and incapacity, and often decline, with an instinctive modesty, the troublesome honours intended for them. They do not overlook their original defects so readily as others overlook their acquired advantages. It is not wonderful, therefore, that opera-singers and dancers refuse, or only *condescend* as it were, to accept lords, though the latter are so often fascinated by them. The fair performer knows (better than her unsuspecting admirer) how little connexion there is between the dazzling figure she makes on the stage and that which she may make in private life, and is in no hurry to convert "the drawing-room into a Green-room." The nobleman (supposing him not to be very wise) is astonished at the miraculous powers of art in

"The fair, the chaste, the inexpressive *she*;"

and thinks such a paragon must easily conform to the routine of manners and society which every trifling woman of quality of his acquaintance, from sixteen to sixty, goes through without effort. This is a hasty or a wilful conclusion. Things of habit only come by habit, and inspiration here avails nothing. A man of fortune who marries an actress for her fine performance of tragedy, has been well compared to the person who bought Punch. The lady is not unfrequently aware of the inconsequentiality, and unwilling to be put on the shelf, and hid in the nursery of some musty country-mansion. Servant girls, of any sense and spirit, treat their masters (who make serious love to them) with suitable contempt. What is it but a proposal to drag an unmeaning trollop at his heels through life, to her own annoyance and the ridicule of all his friends? No woman, I suspect, ever forgave a man who raised her

from a low condition in life (it is a perpetual obligation and reproach); though, I believe, men often feel the most disinterested regard for women under such circumstances. Sancho Panza discovered no less folly in his eagerness to enter upon his new government, than wisdom in quitting it as fast as possible. Why will Mr. Cobbett persist in getting into Parliament? He would find himself no longer the same man. What member of Parliament, I should like to know, could write his Register? As a popular partisan, he may (for aught I can say) be a match for the whole Honourable House; but, by obtaining a seat in St. Stephen's Chapel, he would only be equal to a 576th part of it. It was surely a puerile ambition in Mr. Addington to succeed Mr. Pitt as prime-minister. The situation was only a foil to his imbecility. Gipsies have a fine faculty of evasion: catch them who can in the same place or story twice! Take them; teach them the comforts of civilization; confine them in warm rooms, with thick carpets and down beds; and they will fly out of the window—like the bird, described by Chaucer, out of its golden cage. I maintain that there is no common language or medium of understanding between people of education and without it—between those who judge of things from books or from their senses. Ignorance has so far the advantage over learning; for it can make an appeal to you from what you know; but you cannot re-act upon it through that which it is a perfect stranger to. Ignorance is, therefore, power. This is what foiled Buonaparte in Spain and Russia. The people can only be gained over by informing them, though they may be enslaved by fraud or force. You say there is a common language in nature. They see nature through their wants, while you look at it for your pleasure. Ask a country lad if he does not like to hear the birds sing in the spring? And he will laugh in your face. "What is it, then, he does like?"—"Good victuals and drink!" As if you had not these too; but because he has them not, he thinks of nothing else, and laughs at you and your refinements, supposing you to live upon air. To those who are deprived of every other advantage, even nature is a *book sealed*. I have made this capital mistake all my life, in imagining that those objects which lay open to all, and excited an interest merely from the *idea* of them, spoke a common language to all; and that nature was a kind of universal home, where all ages, sexes, classes met. Not so. The vital air, the sky, the woods, the streams—all these go for nothing, except with a favoured few. The poor are taken up with their bodily wants—the rich, with external acquisitions: the one, with the sense of property—the other, of its privation. Both have the same distaste for *sentiment*. The *genteel* are the slaves of appearances—the vulgar, of necessity; and neither has the smallest regard to true worth, refinement, generosity. All savages are irreclaimable. I can understand the Irish character better than the Scotch. I hate the formal crust of circumstances and the mechanism of society. I have been recommended, indeed, to settle down into some respectable profession for life:—

"Ah! why so soon the blossom tear?"

I am "in no haste to be venerable!"

In thinking of those one might wish to have been, many people will exclaim, "Surely, you would like to have been Shakspeare?" Would Garrick have consented to the change? No, nor should he; for the

applause which he received, and on which he lived, was more adapted to his genius and taste. If Garrick had agreed to be Shakspeare, he would have made it a previous condition that he was to be a better player. He would have insisted on taking some higher part than *Polonius* or the *Grave-digger*. Ben Jonson and his companions at the Mermaid would not have known their old friend Will in his new disguise. The modern Roscius would have scouted the halting player. He would have shrunk from the parts of the inspired poet. If others were unlike us, we feel it as a presumption and an impertinence to usurp their place; if they were like us, it seems a work of supererogation. We are not to be cozened out of our existence for nothing. It has been ingeniously urged, as an objection to having been Milton, that "then we should not have had the pleasure of reading *Paradise Lost*." Perhaps I should incline to draw lots with Pope, but that he was deformed, and did not sufficiently relish Milton and Shakspeare. As it is, we can enjoy his verses and their's too. Why, having these, need we ever be dissatisfied with ourselves? Goldsmith is a person whom I considerably affect, notwithstanding his blunders and his misfortunes. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and of *Retaliation*, is one whose temper must have had something eminently amiable, delightful, gay, and happy in it.

"A certain tender bloom his fame o'erspreads."

But then I could never make up my mind to his preferring Rowe and Dryden to the worthies of the Elizabethan age; nor could I, in like manner, forgive Sir Joshua—whom I number among those whose existence was marked with a *white stone*, and on whose tomb might be inscribed "Thrice Fortunate!"—his treating Nicholas Poussin with contempt. Differences in matters of taste and opinion are points of honour—"stuff o' the conscience"—stumbling-blocks not to be got over. Others, we easily grant, may have more wit, learning, imagination, riches, strength, beauty, which we should be glad to borrow of them; but that they have sounder or better views of things, or that we should act wisely in changing in this respect, is what we can by no means persuade ourselves. We may not be the lucky possessors of what is best or most desirable; but our notion of what is best and most desirable we will give up to no man by choice or compulsion; and unless others (the greatest wits or brightest geniuses) can come into our way of thinking, we must humbly beg leave to remain as we are. A Calvinistic preacher would not relinquish a single point of faith to be the Pope of Rome; nor would a strict Unitarian acknowledge the mystery of the Holy Trinity to have painted Raphael's *Assembly of the Just*. In the range of *ideal* excellence, we are distracted by variety and repelled by differences: the imagination is fickle and fastidious, and requires a combination of all possible qualifications, which never met. Habit alone is blind and tenacious of the most homely advantages; and after running the tempting round of nature, fame, and fortune, we wrap ourselves up in our familiar recollections and humble pretensions—as the lark, after long fluttering on sunny wing, sinks into its lowly bed!

We can have no very importunate craving, nor very great confidence, in wishing to change characters, except with those with whom we are intimately acquainted by their works; and having these by us (which is all we know or covet in them), what would we have more? We can have

no more of a cat than her skin; nor of an author than his brains. By becoming Shakspeare in reality, we cut ourselves out of reading Milton, Pope, Dryden, and a thousand more—all of whom we have in our possession, enjoy, and *are*, by turns, in the best part of them, their thoughts, without any metamorphosis or miracle at all. What a microcosm is our's! What a Proteus is the human mind! All that we know, think of, or can admire, in a manner becomes ourselves. We are not (the meanest of us) a volume, but a whole library! In this calculation of problematical contingencies, the lapse of time makes no difference. One would as soon have been Raphael as any modern artist. Twenty, thirty, or forty years of elegant enjoyment and lofty feeling were as great a luxury in the fifteenth as in the nineteenth century. But Raphael did not live to see Claude, nor Titian Rembrandt. Those who found arts and sciences are not witnesses of their accumulated results and benefits; nor in general do they reap the meed of praise which is their due. We who come after in some "laggard age," have more enjoyment of their fame than they had. Who would have missed the sight of the Louvre in all its glory to have been one of those whose works enriched it? Would it not have been giving a certain good for an uncertain advantage? No: I am as sure (if it is not presumption to say so) of what passed through Raphael's mind as of what passes through my own; and I know the difference between seeing (though even that is a rare privilege) and producing such perfection. At one time I was so devoted to Rembrandt, that I think, if the Prince of Darkness had made me the offer in some rash mood, I should have been tempted to close with it, and should have become (in happy hour, and in downright earnest) the great master of light and shade!

I have run myself out of my materials for this Essay, and want a well-turned sentence or two to conclude with; like Benvenuto Cellini, who complains that, with all the brass, tin, iron, and lead he could muster in the house, his statue of Perseus was left imperfect, with a dent in the heel of it. Once more then—I believe there is one character that all the world would be glad to change with—which is that of a favoured rival. Even hatred gives way to envy. We would be any thing—a toad in a dungeon—to live upon her smile, which is our all of earthly hope and happiness; nor can we, in our infatuation, conceive that there is any difference of feeling on the subject, or that the pressure of her hand is not in itself divine, making those to whom such bliss is deigned like the Immortal Gods!

TRAVELLING PARTICULARITIES :

No. II.

Calais, Sept. 1, 1827.

IN my last I promised to complete my picture of Calais, by a glance at its means of amusement. They are slender enough to be sure, if they are to be measured by those of Paris or London. But the truth is, Time may be killed with more or less difficulty, according to the strength we suffer him to acquire, and his consequent influence and command over us. In Paris and London he is immortal—lying *perdu*, however, under the alias of *ennui*. In those places we are for ever combatting him, with weapons of all possible descriptions, from the club of Hercules to the distaff of Omphale: and yet he lives and triumphs over us still. But *en province* it is different. There, a billiard ball, however awkwardly projected, upsets him in a moment; the rattle of a dice-box on a backgammon-board scares him away like a “guilty thing” (as he is); as for a dance on the green sward, he dares not come within the sound of its music; and a shot at a partridge, even if it miss its mark, kills *him* on the spot. The theatre of Calais is not a San Carlos; its “Vauxhall” is innocent of “dark walks,” and very sparingly furnished with light ones; the admission money to the most *recherchés* of its *bals parés* does not exceed twenty *sous* for “Cavalier et Dame;” its public promenades are confined to the wooden pier, where you are in momentary danger of being pitched into the sea by the winds; and the market-place, where you are equally at the mercy of the sun over head, and the knobby stones under foot: and as for private parties, dedicated to the delights of tea and tittle-tattle—you might as soon expect to be asked to a christening at the North Pole. And yet, I will venture to say, that *ennui* is utterly unknown here, except as a traveller to and fro, in English landaus, and German calèches, where he sits snugly installed in the vacant corner, visible enough to all but the unhappy patient, whom he is staring full in the face, and who has come all this way from home on purpose to avoid him. The reason is, that, like food and population, our imaginary wants increase in a “geometrical ratio” to our means of supplying them, and we grow poor in the one in proportion as we wax rich in the other.

But a truce to reflection and philosophy. I promised (myself), at the outset of these letters, that I would, for once, utterly eschew the enticements of the above-named syrens, and confine myself to facts and descriptions alone—leaving you to draw inferences, and form opinions, for yourselves. This, you are to observe, is what I propose and intend to do, during our future communications together. But I have so long been accustomed to throw the bridle upon the neck of my pen, and let it wander at its own free will through whatever flowery fields, green lanes, and pathless commons, it could make its way into, that it can hardly be expected to take very kindly to the turnpike track of mere truth, or the iron rail-road of regular description. Whenever, therefore, it does chance to wander into any of the by-ways in which it has hitherto been permitted to disport itself, you will be kind enough to accept whatever it may happen to pick up there (fruit, flowers, or mere weeds, as the case may be), as a sort of *blessing*, over and above what is your due, as per agreement between us. In a word, though all that I engage to supply you with, in regard to the places I may visit in my desultory wanderings, is that plain, positive, and complete *information* which (we have so long agreed

together) is not as yet to be met with in print, you must not be surprised or angry if I should happen to be entertaining into the bargain. I will of course do my best to avoid any such accident! But I doubt if even our friend C—— himself could contrive to give a *bonâ fide* account of any real place known by name only to the readers or hearers of such account, without being for once in his life both amusing and instructive;—so disposed and apt is the human mind to acquire knowledge, and so willing and easy to be pleased where any thing in the shape of novelty is offered to it.

It must be a poor town, indeed, in France that cannot boast its *salle de spectacle*. Calais has one, which the critical Calicots of Paris, I dare say, turn up their noses at, when they pass through on their occasional visits to London. But a very tolerable share of amusement may be extracted from it nevertheless: for if its artists are not quite competent to give due effect to the master-pieces of Racine and Moliere (which the classical tastes of their *abonnés* compel them occasionally to attempt), they can at least get through, with becoming spirit, the delightful little *vaudevilles* of M.M. Scribe, Desaugiers, &c, with which the French stage so abounds, and which, in fact, *play themselves*. They have one actor, however, at the Calais theatre, who must not go unnamed, in a description which professes to point out all that is worth particular notice in the place to which it refers. For dry, easy, and unaffected humour of the *low* kind, there are very few actors, either in Paris or elsewhere, who exceed M. Plante. His *Frontins*, and that class of characters, have not the liveliness and spirited impudence of Potier, or even of Laporte, or, among ourselves, of Jones and Wrench; and his *Jocrisses* are without the almost affecting simplicity and truth of Brunet. But his manner, in whatever he does, is quite his own; and his quiet, unpretending, but at the same time rich and racy drollery, is infinitely entertaining. Perhaps the way in which the talents of Plante make his performances stand out from those with which they are associated, induces me to estimate him rather more highly than he deserves: but I confess that he has amused me more than any of the Paris actors—always excepting the very best; such as the two I have named above, and Joly, Perlet, &c.

The Calais theatre is but little frequented—probably on account of the inferiority of the performances generally; for there is no denying that the French, even *en province*, have an excellent taste in theatrical matters, and are not to be put off with any thing very inferior, at whatever price it may be offered to them. But the Calais theatre is by no means cheap, compared with those of Paris. The lowest price is the standing parterre, which is seventy-five cents.; and the best boxes are about half a crown.

Next in attraction to the theatre of a French town are its *cafés*; and these are numerous in Calais, and, at certain hours, thronged with company. With one exception, they are each frequented by all classes; and dominos, backgammon, and *écarté* are the amusements of all, with the addition of billiards in many. But at the *Café le Grand* (rue de Havre), you seldom meet with any but the better sort of the bourgeoisie of the town, and the resident English. Here, and here only (among the *cafés*), an English paper may generally be seen—but not with any thing like regularity, and only the *Courier* and *Bell's Messenger*. The reading-rooms (of which there are at present two) are better supplied, though not much, and quite regularly. Here you have the *Morning Herald*, *Courier*, and *Galignani's Messenger*; the chief French papers; and some of the

English magazines and reviews, viz. the *Quarterly*, *Monthly Magazine*, and the *New Monthly*. The most frequented of the reading-rooms is that at the bookseller's (I forget his name) in the rue Royale, at whose house our celebrated countryman, Brummel, is domiciliated. The other is at a boarding-house lately established in the rue du Soleil. At each you pay six francs a month, or half a franc by the single day. The boarding-house I have just mentioned is a great convenience to Calais. It is frequented by some of the most reputable of the English, who are treated with comfort and respectability for about a guinea a week. Another convenience, of a similar kind, has just been supplied to the inhabitants of Calais, in the form of a tolerable *restaurant*, where you may dine, &c. *à la carte*, or at so much per head. Until this and the boarding-house were established, the "single gentlemen" of Calais, both native and foreign, were sorely put to it to procure a decent dinner, &c., for a moderate price; for to get any such thing managed for you in a private house is utterly inconsistent with French habits; and there was no alternative but dining at one or other of the rather expensive *table d'hôtes* at the different hotels, or going without—an expedient which, I believe, not a few were in the habit of adopting. Now, however, to "live like a gentleman," as the phrase is understood in Ireland, comes within the means and the inclination even of an Irish half-pay captain; that is to say, you may lodge in comfort for twenty francs a month, breakfast for fifteen sous, dine (off "soupe, trois plats, dessert, pain à discretion, une bouteille de vin, and idem de bierre!") for two francs; and pass the rest of the day in "the best society of the place," for the price of a *demi-tasse* or a *petit verre*. Accordingly, since the above arrangements have been completed, Calais has begun to enjoy the patronage and protection of the class of persons just named; and, if it should continue to increase in favour with them as it has done of late, Bath and Cheltenham may soon have to rejoice in what most of their visitors will consider a very happy deliverance.

Though the numerous religious ceremonies, processions, fêtes, &c. that take place in a French town may fairly enough be reckoned among its amusements, both in their object and their effect; yet, as they are common to all towns, and for the most part coincident with each other, I must not let them form part of an account which is intended to notice peculiarities chiefly. It only remains, therefore, to mention the fair of Calais, which is held twice every year, and lasts nine or ten days each time. There is no better policy in rulers than that of letting the inhabitants of every considerable town have a period of this kind always before them to look forward to, and never a too distant one; which twelve months is. That which is not to happen till twelve months hence might almost as well not happen at all, whether it be for good or for evil. The French manage to be never without a fête or a fair in their heads, because they never have too long a period to look forward to without one. Nevertheless, with all their liveliness and love of amusement, a French fair is not so lively and amusing a thing as an English one, either to those who take part in it, or to a mere spectator. That of Greenwich, on Easter Monday, is as much superior to its French *pendant*—that of Saint Cloud, on the Fête of St. Louis—as the scene is at which it is held. If the English are somewhat too serious and business-like in their mode of taking their amusements, the French are as much too genteel. "Les règles" must, on no account, be overstepped, even in the regions of mere fun and farcing. Any couple who should take it into their heads (or

heels) to roll down the artificial mount in the gardens of St. Cloud—as scores of the lads and lasses do down the natural one in the park at Greenwich—would be taken to the Hôpital des Fous immediately they reached the bottom.

The summer fair of Calais begins the third week in July, and the winter one in February. It is held in the Grand Place, and consists of two double rows of booths, running the whole length of the open space, and numerous other detached ones, which are confined to one corner, in order to leave the rest of the Place open for the Saturday and Wednesday's market. The four regular lines of booths are devoted entirely to the sale of fancy articles of various kinds—including all the infinite number of little nothings in which French taste and industry are so prolific. The taste and style in which some of these booths or shops are fitted up, and the splendour and expense of the articles offered for sale in them, will astonish the traveller whose experience in fairs has been confined to those of England. He will see, at one booth, a display of Parisian clocks (those useful elegancies, in which the French stand altogether unrivalled), which the joint stocks of half a dozen of the best shops in London could not parallel. In another, a shew of jewellery that would not disgrace the Palais Royal. In a third, a choice of porcelaine from Sevres and Limoges, that no prudent English husband would trust his wife within sight of; for though I can believe that, if any where, it is among our own fair countrywomen that Pope's *beau-ideal* of female temper may be found realized (I mean when he imagines one who is "mistress of herself *when china falls*") ; yet I can *not* believe that there is one who is mistress of her purse and her prudence in the presence of a boundless choice of Sevres porcelain—especially at the prices at which it will be offered to her here.

But, by far the most amusing places in this department of the Calais fair are the *vingt-cinq sous* shops—inventions peculiarly French ; where numberless articles, of every kind that the most fertile fancy can suggest—whether appertaining to the useful, the ornamental, or both, or neither—are offered for sale, all at the same price, of twenty-five sous, or one shilling. He must be a very poor, or a very parsimonious lover, indeed, who is not happy to have an opportunity of giving his mistress her choice, among a whole magazine of pretty knick-knacks, for a price like the above. Accordingly, all the little *cadeaux* that are interchanged in the course of the year, are reserved till these periods ;—

“ And those *give* now, who never gave before ;
And those who always gave, now give the more.”

Among the booths for dramatic and other entertainments, are of course to be found the usual variety—including the proper assortment of belles sauvages, white black-a-moors, giants, dwarfs, mermaids, and such-like pleasing monstrosities. A most edifying example of the state of religious feeling prevalent in France at this time, presented itself at the Calais fair of this year, just concluded. Among other exhibitions, to be seen for the price of two sous, was one, professing to represent the “ *Vie, Passion, Mort, and Resurrection de Notre Seigneur J. C.* ” !—And, moreover, the outward and *gratis* attraction that was used to collect an audience, and set forth; (as by a figure), the superior merits and attractions of “ that within,” was a puppet-show of the liveliest and wittiest class,—which is saying a great deal, here in France, where liveliness and obscenity are convertible terms.

You know it is not so much the object of these letters to supply you with a mere *travelling* manual, as it is to afford you the kind and quantity of information which is only to be acquired by a more or less protracted *residence* in the places to which they refer. The former (such as they are) may be got at every bookseller's shop, in every town, in every country of Europe; each of the thousand and one being not only the best extant, but moreover absolutely perfect in its kind, and already at its "thirtieth edition!" But the sort of information you seek, and which I am anxious to supply you with, is still a desideratum, and I have just been considering whether, being intended for your permanent, and not merely momentary, use, it should include a comparative estimate of the different inns and hotels, in the various places to be described. At first, I thought these should be passed over, as matters interesting to the mere traveller alone; but they form so important and characteristic a feature of every noticeable place, that you could assuredly gain no complete and satisfactory impressions from any descriptions which should exclude them: to say nothing of *this* being, above all other particulars, that in which the ordinary guides and vade-mecums fail—probably because it is of all others the most important for ordinary travellers to be informed of. For example, opening as good a Guide through France as I have ever met with, (dated 1827,) and turning to the first three considerable towns that occur, I find myself *guided* as follows, in regard to the choice of hotels:—(*Calais.*) "*Hôtels—de Bourbon—bains considérables—près du port:—La noblesse Anglaise and Française descend dans cet hôtel.—Dessin—un des plus beaux du royaume, et peut-être de l'Europe entière;—Quillacq—on y trouve réunis tous les genres d'agrément.*"—(*Dunkerque.*) "*Hôtels—du Chapeau Rouge—du Nord.*" (*St. Omer.*) "*Hôtels—d'Angleterre—l'ancienne Poste.*"—The natural and necessary inference from this is, that the hotels here named are at any rate the only ones that can safely be recommended to the traveller—and, from any thing that appears to the contrary, they are literally the only ones. But how is the truth? Why thus,—that the three hotels named at Calais, are the only ones that should be studiously *avoided* by all, who, if they do not travel in their own equipages, would avoid paying extravagantly for being treated with neglect;—and that of those named at St. Omer and Dunkerque, one is the very worst in the place, and two of the others have no existence at all!—while, in the three places, more than a dozen have been left un-named, every one of which called for a brief estimate, in a work addressing itself to as many different classes of readers, each of whom must be supposed to be seeking a "guide" to that particular resting place, best suited to his means, habits, and inclinations. All this has made me determine to give you a comparative estimate of every hotel I can find—of course stopping short of those mere cabarets where "*on loge à pied*" only: not pretending to settle (as the guide makers do) which are suitable to their readers, but furnishing you with the means of judging of that for yourself.

Dessin's (in the rue Royale) is undoubtedly entitled to rank as the first hotel in Calais—but as certainly not the *best*, the latter title being due rather to those which supply you with all that Dessin's can, and in as complete a manner, and are content to do so without exacting an extravagant price for it. Dessin's is a very capital establishment of its kind, though certainly not answerable to its reputation, as one of the finest in Europe. It may have been so, but it is not now. Like the "Sentimental

Journey" which so spread its fame, it is somewhat passé. This may perhaps account for its extravagant charges, which its diminished vogue may render necessary. But be this as it may, two francs for a plain breakfast, six for merely a tolerable dinner, and four or five for a bed, are prices ridiculously beyond the mark—I mean here, on the continent—where, I will venture to say, they are not charged at any other place whatever, out of Paris. Nevertheless, to those who can well afford it, the stately rooms, splendid furniture, and altogether characteristic arrangements of this place, are well worth paying for a sight of, by those who for the first time set their foot on foreign ground.

Next to Dessin's, in point of selectness, is the Bourbon, situated in an out of the way street, rue Eustache St. Pierre.—It is not conducted with any thing like the decorum of Dessin's, and there is none of that air of grandeur which distinguishes the other; but its rooms are furnished with every elegance consistent with comfort, and its charges are as moderate as they need or ought to be—since, if all the hotels of a much-frequented place were to charge no more for their accommodations than exactly what they could afford to supply them for, the slightest superiority of outward appearance, or of treatment, would attract *all* travellers, to the manifest inconvenience of all, and would put an end to that distinction which wealth, and a free disposal of it, has a right to command. But there should be a reasonable limit put to that distinction; and the *agrémens* of life may be purchased at too dear a rate. I had rather pay five shillings for a slice of broiled salmon and a rump steak off silver, in a well-appointed coffee-room, than half that sum for the same off crockery in a chop-house, in company with bank clerks and "law students"—even though the viands may be as good and as well dressed in the latter case as in the former;—but if I am to pay seven and sixpence, or ten shillings, then I shall assuredly put up with the inferior arrangements, and the "table talk" which I must fain hear into the bargain.

Quillacq's (rue Neuve) is the next in reputation to the Bourbon, and deserves to be at least on an equality with it. It is larger, more airy, more lively, and more *French*—which latter is a point in its favour. Its charges are about the same—less rather than more. These three hotels must be reckoned as first-rate; and those who travel in any other mode than by post, will do well to avoid the two first-named of them; since they will pay about a third more than elsewhere, only to be treated with neglect.

At the head of the second-rate hotels of Calais, I must place Meurice's (rue de la Prison;) and at the head of *all*, for those travellers, among the middle classes, who visit France for once, to see what they cannot see elsewhere. Meurice's is a perfect specimen of a *French* auberge, with its public salon, its table d'hôte, its open cuisine, its diligences, coming and going, its rude, red-skirted filles de chambre, and all its various items of entertaining novelty.

On about the same level with Meurice's, is the Hôtel Royal, (rue de la Duchesse de Kingston,) kept by a Frenchified Englishman—which is, and ought to be, an abomination in the eyes of both English and French. His hotel, however, is tolerably well conducted, and affords every comfort at a moderate price. The *cour* (that pleasant appendage to all large french inns) is more pleasant to me—with its vines spreading everywhere over the walls, and its little boxed-in garden round two sides of it—than any other in Calais: though I should like it still better with the nice old-fashioned addition of an outside gallery to the chambers on the first floor.

The Couronne is a comfortable little hotel, close to the port ; and the Hôtel de l'Europe (rue Royale), one of the same class, equally comfortable and economical. At either of these, the traveller who is not over fastidious, will find all his wants amply provided for. If, however, he is more "nice than wise," or, above all, if there are "ladies in the case," let him, as a general rule, eschew all inns but the very best—understanding thereby the dearest. Indeed, in the case of ladies being of the party, he will of course travel post ; and then, "the best inn" always is the best : I say "of course"—for it may be taken as another rule of continental travelling, that an English female, above the condition of a livery-stable keeper's wife, or a lady's maid, must on no account set her foot in a public conveyance : for if one axiom, appertaining to the metaphysics of general morals may be learned here sooner than any other, it is this—that a very high share of external polish and refinement, is in no degree incompatible with a coarseness and vulgarity of mental habits and constitution, little above those of savage life. Not professing to be a connoisseur in such matters, I will not deny that the French are the most polite people the world ever knew. But this I will say, that if an Englishman were to address the same kind of talk to a figure dancer behind the scenes of our theatres, as I have repeatedly heard pass in the public vehicles, and at public tables in France, he would not only deserve to be kicked into the street, but would be very likely to meet with his deserts.

On about a level with the Couronne and the Hôtel de l'Europe, is that of London, lately fitted up and opened by a Hollander with an unsightly name. The only objection that need be made to this hotel is on the score of its name, which tempts me to offer you one more rule to travel by :—never, (while there are others open to you,) enter the doors of an inn, the *sign* of which includes a compliment to *your* country or countrymen at the expense of its own. Put down, therefore, in your *index expurgatorius*, all such agnomens as, "de Londres"—"d'Angleterre"—"des Isles Britanniques"—"d'Albion," &c.

Consistently with my object in the above comparative estimate of the hotels of Calais, I might safely pass by all the rest in silence. But that my sketch may be complete in this particular, I will add, that in the rue de la Tête d'Or, there is a hotel, (the Albion,) kept by an Englishman, who has at least the merit of retaining all the bluntness and bonhomie that he brought with him from England, as a gentleman's gamekeeper. Those who come to France for the purpose of seeing how near it can be made to seem like England, may dine at the "ordinary" of honest John Cullen, off fillet of veal and ham, or roast beef and plum pudding, as comfortably and profusely as they can at the farmers' table of a market town in their own country—and rather more cheaply. Finally, there is a Hôtel de St. Louis, and a Hôtel de l'Union, both of about the same quality as that just named ;—but the first is French, and consequently, (being in France) to be preferred before the other two.

Such is Calais—a little town well worth seeing, and pleasant enough to live in for a month or a summer ; but not very well adapted for the permanent residence of those who seek either economy or retirement—since its extreme facility of access from England, makes it at once a constant scene of change and bustle, and the dearest town in all France, Boulogne alone excepted ; to say nothing of those *mauvaises sujets* of our immaculate country, of which the same cause makes it the temporary receptacle.

THE MAJOR AND MYSELF.

"Life is illusion: else my heart had borne
The feelings at this moment, which it bore
In youth's warm noon."—ANON.

As I have nothing better to do, it is clear that I cannot do better than get rid of a few melancholy hours, by a fond recollection of past events; wherein I have (it has so happened) been a chief feature. In these recollections, I find a great deal to congratulate myself upon, but very little for which I can, with any consistency, affect gratitude. My vices have been, and are, not worth mentioning; my virtues I do not care to speak about. It is well said, "Virtue is its own reward;" but it is not well that it should be so.

I was, it has been told me, an extraordinary child; giving early indications of a wonderful precocity of intellect and fertility of imagination, which soon discovered itself in harmless and pleasant conceits of shifting facts occasionally, but innocently, from my own proper shoulders to the backs of others. How soon did I scout, nay, utterly condemn, those absurd chronicles of the nursery, narrated by its venerable occupant!—how soon set at nought the rule of that garrulous woman! Nor did my youth belie the promise of my infancy. Suffice it, that to the prodigality of nature was superadded the liberal endowment of art.

And here I cannot but suspect that many of my qualifications have rather tended to pluck me back in my progress through the world. Thus, my knowledge of billiards was not very cheaply purchased, by being compelled to place into thorough repair the ruined limbs of a helpless marker, whom I casually cast out of the window.

My advancement in the science of fencing was sullied, if not retarded, by a silly accident. I chanced, inadvertently, to dig out with my foil the sinister orb that figured in the countenance of my gigantic friend, Lieutenant Jacks—an orb, I was afterwards apprized, never failing at an ogle—fatal in point-blank encounter. Alas! Lieutenant Jacks was never after held in any account by the ladies, who looked upon him with as much indifference as upon that domestic Polyphemus—a bodkin.

My skill in swimming oftentimes seduced me to the treacherous deep. Caught by the leg, as in a vice, by a cramp-tortured tyro, I have been fain to

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toe in digit, and have been grateful, indeed, to emerge by hook or by crook of the Humane Society. Drowning persons do not "catch at straws," whatever some may affect to believe.

The Major and I were, in all respects, precisely similar—in taste, habits, person—exactly alike. The Major was that very man whom it pleased Providence to allot to me for a maternal uncle; and truly the relationship was immediately discernible. But our intercourse was kept up in a spirit of companionship and equality, which something scandalized our friends. We were sworn brothers in all parties—rivals in love; forever dining at the same table—not unfrequently rolling together under it.

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The Major and I were, in all respects, precisely similar—in taste, habits, person—exactly alike. The Major was that very man whom it pleased Providence to allot to me for a maternal uncle; and truly the relationship was immediately discernible. But our intercourse was kept up in a spirit of companionship and equality, which something scandalized our friends. We were sworn brothers in all parties—rivals in love; forever dining at the same table—not unfrequently rolling together under it.

The Major was a tall, loosely-arranged man, with a figure susceptible of every variety of movement and contortion. His face was like the ingenious apex of a carved walking-stick ; his arms, like grappling-irons. Then his legs seemed attached to his body by way of special favour—extra appendages, borrowed “by the hour ;” and the feet belonging to these legs looked like continuations of the same at right angles, or as though Nature had doubled them down, to mark where she had left off. Ladies would have called him an ordinary—others thought him an extraordinary—man.

Now the Major was a vast favourite with the ladies ; and I do not wonder at it. He was a very Chevalier Bayard of the drawing-room—the perfect type of chivalrous devotion. His bow was literally the *ne plus ultra* of flexibility of manners. He was evidently bent upon making “both ends meet”—like a pinched annuitant upon the verge of Candlemas. For elegant flattery, tact, liveliness, anecdote, humour, and untiring perseverance, there was no one like him. For an eye, a sigh, a squeeze of the hand, or an appeal to the heart, I never heard of his equal. Perhaps I bear some resemblance to him in these matters.

Then could he dance immensely ! Once put in motion, so astonishing was his vigour in that exercise, that you would have sworn there must be, not one, but many Majors—a legion in all parts of the room. In song, also, he was accounted great, though I have heard some who denied the purity of his taste. His voice was a bass and soprano at loggerheads—alternate roar and falsetto ; now rumbling and tumbling helter-skelter down the scale ; and anon leaping over the diapason, and turning sharp corners of sound (if I may use the expression) in the most delightful manner conceivable. Withal, he was a perfect gentleman.

The Major had been many years in India, from whence he returned touched slightly in the liver. It was far from delightful to hear, therefore, that his regiment was ordered off to Gibraltar shortly after his return. He found himself unable to coincide in this arrangement. “What !” he thundered, “chained to a rock, with the liver complaint—like that old pestilent ninny, Prometheus—not to be thought of !” And so he exchanged into another regiment, congratulating himself upon his prudence, and repeating the above pleasantry as an evidence of it. Classical, I admit, but hardly conclusive—more especially as the exchange was any thing but advantageous.

Being at college, I oft received intimations of the Major’s health and proceedings from his own hand, some of which were of a peculiarly strange import ; but I was not a little surprised, one morning, to receive an effusion, which instructed me that he (the Major) was contracted in marriage to a lady who—this fatal manuscript assured me—was violently prejudiced against—nay, who denounced me, as a worthless abettor and encourager of his faults, which she was about to eradicate. I was advised to pursue diligently my studies, and not to attempt, under pain of frustration, to thrust myself into their domestic tranquillity. The conclusion spake of a cessation of cash payments.

This effusion operated like a gemini of new-sprung spectres upon my nerves. As my eye reeled upon each successive word, the air became thick and clogged. I screwed the letter painfully up into my clammy palm ; my respiration quickened in an irrational ratio, till at length it gave birth to a clamorous complaining scream, which lasted during the remainder of the intelligence. It was too evident, as I knew, by the

sign of the "crooked billet," that I was irretrievably marred, by which same token I despaired. And then, no more remittances! The thing

—"resolved itself into a *do*."

I turned it over and over in my mind, till my brain took the hint, and began to turn likewise—but without avail.

I was thunderstruck. The Major married, and I unprovided for! That last thought went, like a flash of lightning, through all my empty pockets, and set fire to bills which already appeared waving in the hands of importunate beings, with faces lit up by a ruthless glare. What could I do but—as I did—order post-horses, and scamper across the country to the mansion of the Major, concocting affecting appeals, as I rolled along, to all the finer sensibilities of man's nature—nepotal affection, domestic tenderness, and what not; which I purposed to illustrate from the practice of the fabled Pelican; and, indeed, by instances carefully culled from natural history, well *worthy* of belief, but assuredly very incredible.

As I drew up the avenue, a prophetic gloom spread itself over the premises. A gang of geese, of the most melancholy breed, held their funeral course toward a sombre pond, and dropt, like substances of lead, into it. A rustic swain, leaning on reversed pitchfork, pursed up a brace of long lips, and created a tune of the wretchedest monotony; and the middle-aged aloe in front of the door looked more stiff and formal than ever. The servant who opened the door presented that index to the volume of his brain, a face, in which I read small emphatic meanings, as in a vocabulary; and the butler, as he advanced towards me, appeared, to my alarmed apprehensions, to be drawing down the corners of his mouth, even unto the waistcoat-pockets.

However, gaining courage from despair, I burst into the parlour, and, going upon my knees, demanded a blessing. Alarmed, not a little, by this abrupt genuflexion, the Major and his lady started from their chairs, and gazed, first at me and then at each other, dubiously, and in a manner that would have moved the rigid muscles (rigid in death!) of the unfortunate Miss Bailey herself, but which affected me not a whit. The Major took a pinch of snuff, as if preparing to metamorphose his hand into a fist; and my aunt-in-law tossed a nose, blue as the firmament, into the air, and muttered expressions of contempt and disgust.

"It won't do, Jack—it won't do!" said the Major, after a pause, with strange calmness. "Resume your perpendicularity, and vanish. You're not safe. Now, do go—Jack, my dear boy, go—or I'll throw you out of the window, you rascal, I will!" Saying which, I retired, and betook myself to the hall, in an agony of doubt, amazement, and fear. Here I paced wildly about, smiling grievously, and at intervals breaking forth with disastrously whimsical confessions of the gratification this treatment afforded me. Then did I arrange my frill, and pluck at my collar, till I nearly drew my shirt off my back; and kicked the chairs about, after a most ridiculous fashion.

Presently, the Major came oozing through the parlour-door, and, beckoning me to him, said confusedly, "Jack, you dog, you're not liked—abhorred, upon my soul! Therefore, make no (broken) bones of the matter, but return to college." And so, squeezing into my hand a small paper, he shrunk back. Now this was spoken so hurriedly, that I found it impossible to put in even an indefinite article edgeways;

argal, I was constrained to sneak off—pacified, in a measure, by observing a bank-note pendent from my fingers; and, stepping into the post-chaise, drove back again with even more speed than I came.

At college, I must confess, I derived great advantage from a perusal and diligent study of the ancients, and, upon the whole, tender my filial affection to Alma-Mater with a lively gratitude; but a greedy reception of certain philosophical dogmas, or a too implicit reliance upon them, did go far to dislodge that solid substratum of reason which should have lain over the too ductile imagination. Thus, by pursuing and adopting the visionary theory of Bishop Berkeley, I certainly vindicated my claim to the title of a lad of *spirit*; and, while I believed that "nothing is but what is not," forgot strait-waistcoats, and a monosyllabic keeper. I never cared to ask, because I suppose there were none to answer—

*"An me ludit amabilis
Insania?"*

and, in consequence, the wings of my imagination began to indulge in extraordinary flights—flights which quite carried away my head with them. Indeed, it was a physiological problem, whether I had not now become total head and wings; like a carved cherub over a grave-stone—all pinions and pericarnium!

But, just in time to avert the entire defection of my understanding, the Major appeared one morning before me; and, without much ceremony, explained in few words, thus—

"Jack, we must go to town together. You'll not have a farthing to bless yourself with or me; for—that rascally agent!" I scratched my head ruefully.—

"You are to learn, Jack, I did not marry for money. No,"—observing my incredulous grin,—“no! that's all settled upon her.” I grinned not. “It was not my wish to step into the property; but to vault into her affections, Jack—to hop into her good opinion. Now the agent, in whose hands my property lay, has failed. What the devil's to be done?” Here was an announcement! I felt my fortitude hurrying away with my reason, at the rate of ten faculties a minute, and sank upon a chair, with a ghastly arrangement of mouth, intended for the production of an extended sound—which, however, came not.

“What the devil's to be done, I say?” bellowed the Major. “Shall we convict and hang the scoundrel—for such he is; and if not, why not?—Eh?” This emphatic “Eh?” violently contracted as it was in length of expression, roused me to a scene of acute mental anguish; but I was roused; and, heaving up a prodigious groan, which relieved me, prepared to counsel, and, all preliminaries arranged, to accompany my ill-fated uncle.

But the Major prepared to unlock those hidden gifts and graces of philosophy, whereof not the possession, but even the enjoyment and casual exercise, were previously unknown to me. Sooth to say, he did in timely exordiums,

—“unsphere
The spirit of Plato,”—

and discovered immortal things—chewed in mental detail the bitter sweets of adversity—and touched and purified, with the tongue's fire, the loathsome malefactions of the world.

"Poverty—phew!" cried the Major; and he sang a stanza;—"poverty is the mere fact of being without—nothing more; a negation of means—the reverse of a settled income, do you observe? A positive condition of humanity, nevertheless. Poverty is the region of speculation——"

"Very true," I despondingly interrupted; but the philosopher has swallowed up the man. My dear sir, not poverty, but famine, is the word—philosophic famine, that supplies that desideratum in science—a vacuum.—Oh, Major!"

He was moved. I continued:—"You marvel—let us not wonder—our property is gone!" He strode violently towards the coach-office: I trotted briskly and busily after him. "Our destiny is fixed!"

"Hold your d—d croaking!" roared the Major.—

"We are ripe for the sickle, and shall be cut down and garnered; beggary and want shall enlist us, without the formulary or payment of a shilling, in

——' the grisly legion that troop
Beneath the sooty flag of Acheron.'

In a word—we shall go to the dogs, and be sent to the devil!"

Thus did I, by trope and figure, pour out the bitterness of my soul to my companion, who now perspired copiously, and coined new modes of expression and modifications of utterance in the effectual transmission of the agent's soul into the regions of Lucifer.

Immediately upon our arrival in town, the Major departed, blaspheming, to the office of the ill-starred insolvent; leaving me to order my solitary dinner at a tavern, to which he directed my attention.

It was a fine winter evening. The "well-dressed people" were passing the windows, with shawls over arms, and oranges in pocket, destined for the pit and gallery of the theatre; the boys, with ferocious voices, were presenting their bills; and the gentlemen of the ubiquitous finger were becoming possessed of bandanas "under prime cost."

There was no living creature in the coffee-room but myself. A full-length clock stood moralizing in one corner, with its hands upon its face; like a wine-bibber, stung with compunction for past offences. The very dog had betaken himself to the scullery, to be kicked about by the saturnine and extensive cook, by way of a change of life; and the waiters were lolling their egometrical proportions on each side of the street-door.

Having succeeded in overcoming the patient resistance of the most obstinate pullet that ever stept out of egg-shell, and drank about a pint of a black mixture set before me, and called port, I grew excessively depressed—(I remember that evening well!)—and began to analyze, and curse, and continue to guzzle the wine, till my lips dyed black; and I looked, for all the world, like *Mr. Beverley* in the last scene. I suspect that the landlord mistook me for a rat that infested the place, and took this method of poisoning me.

Then there came into the room two individuals, who served to divert my attention awhile from my sorrows. They caused to be procured glasses of brandy and water, and it was astonishing to behold their prompt appropriation of them. But I soon grew tired of these swillers; nay, I seemed to wish to pick a quarrel with them—they looked so happy. There was one with a sort of orange-peel complexion and rhubarb-coloured wig, who talked in so low a key that I could not hear a word; and the

other was a mere fat occupier of space, who never spoke at all. But what particularly enraged me was, that these unintelligible words caused a violent laughter to distend the midriff of this fat one; but it was altogether a noiseless effort—save a finely-attenuated wheeze that, at intervals, escaped from its pectoral prison. They were not fits of laughter, but lethargies, during which he lay in a trance. But soon these went away, and left me to myself.

During this interval of solitude, my mind underwent wonderful alternations of feeling, which ended in comparative tranquillity. I became cheerful and composed—imagined castles in the air, and countenances in the fire—

“The ghastly colour from my lips was fled;”

and, in short, I was, to all intents and purposes, but my creditors, quite another man; so that, when my uncle came gasping in, about midnight, with a look like Jeremiah, and told me that all indeed was lost, I contrived to demean myself with decent resignation.

As for the Major, he worked his inside out, like a spider, to very little purpose. Seated before the fire, with his legs upraised upon the hob, and brandishing the poker, which he occasionally plunged between the bars, he expounded his private views upon the question.

“The villainous embezzler,” quoth he, “set a heap of books before me, of which I could make neither head nor tail; and took me up stairs to see his starving wife and eleven ‘little ones!’—a superhumanly immense brood!—each of whom, as I entered, flew off to another region. The wife pretty—but he a knave!” And thus he went on and on, till the candles fell into convulsions in the sockets, and the curious stare of the aye-yawning waiter reminded us of bed.

Here, between a pair of wonderfully wet sheets, I rheumatized till morning, when I

—“rose, like an exhalation,”

from my vapoury couch, and met the Major in the coffee-room, restored, by his night's rest, to his habitual good spirits.

We entered at once into a long conference touching future arrangements, when it was decided that I should remain in town—the Major vowing to exert his interest with his lady to permit my domestication under their London roof. In the meantime, he furnished me with a sum of money, and we parted—he to his own home, and I into the wide wilderness of streets, in quest of lodging, which I procured.

To a young man just entering life, adversity is the pleasantest thing imaginable—for a short time: there is just enough of romance in the situations to render them interesting. We console ourselves with the “precious jewel in the head,” and find out the precious value of the heels in a brief period. “No prospect!” says Reason;—“No matter!” says Sentiment. “*Descensus Averni!*” and some enjoy an alacrity in sinking.

The Major and I now met less and less frequently. I have good reason to suspect that his domestic roof wanted repair—or, at least, he seldom made a segment of the family circle. He chiefly spent his time between his club and the Opera; and when he, by chance, stumbled upon me at the play or in the park, our conversation took a strangely general turn. Now and then, indeed, would he cast his eye mournfully upon my *fac-*

simile figure, with a sort of "*ingenui vultus puer*" comment, and break out with, "Egad, Jack, we must contrive something for you;" at which period I made interest for the supplies; but all serious debate was inevitably interrupted at its outset by some cursed mischance or another.

For my own part, my avocations partook equally of the sublime and the ridiculous. I hated mediums. I drank largely of Burton ale and metaphysics; at one moment, pouring over the philosopher of Malmesbury; at another, snoring over the details of a prosing incurable, twaddling behind a long and pallid pipe, with an asthma and eternity of tongue—and no snuff-box!

My leisure begot aspirations after better things—hopes and yearnings of the soul, which I am almost sorry to have parted withal. I fell in love at the theatre with a married woman, and looked like the "Last Man" for three days; during which I read Rousseau and Werter. I became a connoisseur in milliner's girls, and took to small poetry and the columns of the *Morning Post*;—nay, I might have written a tragedy, but for the difficulty of disposing of some of the unoffending interlocutors in the last act; unless by causing one of the characters to take offence at a trifle, and so give occasion for the promiscuous slaughter of the rest.

In the meantime I waxed melancholy, and took to crossing of arms and legs—opined that my talents were overlooked—and felt convinced that their diminutive extent was not the cause. I grew selfish and disagreeable, quarrelled with my landlady, and cut myself vilely in shaving. Then I succeeded in walking in my sleep, till I perineated a sky-light, and scared the maid-servant into hysterics, and the cat into the copper. Assuredly, I was in a pitiable state, and looked out, above all things, for the approach of death.

And now the Major was about to leave England, for India, with his regiment, once more. Any preference of his native land had long since been buried—a ceremony of interment, at which his lady had officiated as sexton; and *my* prospects alone occupied the intervening space.

We discoursed at large upon this topic the evening before his departure.—

"What do you think of the law?" I inquired.

"As of a gown and wig, which, in defiance of the proverb, you may keep for seven years without having any occasion for; unless you should, perchance, be employed to adjust the ownership of a mad dog at Clerk-enwell sessions, and so forth."

"What say you to the army?"

"No, to that."—

"Marriage—with an heiress, or a rich widow?" and I tipped a very sagacious wink.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha—ah!" replied the Major, the final note thrilling like a passing bell; and, again, "Ha—ha—ah!" and straight he resorted to mandarin-like movements of the head, rockings of the chair, and extractions of the watch; but he answered never a word.

"No, Jack," said the Major, musing, "I'll speak about you to some of my friends before I go; they'll do something for you, never fear; we shall manage, never fear.—But it grows late."

I rose to go: he took the candle, and followed me down stairs. It was

raining inhumanly ;—he handed me a kind of green sieve, fastened to a stick.

“ God bless you, my dear boy, Jack !” said the Major, and wrung my hand ; “ I shall see you again.”

I ran half the length of the street, and stopped. I looked back. The Major was still upon the door-steps, with the candle flaring in his hand. He turned, and went into the house.

I never saw him more !

One evening, as I sat dyspepsically at my accustomed box in the coffee-room, amusing my leisure by committing to memory the births, marriages, and deaths, and observing how ludicrously some of the first had slipped down into the third, since my last review of those interesting memorials ;—I repeat, I sat thus employed, when my friend, Lieutenant Jacks (whom I have erewhile remembered), entered the room. To start up, and crush the paralyzed paw of that martial man, was the work of an instant ; to compel him to a seat, the employment of another.

But Jacks drooped strangely—gloom, of the most decided character, overspread the inane diameter of that absurdly idiotic face ; he sighed *Æolianly*—by gusts. What could he have to communicate ? I knew he was just arrived from India ;—probably a letter from the Major—for which I tendered my hand ; but, having sorted to his satisfaction the figures of his rhetoric, Jacks ejaculated,—

“ Jack, your uncle is—no more ! A determination of bullets to the head, my dear fellow ! Here are his watch, seals, and ring. I have communicated the intelligence to your aunt.” He ended, mumbling, and formed grimaces hitherto unknown.

I saw him not—I heard him no longer—I answered him not. My heart was too full for endurance ; and, covering my face, I dropt my head upon the table, and burst into an agony of tears.

All that the Major had done for me—all his kindness, his affection—rushed into my mind at once. Every kind and every unkind word he had ever spoken to me—but, more than all, my many follies and ungrateful returns of his generosity—all that might have caused a pang of disquietude to him—came, now that he could no longer be sensible of my regret, like the very retribution of the grave itself !

The Major was, in truth, the only one in the whole world for whom I had ever cared a rush. He was gone !

I have done. The portrait of the Major, as I conclude my last glass, seems to smile benignantly upon me. Yes—there was a happiness, unknown at the time, in those admirable retrenchments—those salutary withholdings of wealth, which I more than fear I may yet live to envy. Our very miseries, remembered, turn into motives and superinducements of happiness. In fact, the only happiness I now enjoy is the pleasing satisfaction of knowing how wretched I have been—a kind of enjoyment which, as far as appearances go, I think not unlikely to continue. Be it so ! “ Worse than the worst—content.”

BISHOPS AND LAITY IN PARTIBUS INFIDELIUM.

WHAT is a bishop *in partibus*, of whom so much is heard in some parts of Europe? He is a canon, priest, prior, abbot, deacon, dean, superior, nuncio, legate, or other kind of ecclesiastic, whom the Pope determines to promote to the honours of the prelacy, without having a Catholic diocese to bestow, and on whom, therefore, he confers a bishopric in some heathen land (*in partibus infidelium*), where there is sometimes not a Catholic soul to be found. "But how," said the unfortunate Montezuma, "can the Pope give away that which is not his own to bestow?" The objection was overruled, and proved absurd, by the sword of Cortes: and surely the Pontiff who could thus dispose of a whole continent, with all its empires, kingdoms, tribes, gold, and gods, can give an episcopal title to some ruin in Nubia, Palestine, or Mesopotamia, where there are no treasures to be plundered, and no rights to be usurped. His holiness is of course infallible, and therefore not liable to human caprices, otherwise we should think it not a little odd, that he should erect a mitred head, like a historical monument, among the ruins of Babylon or Persepolis, where there is not even a hermit, an *Agnus Dei*, or a crucifix to be seen, and refuse one to London, where we have so many rich chapels and devout worshippers. Why should the broken pillars of Tyre or Carthage have an archbishop, and the populous capital of England be limited to a vicar-general? Is it that the soul of a Catholic cockney is not of so much value as that of a wandering Arab, or a Mahometan bandit, who prowls among the ruins of these fallen cities?—or is it that the Pope, as head of the church, considers himself as much bishop of London as of Rome, and desires to honour the Catholic church of England by reigning over it himself, through the medium of his vicars?

However that may be, his holiness is resolved that the church *in partibus* shall not languish for want of pastors. A consistory was held at the Vatican some months ago, in which thirteen episcopal promotions or appointments took place. Of these thirteen, five archbishops and three bishops were nominated to charges *in partibus*. In the list we have an archbishop of Athens, an archbishop of Tyre, an archbishop of Nisibi, an archbishop of Thebes, and an archbishop of Nazianza; a bishop of Ascalon, a bishop of Imola, and a bishop of Jericho. Three of these have been honoured with a cardinal's hat; and probably as many more of the number, whom his holiness still retains *in petto*, may be advanced to titles as ancient, dioceses as venerable, and duties as laborious. We need scarcely mention that the episcopal functions of Tyre, Ascalon, and Jericho (possessing, as these cities do, no inhabitants), are not likely to embarrass the attention, or to overload the responsibility, of their right reverend guides; and that the spiritual improvement of their invisible flocks will occupy about as much of their cares, as if their diocese was one of the spots in the sun. To the uninitiated it might even seem uncertain, whether the Thebes which has recently been honoured with an archbishop, is Thebes in Bœotia, or Thebes in Upper Egypt, whose hundred gates are more talked of in history and poetry, than its religious establishments—

Ubi vetus Thebe centum jacet obrata Portis.

In the latter case, the venerable archbishop of Thebes will be, as to diocese, the near neighbour, perhaps the ecclesiastical superior, of the

bishop of Hermopolis, who directs a non-existent clergy, and feeds a non-existent flock, on the borders of Nubia, while he resides in Paris, and is known to Frenchmen as minister of public worship, and director of public education. Athens, we know, notwithstanding the good will of the Turks, has still a *few* inhabitants, and we can give no other reason why it should not have a Catholic prelate than this—that it has not a Catholic citizen. This, however, we allow, is an absurd objection, if we admit the archiepiscopal rights of Ninevah, which probably has not heard of the true faith since Jonah escaped to preach it from the whale's belly, and which most certainly never knew of the existence of the Pope, or the Roman consistory. This latter pious prelate, having no cure of souls in that extinct city, has lately undertaken the care of commerce; and has added to his title of Catholic archbishop of Babylon, that of French consul at Bagdad.

It would be interesting to see the ecclesiastical law of residence enforced in some of the cases above alluded to. It would be curious, for instance, to see the Bishop of Hermopolis, dressed in full canonicals, on his progress up the Nile to look for his diocese, rowed by a body of Copts and Abyssinians, bearing aloft in the boat the mitre and the crosier, displayed to profane eyes, and escorted by a guard of fanatic Mussulman soldiers from the Pacha of Egypt. It would be no less amusing to attend the venerable prelate of Jericho, accompanied by skilful Jewish antiquaries, while he endeavoured to discover amid heaps of brick or mounds of rubbish, the circuit of the walls which had been blown down by rams' horns in the time of the Judges, and the vestiges of buildings which composed the residence of his primitive flock. At Thebes, the newly created archbishop will be able to trace the extent of his diocese by the magnificent ruins of edifices, and the glorious remains of art; but where is the noble cathedral—where is the archiepiscopal palace—where are the rich stalls and fat livings which distinguished this historical charge? The care of the metropolitans of Tyre and Sidon would be still more deplorable. In addition to the difficulty of finding their diocese would be the danger of receiving an unceremonious visit from the Arabs of the desert, who might be disposed to pay little attention to their crosier or their character, provided they had any goodly apparel on their persons, or valuable coins in their scrip.

A Greek prelate, of the name of Bassiledes, calling himself Bishop of Carystos, in Eubœa, has lately published a pamphlet, in which he expresses great indignation that the Pope—who is only patriarch of the west—should assume the power of nominating to sees in Greece, and other places within the jurisdiction of the patriarch of the east. This Bishop of Carystos, in Eubœa, seems to have as much reason on his side as any man can have who contends against an infallible authority. What would the successor of St. Peter, for instance, say, if the Patriarch of Constantinople should take it into his head to nominate this Bishop of Carystos, in Eubœa, to the see of Rome, and erect the residence of our Lady of Loretto into a bishoprick for one of his chaplains? In order, therefore, to avoid all such unchristian collision between the chiefs of rival churches, we would humbly submit it a question for the consideration of the next consistory, whether it would not be better that ecclesiastical dignatories, with titular charges, should derive their designations from the system of the planets, the signs of the zodiac, or the constellations of the celestial chart, rather than from the debateable ground of ancient

monuments, or the *Doom's-day Book* of Eastern emperors. The Bishop of *Hermaston*, for instance, would sound as well as the Bishop of *Hermopolis*; and the Archbishop of *Taurus* would be as good a name for a prelate without a charge, as the Archbishop of *Tyre*. A spruce legate might then be raised to the see of *Venus*, and translated afterwards to *Mercury*, if occasion required — a crabbed vermin-covered Franciscan might be appointed to *Cancer*; and a superior of the Jesuits, filled with the *odium theologicum*, would find an appropriate bishopric in *Scorpio*. As the planets are said by astrologers (who ought to know most of the matter) to have *houses*, we see no reason why they should not also have clergy and bishoprics; and as they certainly never yet have been converted to the Popish faith, their bishops might still be called bishops in *partibus*.

We are so confident in the propriety of this recommendation, that we see no necessity for courting the support of any authority superior to our own; but we cannot help remarking, that a great astrologer, so celebrated in the works of Swift, under the name of Partridge, the Almanack-Maker, seemed to have had a glimpse of our system nearly a century and a half ago. In his *Annus Mirabilis*, published before the Revolution, we are told, that the planet Jupiter “personates the clergy of nations,” and that certain aspects of the upper hierarchy, in certain *houses*, portend depression or prosperity to “mother church and her babes.” Surely, then, it would be more eligible for his holiness to appoint episcopal superintendents of those planetary *houses*, than to usurp heathen dioceses in Asia and Africa.

In the Council of Trent, where fierce disputes took place about the origin of the episcopal order and the limits of episcopal jurisdiction—where it was discussed with much interested zeal, and much learned obstinacy, whether bishops held their authority *jure divino*, *jure pontificio*, or *jure electiones*—and where the power of the Pope to balance the influence of a resident clergy by a prelacy with only titular rank, was often presented to the consideration of the assembly; many prelates, princes, and ambassadors, objected to the multiplication of Bishops in *partibus*. Secret opponents of the Pope called these bishops *episcopi vagabondi*,* or vagabond bishops;—not, of course, that these holy fathers ever could be considered as *vagabonds*, in the modern sense of the word—but only that they had no fixed residence or local jurisdiction. Having no cure—no clergy—no episcopal temporalities, they received only a roving, or gipsy commission from the Vatican, to live by the hedge-rows or the high roads of the church;—which commission, as it was distributed by the Pope without any control, might be multiplied without any limit, or for any end.

In more recent times, we not only have bishops in *partibus*, but persons of all other classes of society, from kings and emperors, down to grooms and turn-spits. The Bourbons of Naples, as kings of Jerusalem, are kings in *partibus*. The little monarch of Sardinia wears, likewise, the crown of the Holy City in *partibus*; and the kings of England are still DEFENDERS of the (Catholic) FAITH, and long held the sovereignty of France in *partibus*. Was not the late King of Portugal, Emperor of Brazil, King of Africa and Jerusalem, by the same tenure? Is not

* Et quoniam nonnulli episcopi in ecclesiis quæ in partibus infidelium consistent, clero carentes et populo Christiano, cum vere vagabondi sint.

(Concilium Trid. Sess. XIV. Chap. 2.)

Ferdinand of Spain, at this moment, King of the Indies in *partibus*? Does he not, in this capacity, extend his potent sway over most of the American continent, from the rocks of Cape Horn to the Floridas—from the Atlantic to the Pacific? Does he not, in this capacity, plant his flag-staff on the highest pinnacle of the Andes, and command wherever the Castilian tongue is heard? Does he not, in this capacity, rule over five or six republican states, which innocently enough imagine themselves free and independent republics? Does he not, in this capacity, possess the property of all their mines and the monopoly of all their commerce? Is not the King of Spain, therefore, though very weak in his European dominions, one of the most powerful monarchs in *partibus* that ever existed? Far be it from us, on this account, to adopt the language of the Council of Trent, and call him a *vagabond* king, though we believe such a title has been treasonably whispered on the Exchange of London. Not to multiply examples unnecessarily, we may just mention, that the Knights of Malta are now Knights of that island in *partibus*;—that during the last twenty years, while the chapter of the order resided at Catania, in Sicily—and since it has transferred its seat of power to the states of the Pope in the north of Italy—it has maintained, and still maintains, its sovereignty in *partibus*. In the same capacity it may boast of a navy, and defend the Pope against the attacks of the Barbary corsairs.

Our readers must all remember how much Mr. Burke astonished the house of commons on the introduction of his economical bill, by the immense effects which he ascribed to the influence of the king's turn-spit being a member of parliament. Now the right honourable economist could not mean that this gentleman, after *turning* a majority in the house of commons, went home to the palace and *turned* a spit in the king's kitchen. The turn-spits, or *turn-broaches* (as they were formerly called), formed, at the time of Mr. Burke, a detachment of no less than eight persons, and turned spits in the king's kitchen—just as King Ferdinand rules the states of South America—by proxy. We find, out of the eight, in an old list of the royal household, two very appropriate names, *John Gutly*, and *Josiah Eatwell*. Whether it was a lineal descendant of the Gutlys, or the Eatwells, that possessed such distinguished parliamentary influence about fifty years ago, we do not know; but certain it is, that he must have been a turn-spit only in *partibus*. These must have been glorious days for *high life below stairs* at the palace, when a corps of two hundred persons superintended the making of the king's dinner—when grooms of the pantry subscribed themselves gentlemen—when purveyors of eggs and butter were denominated esquires—when a master cook was served by gentlemen yeomen—when there was an honourable deputy clerk of the deputy clerk of the second clerk of the kitchen—when scullions were paid like general officers, and turn-spits were members of parliament. Though the office of many of these worthy squires of the bake-house, the pantry, the poultry, the buttery, the kitchen, the pastry, the scalding-house and scullery, was in *partibus*—they happily had their living at home—and hence, no doubt, in allusion to our episcopal parallel, they were said to hold their appointments *without cure*, or *sine cures*.

Nor is this qualification confined exclusively to clerical professions and government offices. Many individuals, and even whole classes of men, hold their character, their fame, and their virtues, by a tenure in *partibus*. Are not the members of the Greek committee—the trustees for the Greek

loan—and the deputies from the Greek government, proved to be only patriots, comptrollers, and lovers of liberty, in *partibus infidelium*? It would be as difficult to point out the particular spot whence they derive their titular rank, as to find the diocese of the bishop of Jericho; but, judging of their fondness for talking, we should place it somewhere near the ancient BABEL, in a district which the moderns have designated by the name of Humbug. Hence too, the honesty of lawyers—the piety of troopers—the modesty of peers—the public spirit of placemen—the integrity of jockies—the disinterestedness of jobbers—the liberality of methodists—the humanity of slave-drivers—the chastity of players—the charity of churchmen—and the veracity of quacks. All these celebrated qualities, having only “a name,” like the poet’s “airy nothings,” but not having yet found “a local habitation,” may very properly be called, like the late promotions of the Roman Consistory, virtues in *partibus*.

LIFE IN THE WEST:

BY A. FLAT, ENLIGHTENED.*

“Without *sharps*, as well as *flats*, we should have no music!”—ANON.

THIS is a useful book—because it shews people the ruts that lie in a particular road. But then it is enough to shew them that there *are* the ruts in the road: it is their own affair afterwards, if they choose to go it. Persecution—like popularity—always comes in a *pack*. Tie a bottle to any dog’s tail—no matter what—and every cur that passes joins the cry. The gaming-house keepers—that is to say, the “*sharps*” generally—have been a very long time run down. Let us see if we could not manage to undertake their defence a little.

The sum of the whole story told, by the people who give hard names to No. 10, St. James’s-street, or No. 9, in Bennett-street, is—that a great many people in the world who have *got* money are inoculated with a violent desire of *losing* it. Now—if there is such a thing as candour extant, we appeal to it—what mischief can there be in this? The man who ruins himself—be he who he may—whatever his private claims may be, is a *public* benefactor. Is it not written, that “if any ask the virtuous man for his cloak, he shall give him his coat likewise?” And—here is a Christian soul willing to add even his shirt; and we make an outcry, and say we won’t let him!

He who helps the poor in this world—here is chapter and verse again!—lays up a store in heaven. Where shall we find a set of people more in want of help, than in the lobbies, and creeping about the tables—as it were to pick up the crumbs that fall from them—of gaming-houses? The appetites of the rogues!—our author here says—But let Mr. Abernethy speak! when was he called to a Greek that was suffering from repletion? The fit of their coats—people fancy that it is “*stays*,”—but it is the dinner that *stays*—that makes the set of the “*waist*,” and, or the other parts of the garment—by the time friends have been a

* Life in the West; or, the Curtain drawn: a Novel. Chapple, London. 2 vols. 12mo.

dozen years together, it would be hard if they could not find out each other's trim at last? The "condition" of the dogs is so exquisite too. Mark them! as they dodge about King's-place and Jermyn-street—as fine as greyhounds in the coursing season!—and as quick in the look-out too—particularly when they look behind them. For their ingenuity—need we go farther than their contriving to exist from day to day? There was one, well known upon the "turf," that, in a bad season, lived *nine whole weeks* upon a single neck of mutton! People used to say, (and truly enough, and be hanged to 'em!) when they met him, that he was trusting to "the bones" for a dinner. Why, a hundred pound bestowed among these poor souls—(we wish any of our readers could only once see a gambler's garret!)—might count for a thousand given away to others less in need: and yet we would make laws to prevent the devout from consulting their immortal welfare, by laying up such excellent provision!

In fact, is there not a mistake made altogether upon the subject of gaming? If a man finds life too short for his capacities, and desires to cram a year or two of existence—of commercial existence—trading, dealing—profit and loss—activity, variety—the only real existence—into one night—what right can legislation have—so that he be a *gentleman*—to interfere with him? If he be *poor*—"base, common, and popular"—then it becomes another matter. To the tread-mill with the villain!—as the Lord Mayor conveyed to Richmond, the black pugilist, who had been concerned in a "raffle" for a five-legged bull. Society can get nothing by his ruin; and the *parish* may be burthened with him. For—besides and moreover that—if the bull with the five legs himself had been included in the party sent to the tread-mill, he could have had at least one leg more than usual to aid him in performing the duties of it—the decision of the Lord Mayor was sound and philosophical. For gaming—in which it should be understood is comprised all "raffling,"—whether for bulls, belles, or bijoutrie;—all "racing," whether of horses, asses, grand-fathers, uncles, snails, steam-boats, maiden aunts, Paddington coaches, or drops of water down a window;—"matches," whether to fight, wrestle, run, leap, shoot, swim, drink port wine, or eat legs of mutton, draw badgers, or marry old ladies—for matrimonial "matches" are included;—"betting," in all its branches—whether upon "first blood," "odd trick," the law, a lady's colour, the weather, or other matter perfectly incalculable; the rise of a stock, fall of a head, breadth of a street, length of a sermon, life of a ministry, a statesman's word, or such things transitory;—besides all cocking, punting, dicing, lifting, hiding the horse, drawing the straw, shaking the hat, odd or even, pricking the garter, putting the stone, flying the pigeon, counting the cats,* &c. &c. &c. &c.—Gaming, as the lawyer would say, is not *malum in se*: it is only *malum* as it regards its possible effect on the community. Then, if the poor man gamble, he loseth his time as well as his money; and the business which he has to execute in the world is neglected, and not

* "Counting the cats" is a "land" much practised by stage-coachmen; when a "young one" takes an inside place, and "comes Captain-grand" upon the box. In driving into a town, the "dragsman" offers his companion a bet, that "more cats are seen on a particular side of the way"—the right or left, as it may happen—before they arrive at the inn, or get out of the town, than on the other. The bet is sure to be won by the Greek, who takes, for *his* side of the way, the side on which the *sun shines*: the cats being always to be found on that side, basking and nursing themselves in the doors and windows.

attended to. But the rich man has *no business* in the world at all! and, for his *time*, the main study of his life is how he may most easily get rid of it. Again—if a poor man gamble, ten to one he drinks, and runs in debt. A lord drinks and runs in debt, whether he gamble or no. The poor man who gambles at night, will sleep till noon. Why, reply we, as before—so will the lord, if he gamble or not gamble. He quitteth his spouse, and runneth after strange women. Why, ditto, ditto—the same answer comes again. Moreover, society has an interest in the poor man's preservation, which it cannot have in that of the rich: for the vices of the first bring down effective misery on himself and on his family, and expense upon the public at large. Now, if Lord A play against Lord B, what can happen to concern the public, but that the one will have so much the *more* money to waste in riot and dissipation, and the *other* so much the less! And—for the domestic evil—why, we fall from three carriages to one carriage—or to *no* carriage—but not to physical distress.—The Marchioness of Goose, and the Miss Gooses, are never found absolutely without bread or clothes, because my lord the Marquis is betting on the "Darby!"

Wealth, time out of mind, has had a *saving* faculty; and why not in this, as well as in other matters? The principle of the "Eric" exists in nature; and never was, nor ever will be, got rid of. Wealth buys a Protestant the right to commit sins on earth. It buys the Catholic—still better—indulgence and remission for sins hereafter. A poor man in Ireland would be damned if he were to eat fish on a Friday! A rich man pays the fine, and is saved—ready to be damned again—at his leisure. "Prisons," or "purgatory,"—a man, according to his locality, *buys* himself out of either! So let us hear no more, we entreat, about "one law for the rich, and another for the poor:" it is the fittest thing in the world that "where one man may not look over a horse, another should steal a hedge"—if he has got money to pay for it. And, for *protection*—we have nothing to do, on this earth, with *protecting* a man of forty thousand a year.—"The gods take care of Cato!"

This is incontestible and obvious—a man who games cannot be wronged: for either he desires to *win*, or to *lose*. And if he desire to win, he is a *trader*, and must take the chance of loss; and if he desires to lose, why then—he *hath his wish*, and should be content. Nothing is so true—and Mr. Jeremy Bentham ("*jurisconsulte*") has proved it unanswerably, in his Defence of Usury—as that men should be left to judge of their own interests, in all transactions, and especially in all relative to money. Finally, there can be no reason for meddling with a lord who games; because—for *himself*—if he does not waste his property in that way, he will in some other. And, for the *commonwealth*, this is perfectly certain—that *it* can suffer nothing by the change of hands: for whoever the man is that has *won* the money, he cannot put it to a worse use than the man did that has *lost* it!

Therefore, so much for one side of this subject—which we flatter ourselves we have rather settled. And now for "Life in the West," which does a little take the other side—but which is a book that will have a sale; for it has the first property that ensures a call for a book now-a-days—it takes ground that is new; and the man knows what he is talking about that has written it. It is a book of golden instruction this, in the disguise of a novel! The "Young Squire's" best Companion at Doncaster; the "Freshman's" salvation, the day he reaches the University; Twenty-one shilling's worth of good counsel—cheap—to any junior member

of a mercantile firm, figuring for the first time at Epsom or Ascot, and not inclined to figure, for the last time, at the Old Bailey. It is experience made up into sixpenny doses, and every one of them worth a pound;—spoon-meat (for the nonce) that the babe of eighteen may swallow, and yet full of nutrition. It is a moral duty, as well as a pleasure, to extend the knowledge of a work like this. And, therefore—"Oyes! oyes! oyes!" all "Greens"—"Yokels"—"Sucklings"—"Sams!"—"they that have ears to hear, let them hear!" We shall begin with the frauds of the "Ring," exemplified in a sketch called "Pugilism—a cross!" which is one of the best sustained descriptions in the book.

The scene opens in Kensington Gardens, where a peer, a member of parliament, and an officer in the army, are considering the possibility of getting up a "fight" upon the "cross:" a speculation which, by this time, most of our readers will have some distant sort of acquaintance with. The excellent persons engaged in this discussion are called "Lord Hulse," "Mr. Friske," and "Captain Welldone;" but it would appear that these are not the names of the parties really glanced at—from some letters (very neatly introduced) in the first volume, between pages 160 and 171. After some deliberation, as to the means, and the *man*, the getting-up the fight is agreed on; and "Mr. William Wack'em" is to be looked for, and sounded on the subject.

Captain Welldone at night, went round to Tom Cribb's, Jack Randall's, and other sporting public houses, in search of Bill Wack'em; at length, he fell in with him at Tom Belcher's, where he was smoking his pipe, and quenching his thirst with large draughts of *heavy*. The captain took a seat, produced a segar, and had a glass of brandy and water. Bill espied him, and soon approached his table.

Captain Welldone, extending his hand to shake the thick, clumsy, and dirty one of Bill's,—“How are you, Bill?”

Bill Wack'em.—“How are you, master?”

Captain Welldone.—“Sit down, Bill. What are you drinking?”

Bill Wack'em.—“Heavy vet, master. Vill you drink vith me?”

Captain Welldone.—“Here's better luck to you, Bill,” drinking out of a pewter pot. “Give me your mawley, Bill, you're a d—d fine fellow. It's a pity you don't do better. What will you take?”

Bill Wack'em.—“You are wery good. Some brandy and vater, master.”

Captain Welldone.—“Tom, serve Bill Wack'em with a stiff glass of brandy and water.”

Tom Belcher.—“Directly, your honour.”

Bill Wack'em.—Ah! master, if I had any one to back me, I would start for champion. Vhy I threw my last master over, vas, because he didn't offer me enough, and vasn't libal. But I have been sorry for it never since.”

Captain Welldone.—“If I could be sure you would now be true, I would try to persuade Lord Hulse to take you up.”

Bill Wack'em.—“May* — me, — and —, but I'd do the thing what's right. I'm — if you may not depend on me.”

Captain Welldone.—“Well, don't say a word to any one. Be about the first turnpike on the Uxbridge road, at one o'clock to morrow without fail, and we'll see if we can't make up a match for you.”

Bill Wack'em.—“I'll be punctual, master.”

Captain Welldone put into Bill's hand a sovereign, and took his leave.

The next day Lord Hulse, accompanied by Captain Welldone and Mr. Friske, drove alone the Uxbridge road in a job carriage, and picked up Bill Wack'em. They continued the route, and at length drove down a by-lane to

* “The horrible and disgusting imprecations so much used among these fellows, are, of course, omitted.”

the left, till they came to an obscure public house, standing back from the road-side, where they stopped. According to their desire, they were ushered into a private room. Wine and cold lamb were soon after served up.

Lord Hulse.—“Come, Bill, take a glass of wine. I'm d—d sorry to see you look so seedy. It's time you did something for yourself, and recovered your fame. If you can make a good match and do the right thing, I'll come forward with the bustle. Act like a man this time; I'll always stand by you, and you shall never want for a friend.”

Bill Wack'em.—“I nose what sarvice a good friend is to von of our professun, so ——— and ———, if I don't do my best for you vichever vay you like, master?”

Captain Welldone.—“I said you would, Bill.”

Lord Hulse.—“Well, I want you to fight a good cross. You must stand a little more beating than you did the last time, Bill, so as to make a good thing for yourself, and future confidence with the Fancy. It must appear a neck and neck heat between you—any body's battle; you understand me, Bill?”

Mr. Friske.—“It must be done naitly, or not at hall, Bill.

Bill Wack'em.—“It shall, masters.”

Lord Hulse.—“You must work it into fifty or sixty rounds, and be a good hour before you give in. Don't let any one know who are your backers. You shall have two hundred pounds for losing. That, besides what you'll make in other quarters, will set you up again, and we'll then make another match for you.”

Bill Wack'em.—“I'm much obliged to you, masters; I'll do any thing to sarve you. I'll come to the scratch in such fine style, that it shall puzzle the devil to see it's a cross.”

Lord Hulse.—“You set-to-to-morrow for a benefit, Bill, don't you?”

Bill Wack'em.—“I do, and I'll take the shine out of the best of um.”

Lord Hulse.—“I suppose you can make a short speech, Bill?”

Bill Wack'em.—“I shall be floored at that, master.”

Lord Hulse.—Announce as well as you can then, that you challenge any man in England for one or two hundred pounds, and that your friends are ready to stake. A few paragraphs in the newspapers shall follow, which will tend to awaken a general interest upon the event: but mind, Bill, you must be as secret as the grave. You are d—d badly off for blunt, I suppose?”

Bill Wack'em.—“That I am, master. I've all my things up the spout,” (pawnbroker's.)

Lord Hulse.—“Well, here are nine pounds, which make ten, with what Welldone gave you yesterday. Now make a better appearance.”

Two days after, it having been “put about,” at the “sporting houses,” that “Mister Wack'em” is “open to fight” any man for two hundred sovereigns, and “post the pony,” that trustworthy individual mounts the stage, at “Gill's,” the “Wapping youth's benefit,” and addresses the company:—

GEMON.—I'm not much gifted vith the gab, but I stans here to challenge any man in all England, for two or five hundred sowereigns aside. I vants the champion's belt, but let him vear it vho proves himself the best man. I means fighting for it, and nothing else.

This defiance is received with shouts of applause, and elicits an admirable reply—published, of course, in “Bell's Life in London”—from “Jack Floor'em;” intimating that he is ready to “accommodate” the challenger on his own terms, and to put down fifty guineas at once, and sign articles.

The inferior papers then go regularly to work :—

Last evening the Castle Tavern, Holborn, was unusually a lively scene, being thronged to a stand-still, by a pretty considerable muster of the Fancy, to witness the drawing up of articles for the grand match between Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em for two hundred sovereigns aside, and the championship. Upon the signed articles being read, which were loudly applauded, and amid the jingling of the *goldfinches*, Tom Belcher, who is fond of his joke, took up a bumper of his best *ruby*, and facetiously drank "may both of my friends win." This produced a roar of laughter. The rest of the evening passed off merrily. Each of the men is all confidence. *Five to four on Bill Wack'em.*

GRAND MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

Bill Wack'em and Jack Floor'em.

On the 1st inst. there was a strong party of the *swells* to dine at Tom Belcher's, who treated his friends in his usual good style, providing for them every thing of the best quality. The meeting took place in consequence of the articles stipulating that the third and final deposit upon this great match should be made on that evening. The *bustle* was forthcoming at the appointed hour. Both men were present on the occasion. Nothing could surpass the cordiality of the meeting. Bill drank Jack's health, and Jack drank Bill's health. Their *mawleys*, which are destined to bruise each other's brow for the laurels of championship, were closely folded one in the other in the greatest friendship. The scene was peculiarly touching. "Bravo, Bill," "bravo, Jack," resounded through the room.

Bill Wack'em will be at the Magpie and Stump, on Wednesday evening, to take a parting glass with his friends, previously to his leaving town for active training.

The "legs," who know that matches are not made to lose by, now begin to look out to see all sure; and a notorious "hellite" (as the author terms the people who live by these and similar speculations), makes a point of meeting Mr. Wack'em, before he leaves town to "train," at Salt Hill.

Hellite.—"I say Bill, you and I was always very good friends," putting a twenty pound note into his hand. "Vich vay is it to be, Bill?"

Bill Wack'em knew before, that the hellite, as he proceeded onward to eminence, was a *liberal* rewarder of a good piece of intelligence, and could be depended upon.—"You was always, master, an out and outer. I shall do my best," raising his left arm, pointing his thumb over his shoulder, and winking the eye on the same side, "I can't do no more, you know, master."

Hellite.—"I'm very much obliged to you, Bill. If it comes off right, I'll make the sum fifty. Shake hands, Bill. Good day,—good day. But stay. Who backs you, Bill, eh?" taking out his well-filled silk note case,

Bill Wack'em.—"I mustn't tell that, but," casting an eye to the note case, "I knows you is to be depended on,—Lord Hulse and his two *cronies*, to be sure."

Hellite, putting back his note case.—"I'm wery much obliged to you, thank ye, thank ye,—good day, good day,—excellent. I make it fifty, if it's all right."

The hellite went away, fully assured that Bill would do his best to win,—over the left, and Bill cursed the hellite for deceiving his hopes.

Meantime, the affair runs through the country newspapers, and goes on getting more and more publicity and interest: and the "flats" (who have the particular happiness in this world, that they are always judges of every thing!) begin to "suffer."

ONE TUN, JERMYN STREET.

The commencement of November, when town begins to fill. Nine o'clock in the evening. A few of the "delite" in separate boxes,—some drinking wine and cracking filberts; others taking brandy and water and biscuits; and a few gentlemen interspersed about the boxes.

The Hellite and Jem who have worked together for many years, and have been in many a good thing upon the turf, &c. during their time, in a box by themselves.

No. 1 Box.

Jem, in a whisper.—“Is Wack'em to be fully depended upon? He's a rum un, you know.”

Hellite.—“Vy yes, I'll pound it. I'll bet a thousand sowereigns to a shilling it's all right this time. His backers too fight shy. They don't think that I nose them, but I does. I sees 'em taking all the hoddys they can against him, vich exakerly agrees vith Vack'em's shrug of the left to me.”

No. 2 Box.

Harry.—“Your good health, Jem, and your's, Sir. Are you heavy upon the fight, Sir?” Harry was upon the “pumping order.”

Hellite, answering from his box.—“Not wery. I bets the hoddys. Any body shall have my book for a hundred.”

Jem.—“I saw Wack'em fight the last battle. I never saw a man strip so well; his shoulders were as broad as a dray horse's. He must win if he doesn't throw a chance away. He weighs near a stone heavier than Floor'em.”

No. 3 Box.

Gentleman.—“Wait-here, bring me a segair, and the Globe and Traveller.”

Waiter.—“A segar, Sir?”

Gentleman.—“A segar, fellowe? No,—segars are manufactured in Aldersgate Street, seegairs at A-van-a, therefore, bring me a genuine trans-at-lan-tic seegair A-van-a.”

No. 1 Box.

Hellite, in a whisper.—“Vy that's Fopperry. Vhat can bring him here I vonder. I have not been able yet to know how his pulse beats about this here fight. Let's draw him out, Jem.” Aloud to Jem; “vill you take, Sir, my five ponies to four on Vack'em?”

Jem.—“I back Wack'em myself. But as I have rather more on it than I wish, I should like to be relieved of a part, so I'll take you, Sir.”

Hellite.—“Done, Sir.” (Books out, bet entered.) It may not be amiss to mention, once for all, that sporting men enter a real bet on one side, and a *gammoning* one on the other; or make a distinguishing mark at the time of entering, when real and deceptive bets follow each other, on the same side.

Jem.—“I'll bet you three thousand to one, that the favourites for the fight, and the Derby, don't both win.”

Hellite, taking out his betting book.—“Let me see how I stand for the Darby.” To himself, “taken ewen five thousand, four horses against the field, from Lord —; seventeen hundred to one against Twaddle, from the Earl of —; betted seven thousand to two against Commander, the favourite, vith Mr. —; betted an ewen two thousand, Twaddle against Fiddle-de-de, vith Sir —; an ewen five hundred, Twaddle against Snooks, &c. &c. &c.” Aloud, “I'll tell you vhat I'll do vith you, I'll take your thirty-five hundred to ten, if that vill suit you, Sir.”

Jem.—“It's a bet.” (Books out again, bet entered.)

No. 3 Box.

Hon. G. Fopperry.—“How-de-der, gentlemen?” to the Hellite and Jem. “I have just arrived from Doncaster. I lost fifteen hundred at the ‘rooms,’” a place for English hazard, during race week, so called.

Hellite.—“Wery heavy play there, Sir. I vas a considerable loser at vone

time myself, but I brought myself nearly home; I am only out a couple of hundred. Lord K——, lost deep."

Hon. G. Foppery.—"I have a great idea of this fight. All the knowing ones, I'm informed, are backing Wack'em. I think he must win, myself. I see by Tattersall's list in the paper, that the odds upon him are five to four, and that a great deal of money is laid out upon him."

"Hellite.—"It will be a great battle. I have a great deal on it. It will be a fair fight. Vack'em must do his best, or he will never be count'nanced again. I'd take hodd's, that Floor'em is beat in twenty rounds."

No. 4 Box.

Two Gentlemen, friends, together.

1st. Gentleman.—"What odds do you want, Sir?"

Hellite.—"A thousand sovereigns to one hundred."

1st Gentleman.—"Done, Sir."

Hellite, (this being a bet he did not mean to make.)—"Stop, Sir, a moment, if you please;" then turning to Jem, and winking, "I'll give you the refoosel, if you please, Sir, as I have betted with you before."

Jem.—"I'll bet them, Sir."

Hellite.—"Done, Sir." To the gentleman of No. 4 Box; "no bet with you, Sir." (Book out, bet entered.)

Hon. G. Foppery.—"I'll bet five hundred to four on Wack'em."

Hellite, in a whisper.—"Take it, Jem, and ve go halves."

Jem.—"It's a bet, Sir." Book out, and at last a real bet entered.

Two or three legs, only half awake to things, and did not know that the hellite and Jem were old cronies, took the whole scene literally, and related it in many circles, by which a great number of persons were made to believe that Wack'em was being backed heavy by the tip-tops, and were induced to follow so good an example.

Nothing can exceed the admirable convenience of this style of play. Because riding, driving, boxing, shooting, billiard-playing—against "time," or against an adversary—a man may not always be able to ensure *winning* his match; but it is hard if it is not in his power to *lose* it. At length, accordingly, the great day of trial comes. The battle takes place, after a great deal of change and mystery, in Lord ——'s park, in Worcestershire. "Bill Wack'em" is driven to the ground by Lord Hulse, in a "borrowed four-in-hand!"—(this looks big to the "small Sawneys," who "drop" full half the money gained on such occasions)—and the face of the fight is gone through before multitudes of people. In the 67th round, Bill Wack'em falls, "apparently from weakness, produced by punishment;" and "time" is called in vain—though the dead might be roused by such cries as those of his agonized "backers." His body, neck, and face (this is a very impudent piece of humbug) are besmeared all over with blood, by a sponge which is used at fights—the blood being that which flowed from his *nose* by a blow in the fifth round. Eventually he is carried, motionless, to a public-house; and a friend, in the disguise of a physician, opens a vein. He is surprised to hear, of course, that he is at the "Monkey and Snuff-box," and has lost the battle. A few days afterwards, he comes to town, "suffering inwardly" from the heavy blows that he has received; and is paid two hundred pounds for the "job," by his "backers" (who have won four thousand with an assurance "that he played his part to admiration!")

The channels—direct and indirect—into which money is attracted out of these exhibitions, are so many, that we should scarcely find space to enumerate them. In fact, nothing short of the great combination of interests that find their account in pushing the affair, could get up the

prestige which is necessary to draw in the losers, who are to pay for it. When this feeling is once started, however, it works itself. Every four fools that are going to a fight, carry a fifth (this is accurately calculated) along with them. The *sure winners* are busy in all quarters, and proceed upon plans of all descriptions. Some have the secret from the beginning: and these work upon a large scale. Many go down, without the "office," to bet with any monied man that does not insist to "cover," intending to disappear, if they happen to have chosen the wrong side. Some lay themselves out for the particular "saps," and, beginning in good time (where a match is nearly even), get "the odds" betted both ways. And some remain in town on the day of the fight, to get early intelligence of the event, and "nail a flat" before it is thought possible the news can have arrived.

They come to the scene of action provided with well-trained pigeons (the feathered tribe are here meant, for be it remembered that there are other sorts of pigeons, *trained* in a different manner, and even more necessary to be a party to the proceedings,) and which upon the issue of the fight taking place, are immediately sent upon the wing for London, with little billets attached to them, to communicate the most speedily to some of the "legs" who remain in town, for the purpose of working the early and secret intelligence to the best advantage. These also make a certain, and at times, a great harvest. Bets to the amount of thousands are often made in the evening of the day of the fight, when it takes place at a distance from town, from whence it is supposed the news cannot arrive under a given time. The rapidity with which a pigeon can fly, is too well known to require farther mention.

These last, however, are sometimes "floored" themselves, by relying on uncertain intelligence, or by treachery on the part of the agent who engages to transmit the fact. On the first fight between Cannon and Joshua Hudson, about three years since, a whole party who intended to make money by the "first news," and had engaged a pigeon-fancier to go down to the scene of action, were "let in," in this way. When the morning of the fight came—which was to take place about thirty miles from London—the weather was, as if on purpose, black and foggy! It was clear to the pigeon-fancier that no pigeon that ever was hatched could find its way ten miles through such an atmosphere; and, if the thing failed, he lost his trouble of going down, the ten guineas he was to receive for the news, and perhaps his pigeon into the bargain. In this emergency—all the world had made up its mind that Cannon had not a chance of the battle—the bird-fancier, whose hopes turned probability into certainty, resolved to take the event for granted. Instead of taking himself down to Windsor, he took his pigeon, about the time that the battle was likely to be over, up to Highgate-hill; and turned the bird up, with a note under its wing, on which was written—"Jos won easy!" The pigeon came to hand in due course. The "legs," who had almost despaired when they saw the aspect of the day, paid their ten guineas in delight, and received the precious billet. And it was not till they had "laid it on thick all round"—for it was necessary to lay heavy odds to get bets—so general was the opinion that the event would be *as they had received it*—that a witness arrived with the real intelligence—"probabilities" were not to be trusted; and "Jos had lost the battle!"

All tyros who may read these presents, and are troubled with the ailment of incredulosity, will do well to take one short rule to regulate their

belief by. They need not trouble themselves to inquire whether any particular frauds *are* committed: let them merely examine whether they are such as *may be* committed:—the last point being ascertained, they need not puzzle themselves with the former. But we must leave the “fighting rig” now, to pursue a sport of another description—the practice of the open gaming-houses—in “fancy” language, ycleped, the “hells.”

For the convenience of the curious, a list is supplied, in page 91 of the second volume of the book, of all the known gambling-houses in town, with a table of the hours and rates of play. The following description shews the arrangement of the interior of such edifices:—

In a conspicuous part of the rooms of play, generally over the fire-place, a paper stating the game that is played, the limits of stakes, and the hours of play of this description, is stuck up:—

“ROUGE ET NOIR.

Morning, from 2 to 5.

Evening . . . 9 to 1.

Stakes, 5s. to £100.

N.B. No declarations will be attended to.”

This rule means, that no person must declare a bet without staking the money. This precaution is thought necessary, in order to protect the bank against declarations from persons who have not the means of paying them, if lost; though all gentlemen of money are well aware, that whatever they choose to declare will be attended to.

The refreshments at the high hells are—tea, coffee, fruit, confectionary, wine, supper, &c.; at the low hells—tea, biscuits, and liquors.

When the bankers think fit, two or three other games are occasionally introduced—a manœuvre often resorted to, should the bank, by any rare accident, have a run against it. Some of the hells are constantly varying their games.

The hells, generally, are fitted up in a very splendid style, and their expenses are very great. Those of Fishmongers’ Hall are not less than *one thousand pounds a week*; the next in eminence, one hundred and fifty pounds a week; and the minor ones of all (with the exception of those where English hazard is played, the expenses of which are trifling), vary from forty to eighty pounds.

The inspectors, or overlookers, are paid from six to eight pounds a week each;—the “croupiers,” or dealers, three to six pounds;—the waiters and porters, two pounds; a looker-out after the police-officers, to give warning of their approach, two pounds. What may be given to the watchmen upon the beat of the different houses, besides liquor, &c., is not known; but they receive, no doubt, according to the *services* they are called upon occasionally to render. Then comes rent, and incidental expenses—such as wine, &c. There is another disbursement, not easily ascertained, but it must be very large—*viz.* the money annually given, in a certain quarter, to obtain timely intelligence of any information laid against a hell, at a public office, to prevent a sudden surprise. This has become the more necessary, since, by a recent act, the parties keeping the houses, and those “playing and betting” at them, are now, when sufficiently identified in the fact, subject to a discipline at the tread-mill. The houses belong to separate parties. Sometimes the bank is put down by one man alone; but, generally, there are three or four in it, who divide the spoils.

When they meet with more than ordinary success, they give something extra to the dealers, waiters, and porters. Some dealers, croupiers, or groom-porters, have a per centage upon the gains. The gains are calculated exclusive, and the losings inclusive, of the expenses. To be clear,—if a bank gains £350. upon a balance, during a week, the players must have lost £500.; but if it is out, which rarely takes place, £500., the players can have won no more than £350., the expenses of the house being included in the loss of the £500.

Those expenses are taken at £150. ; but, whether more or less, it amounts to the same thing—the players pay them.

The houses are well fortified with strong iron plated doors, to make an ingress into them a difficult and tardy matter. There is one at the bottom of the stairs, one near the top, and a third at the entrance into the room of play. These are opened and closed one after the other, as a person ascends or descends. In each of the doors there is a little round glass peep-hole, for the porters to take a bird's-eye view of all persons desirous of admittance, in order to keep out or let in whom they choose. The appearance of the houses, the attentions of the waiters, the civility of the dealers, the condescension of the bankers, the refreshments and wine, all combined, have an intoxicating and deceptive influence upon the inexperienced and unreflecting mind.

The enormous fortunes realized by the keepers of these infamous establishments are too well known to require notice. In spite of the expenses of occasional prosecution, and the still more constant charge of bribing to avoid it, these miscreants, who spring invariably from the very dregs of the community, live at a rate which noblemen can scarcely surpass. Dwelling in splendid mansions; maintaining carriages, and suites of servants; and visiting, on their excursions of business or pleasure, all the most fashionable resorts in the kingdom. The wealth of Crockford has almost become a proverb: he intends shortly, it is said, to buy a borough, and go into parliament. Holdsworth (now dead) had a house in Clarges-street, fitted up in more than oriental splendour. His profits have been known (from only one-fourth share of the "bank" in which he was a partner) to exceed *a thousand pounds a week*. Taylor was a man of rather a magnificent spirit: he collected pictures, and paid the artists whom he employed with great liberality. Oldfield, who was the son of a charwoman, kept six or eight horses, and servants in proportion, and was taken out of his own curricule, to be carried to prison, on his last conviction. Bankrupt tradesmen, footmen, and waiters from coffee-houses, low attorneys, horse-dealers, brothel-keepers, and worn-out gamblers, are the part-owners and overt agents at these houses. In some cases, the *capital* is supplied by persons who keep in the back ground, and occupy a more reputable station in society.

If this state of things should appear surprising, a very short explanation of the advantage which the "bankers" at a gaming-table enjoy over the players, will be sufficient to account for it. Our limits prevent us from entering into the author's calculations as to hazard, *écarté*, *un-deux-cinq*, &c. ; but we shall endeavour (in our own way) to give a notion of what are the *fair* odds in favour of the dealer—apart from fraud—at the game of *rouge et noir*—which is one of the most equal games that are played at public tables.

The manner of playing *rouge et noir* is so well known, that it need hardly be described in detail. It is played upon a common flat table (usually oblong), covered with green cloth; upon one side of which the banker, or his agent the dealer, is placed, and on the other three, the players. The point in the game is, whether A or B—*rouge et noir*—red or black—upon a certain arrangement of the cards, will be the winning colour; and the players, who use no cards themselves, stake their money—which is in fact making their bets—upon the success of whichever they please—some upon one, some on the other. When the game is "made," or declared—that is to say, when the stakes are all down, the course of decision begins, and the manner is this. The dealer takes a handful of cards, from a box, containing several packs,

thrown together promiscuously, which stands before him ; and lays out a row upon the table, counting the number of pips upon each card as he proceeds, until he has counted—or gone past,—the number *thirty-one*.—This row is the chance of the *noir*, or black. He then lays out, counting in the same way, a second row for the chance of the *rouge*, or red—again dealing on until he counts or has passed (reckoning by the pips) the number *thirty-one*. Then, whichever of the two rows is nearest to the number *thirty-one*—one may be 35 and the other 33—or one 37 and the other 40, no matter which—whatever is *nearest* to the 31, is the winner.

Thus, so far, the game is perfectly even ; and, if the players staked equally upon the two colours, the bank, which *takes* all that is staked upon the losing colour, and *pays*, (i. e. doubles) all that stands on that which wins, could neither win nor lose. But, as that is a sort of game which it would not suit people, as a trade, to carry on, the bank is allowed a particular advantage—which is this.—The first row of cards, dealt for the black, may stop—(it must stop whenever the last card reaches or passes 31)—*may* stop, as we have already observed, at 35, or 36, or 37 : and the second, or red may stop at 38, or 39, or 40 : and in each case the *first*, being nearest to the number 31, wins. Or the two rows may stop at the same number :—both at 32, or 33, or 35, or 40 : in which case, the dealer deals again ; and the first deal counts for nothing.—But there is *one* case—where the numbers of both rows of cards stop at *exactly* 31—in which the deal does *not* count for nothing, but *half the stakes upon the table become forfeited to the bank*. The dealer deals again ; but this time, he *takes* all the money from that colour which may lose, without *paying* any thing to the side which is a winner. Now this event of the two 31's, which is called an *appret*, occurs about once in every thirty-three or thirty-four deals ; half the stakes on the table are forfeit every time it occurs : consequently, the *whole stake* becomes forfeit in sixty-eight deals. Which amounts to a tax in favour of the bank of one and a half per cent upon the stake—whatever its amount may be—every time it is put down.

For example :—If a player plays 100*l.* stakes, and at the end of thirty-four deals loses half his stake to the bank, in thirty-four stakes of 100*l.* each, he loses 50*l.* Going on, in thirty-four stakes more, or sixty-eight altogether, he loses 50*l.* again, which is the *whole* 100*l.* Thus his actual loss is the *sixty-eighth* part of his 100*l.*, or 1*l.* 10*s.* every time that he plays. This profit appears trifling ; but the rapidity of the play makes it enormous. The “*coup*,” or deal, which decides the fate of each stake, does not occupy five minutes—in fact, it does not occupy three minutes. Fifty or sixty coups, therefore, is far from being an extreme extent of play in the course of an evening. Suppose, then, the *whole* money staked upon *each* deal at a house—by an indefinite number of players—to be 100*l.* (which is a low average stake for a house of any considerable custom) : in sixty-eight deals, *one* of these stakes of 100*l.*—taking the average run of the cards—becomes, by the *appret*—the property of the bank ;—which mere advantage—the rest of the play being (as games of chance are necessarily, in the long run) even—affords the bank—supposing the same rate of play to be continued nightly—a profit considerably exceeding *thirty thousands pounds a-year!!!*

This is the state of chances at *rouge et noir*—supposing the game to be played fairly ; although frauds, as Mr. Gisborne Deal [we had for-

gotten to name the author of the book] shews, if not easy, are managed, when any considerable temptation arises for them. The seeming madness of playing at such a game is not very difficult to be accounted for: men hope to *avoid* the chance of the bank: they do not play at *every* deal, and they hope to miss that on which the "*appret*" occurs—or to have a small stake only down, where they have before been playing large ones. And this is sometimes the case—a player puts down on a hundred deals—and misses the deal which turns out an "*appret*." On the other hand, they put down a first stake of 100*l.*: and at that very instant an "*appret*" arises, which forfeits the half of it! The grand incentive, however, is the hope of *luck*—a player hopes to *gain so largely*, that the drain of the table shall be dust in the balance. On a stake by which he must win or lose 100*l.*, the fine of 1*l.* 10*s.* seems a matter of no consequence. He forgets that, as the *luck* fluctuates, this stake of 100*l.* is won and lost—staked and re-staked—fifty times in an evening; and in the mean time—whoever wins or loses—the slow, certain, advantage of the banker eats on its way—at the *sixty-eighth* stake the event *will have occurred*, which swallows it—from both winner and loser—entirely.

This affair of calculation, hangs tediously, something; and yet we have done it in less space than the author gives it—whose analysis, however—at length—of this game, as well as several others, we recommend our readers by all means to look over attentively. We know that any among them who could be idiots enough to play at common gaming-houses—or who are unable to comprehend so simple a proposition, as that men cannot play who have not a farthing in the world, and give splendid suppers and rich wines, and yet *play to lose*—we know that such subjects deserve no counsel—but these are not times—since the days of *Hamlet*—to treat any people exactly as they deserve; and therefore, we afford a sort of bird's eye view—even to these—of the traps which are laid for them to step into.

Autumn is a very busy season for all kinds of *legs*.

Visitors to watering-places, races, and fights, are supposed to have a little loose cash about them, and therefore, an infinite variety of these gentry are always on the alert to get hold of it.

Among the rest are persons connected with the London gaming-houses, who move off to the scene of action, with gaming tables of all kinds, like caravans of wild beasts, to the different fairs. These tables, for the convenience of travelling, take to pieces, and are under the management of the most practised town sharpers. "*Une, deux, cinque*," and "*Roulette*," are the games most commonly played in the booths, and English hazard at the houses. "*Une, deux, cinque*" is played with an ivory ball, about the size of a plum dumpling, and has very much the look of one. It has forty-eight small round flat spots, twenty-four black, sixteen red, and eight blue. The points in favour of the bank, upon what is considered the fair ball, are, three bars to black, two to red, and one to blue,—six points out of forty-eight.

These tables are always provided with two balls, one the ball just described, and another which is called the "*double ball*," on account of having double bars;—twelve points in favour of the bank, but out of a less number of spots. When a good flat comes into one of these dens, the double ball is planted upon him.

A gentleman, a member of Crockford's, in spite of the warnings his repeated losses ought to have given him, at the last Hampton races, went into one of these booths, and was fleeced out of about £60 in ready money, and £1700 upon owings, he being well known, by a low set of these itinerant vagabonds.

Connected with these tables are persons nick-named "bonnets," who being dressed out for the occasion as well as they can manage, with brass spurs at the heels of their boots, and provided with money for the purpose, come into the booths as perfect strangers, and exclaim, with the best town drawl they can assume, and a swaggering air, all which is thought so very imposing to country folk, "ten pounds 'blue'—'red'—or 'black,'" then, turning to a person standing by, whom they take to be a flat, "you shall go me halves, Sir, if you like; I'll pound it that we win; I've won all this money," taking out a handful of sovereigns and *gilt farthings*, "this morning; come, try your luck with me." Mostly the bait takes. These persons also pick up flats at places of refreshment, &c. and bring them under their arms to the tables to which they are attached.

Hazard—English or French—is a particularly favourable game to fraud. Experienced sharpers can defy all detection at it.

Sometimes false or loaded dice are produced, which bring up only certain numbers; at others, cramped boxes, which land the dice as they are put in, because there is not room in the box for them to turn about. Then the centre dot is taken out of the "five," which gives two "fours," to each die; but the most effectual mode, and which sets at naught, at times, the scrutiny of the well experienced leg, is with fair dice and box. One of the dice is secured for a certain number, between the two middle fingers, the other dice is put into the box and rattled, which gives the appearance of both dice being in the box.

At *rouge et noir*, as we have already observed, the thing is more difficult, but it is to be managed.

Young players generally stake against runs upon a colour, thinking it vastly odd, that there should be a run beyond four or five upon either, (runs of 18 and 20 have been known,) so they are induced to back the losing colour, as high as the limitation of stakes will let them, when a packed run, or a natural one, sweeps away their money in a few moments. A transaction of this sort at a hell in Bennet Street, robbed a young gentleman out of about £700 in eight or nine "coups." He played generally upon black, and a run upon red was packed against him.

The packing of cards against any particular game, and of "31 après," can only be done at the commencement of play, or at a renewal, after a cessation, which at times occurs for want of players.

Another style of cheating is resorted to with great impunity. The dealer will pay to heavy stakes down which win, in many notes, to cover the appearance of their being short of what they should be, which from the delirium or intoxication of the players, to whom the money belongs, is rarely detected. If it is, the dealer has only to apologize for the mistake!

And again. All stakes intended to be risked upon "a coup," must be down upon the colours before the cards are dealt. The dealer sees which colour has the heaviest stakes—say black. The cards turn up 7, 10, 5, 9, 6—total 37 for black; 2, 7, 5, 9, 7, 8—total 38 for the red: black then should win, as being nearest 31. The dealer should say, "7—8, red loses." The odd number of each line only is announced, therefore it is very easy, in their quick calculation, to drop a pip or two of one line, or add a pip or two to the other, and make it appear that red wins instead of black. If any player has counted the cards as they fell upon the table, and so detects the cheat, it also passes off as a simple error; with "oh, dear! I beg your pardon, gentlemen, it is clearly a mistake, it is impossible to be always correct." The dealer then will count the cards singly, and makes other apologies for the *error*. It is very remarkable, though, that these "errors" are invariably in favour of the banks. Those who have small stakes upon the opposite colour, though they may see it, will never point it out, because they win by these "errors," and self-interest causes them to wink at such proceedings.

The keepers of gaming-houses, as has been already demonstrated, are the most splendid persons in the world. The bankers and croupiers shine out in all the lustre of jewelled watches and gold snuff-boxes. The footmen and porters wear double the usual strength of buckle in their wigs. And the master of the ceremonies, who attends to get people out of the house after they have lost their money, is always a gentleman in powder, full dressed in black, and having much the appearance of a clergyman! The gamesters themselves are of different classes, according to the length of time they may have figured in their "sporting" character.

The first class consists of those newly introduced, plenty of money at immediate command, surrounded by the affections and esteem of friends and relatives, great in resources, of a contented, happy, healthful, and respectable appearance, with gold watches, and a variety of other costly ornaments. It is a matter of joke and speculation with the second and third class, how long these appendages to a gentleman will be retained, keenly recollecting how they had been compelled to part with their own. Some have carriages, horses, servants, &c. These are treated with marked respect; bows and smiles at every turn; but in a short time they begin to feel the gripping influence of such places, and all their advantages by degrees to wither, when most of them are seen descending to the second class.

The second class is composed of those who formerly held a station in the first. These wear upon their visages a look of care and deep anxiety, and have nearly drained their resources dry, their friends beginning to shy and turn their backs upon them. From having a good change of habilaments, they now appear, day after day, with the same clothes on, though still of genteel appearance. Their horses, &c. all sold off, and their watches and ornaments at the pawnbroker's, when many of them descend rapidly to the third class. This being observed, an awkward show of respect is paid them by the creatures of the hells; in short, they can scarcely treat them with common civility.

The third class—here it would be well if there were nothing more to disclose. The third class consists of those who have descended from the first class to the second, and have at last reached a degree of abject misery truly heart-rending. Their money all gone, their resources wholly dried up, and their connections and friends (hopeless of them) entirely lost to them. They present pictures of the deepest distress, want, and despair, not knowing where to obtain a meal one over another, or how to secure a bed night after night; their clothes faded and threadbare. The closely buttoned-up coat, but ill conceals the absence of a waistcoat or a shirt, or the soil of them. These, then, are shut out from "hell" to "hell," till none, but the lowest description, will admit them. At night, they flock to the English hazard houses, where they bury their miseries in sleep upon chairs, or upon the ground. Many will group together, and utter bitter and horrid imprecations upon their follies and unhappy condition.

The descriptions of the miserable condition of a gambler, and his usual abject state of heart and feeling after his money is gone, are given with considerable force and spirit. A few anecdotes of the desperate shifts which men are drawn to, in hope of obtaining a few pounds, or even shillings, from the people who have won all of them, will tell this story better than any other description of extract could do. The symptoms commonly begin with an effort to play upon credit. This is refused—and the party is no longer admitted to the house. Entire poverty and destitution then comes; and efforts are made to borrow small sums—a source of supply which must necessarily be soon over. The next effort is to try compulsion: and, there, the broken man's object is commonly to get

into a house where play is going forward: the fear lest such a spectre should alarm the wealthy pigeons, commonly making him "removable" almost upon any terms. For example.

While this [very high play] was going on up stairs [at Crockford's] a considerable disturbance was taking place below.

"I tell you," said the porter, "Mr. Crockford don't come here now."

"I know he does," said a squalid and emaciated being, shabby-genteelly dressed.

"I say he does not," said the porter, "and if you do not go away, I will give you in charge of the watch."

"Do, if you dare," said the unfortunate gentleman.

"Oh! you shall soon see that," said the two porters, at the same time thrusting the ruined man through the passage.

"Now what is it you want?" said one of the waiters in private clothes, coming from one of the coffee-rooms, upon hearing the scuffle.

"I am Major —," said the gentleman, "and—"

"Ah! ah! ah! ah! yes, that is Major —," interrupted the porters.

"Don't insult the Major," said the waiter, "shut the door, and leave him to me. Now, major, tell me what it is you want?"

"I am ruined by play," said the poor major. "I lost to Mr. Crockford's bank, at No. 5, King Street, full five thousand pounds. I am in great distress. I wrote to Mr. Crockford to lend me two pounds, and I left the letter myself. I stated, I should call to-night at ten o'clock for an answer. I have been here half a dozen times, and I meet with nothing but indignity and insult. I will not put up with it."

"I will speak to Mr. Crockford to-morrow, upon the subject, he cannot be disturbed now," said the waiter. "Go away quietly, that's a good man."

"I must and will have an answer to night," said the major, "for I have no bed to go to."

"Well," said the waiter, "if you will go away and make no more noise, I will give you five shillings out of my own pocket."

The major's distress was so pressing, that he accepted the money, and went away, saying he would call again to-morrow.

Other desperate people have recourse to stratagem. On one occasion, a ruined man who is shut out by special order, contrives to get into a "Hell" before the hours of play commence, and the bankers, on arriving, are horror-struck to find the "excluded" seated at the head of the table.

The hellites, one by one, arrived soon after; they exhibited the greatest confusion and dismay at seeing the excluded seated at the play table. "How do you do, gentlemen?" said the excluded. "I hope you're well, Sir," said the hellites. "I've come to lose a few hundreds, as formerly," said the excluded. "We are very glad to see you, Sir," said one hellite: "You know we don't wish you to come here," said a second: "Pray what is it you want?" said a third. "Why the fact is," said the excluded, "I am in great distress; I asked Mr. — to lend me two pounds, and he would not listen to me. Finding I was not attended to in the street, I determined to see if I could meet with better success in the house, and here I am." "Send for an officer," cried one or two voices. "That is the very thing I wish to be done," exclaimed the excluded, taking a seat quietly at the play table. Finding the threat of an officer had no weight, "now tell us," said the third hellite, "what is it you want?"—"Why, ten pounds," rejoined the excluded. "Will you go away if they are given to you?" added the third hellite: "I will," promised the excluded. The ten pounds were then advanced. The sum was extorted from their fears. They were not only afraid of being indicted, but of losing a morning's play, if any disturbance had arisen, a thing of much more consequence. Ten pounds was but a drop in the ocean compared to it.

Others openly make up their minds and threaten to indict: a lamentable course, which can do little more than add degradation to ruin.

A set of eight bankrupts, called "the Irish brigade," from their being composed of people from the sister kingdom, were for a time very troublesome in this way. Such proceedings, however, are commonly got rid of by negociation.

All indictments are now compromised, upon the best terms to which they can bring their ruined victim. When a man is completely undone and in distress, he will ask for the loan of a few pounds. A pound or two are granted. If he, feeling dissatisfied, threatens a prosecution, one of the "croupiers" will see him. This man will express the deep concern of the people of the house at his situation, and the ill luck that had recently attended the bank, which prevents their doing much for him; that they would not do any thing at all, if they supposed him sincere in his threats of indictment, about which he might do his worst. Such conversation generally takes place at a tavern, and the ruined man is treated to a bottle of wine and refreshment. He will then be told, that this proprietor or the other, is the best-hearted man in the world, and at any time will befriend him. The ruined man, believing such professions, will declare, that he did not intend to indict them at all. "Well," the croupier will add, "I said you were too good a fellow for any thing of that kind, and I dare say, if you will write to that effect, I shall manage to get a few pounds for you."

For some paltry consideration they then obtain from their victims a document which they term a release.

An undertaking of this kind has of course no value in law: but the consciousness of having given it deters people from proceeding. The author adds—

It is an undoubted fact, that there are many broken men who receive an allowance, weekly, from one hell or another, in order to keep them quiet, and for them not to molest the hellites in their proceedings.

Unhappily, degradation of more kinds than one is apt to sit lightly on men in this condition. Players cheat occasionally, as well as bankers.

It has been considered by many players, that as the hells had the best of them, it was but fair play to endeavour to get the *pull*, if possible, in their own favour. Some of the hells, therefore, have had a variety of schemes put in practice against them. The most prominent was at No. 40, Pall Mall.

Mr. C——, when a clerk in the Treasury (he is now a croupier in a low gaming-house), was a daily and a nightly player at No. 71, Pall Mall, No. 10, St. James's Square, and No. 9, Bennet Street. Mr. C—— was a great calculator, if the different games he hit upon to play at "*rouge et noir*," upon which he always thought he should win, till his losses told him that he was sure to lose upon all alike, can give him that character. His speculations of the public money obliged him, for a time, to go into obscurity. When he emerged from it, he came about the houses a perfect "*Guy Fawkes*;" his face was stained with walnut juice, and he wore a high French collar up to his cheek bone, which slanted down his cheeks, and just skirted the corners of his mouth. Then a large black wig, false whiskers, and darkened eyebrows, completed his disguise. By the assistance of a friend, who was to share in the thing, he obtained three one hundred-pound notes, and three one-pound notes. He ingeniously cut the impression "one hundred" from the corner of each high note, and a piece to correspond out of each of the low notes, and pasted the pieces impressed "one hundred" upon the one-pound notes. The notes were folded into four, with their faces outside. Thus prepared, he went one morning up to No. 40, P.M., kept by Rougier, where five shillings to one hundred pound stakes were played. Mr. C—— took his seat, and commenced playing small stakes; at length, thinking he was sure of the

next "coup," he put down one of the fabricated one hundred-pound notes; the colour lost on which he put it. The croupier drew the note, with others, and placed it upon the other notes of one hundred pounds. Rougier was overlooking the table, and observed the stake of one hundred pounds which Mr. C—— played, and thought that there must be something wrong, as it was a heavier stake than he supposed Mr. C—— could afford to play, though the time had been when Mr. C—— had lost a thousand pounds of a morning. Mr. Rougier took ten ten-pound notes from his pocket-book, and asked the croupier to give a hundred pound-note for them, well knowing that he would give him the first, the identical one Mr. C—— had lost. He took the note on one side, examined it, and immediately detected the forgery. He called Mr. C—— into the front room, and challenged him with it. Mr. C—— fell upon his knees, craved the return of the note, and implored secrecy. Secrecy was promised; but the transaction was known at all the houses the same evening.

This result in fact was inevitable.

Another mode has been practised with success. A piece of very fine horse-hair, was attached to a note of value. The person would sit at the end of the table, as far from the croupier as possible. The large note with horse hair, would be staked with notes for small amounts, and placed upon the top of them. If the colour won on which it was, it was allowed to remain to be paid to, but if it lost, it was pulled under the table by the horse hair, and would thus disappear in a moment. The busy scene of a *rouge* table, prevented the cheat being early noticed.

Our limits compel us to break off at this point; but the whole course of the sketches in the book, relative to the business of play, evinces that the author is writing upon a subject with which he is perfectly familiar. In fact, we ought to have observed, that Mr. Deal is (as well as of the present work) the author of several letters, signed "Expositor," which have appeared at different periods in the *Times* newspaper, on the condition and conduct of the gaming-houses of the higher order. The "*Land at Blind Hookey*," the three "*Night Scenes at Crockford's*," the story of the "*Race Robberies*," of the "*Billiard Match*," and particularly a scene at that infamous haunt of pickpockets and prostitutes, the "*Saloon*," in Piccadilly, are all written with great truth, and occasionally with some touches of liveliness. The author (we have already said) has no faculty as a *novelist*: but his book will sell—and it ought to sell; for, besides the gratification which it may afford to curiosity, some things that are worth knowing, may be *learned* from it. A variety of curious anecdotes and documents relative to parties notoriously connected with gambling speculations and establishments about town, are given. Among others, an original *bill* of Mr. Crockford's, for soles and whittings, when he was in the fish trade; and a catalogue of the persons who have destroyed themselves, or been conducted to a still more unhappy end, within the last fifteen years, by indulgence in the detestable habit against which the book is levelled. Some fair stories are added against certain of the noodles who have merely been eased of three fourths of their superfluous wealth; the names of the parties in these cases are not given at length; but the facts described (which may be relied upon) are too notorious to be mistaken.

LORD WELLESLEY'S ADMINISTRATION IN IRELAND.

LORD CLARE said that Ireland was governed, not by *law*, but by a *faction*, and, therefore, voted for the union as a means of attaching the Irish to the constitution of England, by making them participators in its protection. Lord-chancellor Redesdale said that there were two laws in Ireland, one for the *rich*, and another for the *poor*, and that, therefore, popular confidence in the government was hopeless. While, however, much of the evil may be partially traced to a system of misgovernment, much also may be referred to that proverbial dissention which is indigenous to the soil, and which has, time immemorial, prevented the Irish from coming to any clear and united decision upon their own interests. When did it occur that the Catholics were unanimous, even upon their own question? When did it occur that the Protestants of Ireland formed a compact body of opinion? and when did it occur that English prejudices were sought to be conciliated, except by a party? or that even concession was not received by ten thousand variations and fluctuations of acknowledgment and distrust? Even the ablest, and most zealous advocates of emancipation, in and out of parliament, have been at all times subject to the ingratitude of suspicion, and, at one period or another, rewarded by calumny. Even Grattan, the veteran patriot, who carried the measure of commercial freedom in 1782, and who, in 1798, stood between the violence of the people and the retaliations of the government, even Grattan was assaulted by an Irish mob in the streets of Dublin,—by that very order of his constituents to whose independence and interests he had devoted the energies of a long and laborious life! When it is evident, therefore, that Ireland herself is quarrelling about her own objects, and that she has always manifested the most singular want of knowledge, or of union, upon every question of domestic expediency, and upon every system of government, good or evil, that has been adopted in her behalf, it is not very surprising that, after centuries of internal distraction, she should yet require legislative correctives.

It is certainly true that the real state of Ireland is not very accurately known here; and it is also true, that the Irish have never yet agreed in representing it. For thirty years, the usual mode of characterizing that country was to speak of its wretchedness, the dismal condition of the peasantry, their wants, their abandonment, their destitution, &c.; and just as this opinion was beginning to gain ground, and people were in the habit of lamenting the distresses of the population, the *London and Dublin Magazine* was started, to publish the statements of another class of Irish politicians, whose favourite position was, that the Irish peasantry were more comfortable, more moral, more independent, and better informed than the peasantry of Scotland or England! Why, it would be as difficult to legislate under these circumstances, as to provide a suitable king for the frogs!

Let us not be understood, however, as denying to the mistaken policy that has been pursued towards Ireland, its due share in the encouragement of these disastrous divisions. We are free to admit, that we have too long dallied with the symptoms, when we should have penetrated to the seat of the disease; and that we have been satisfied to effect the appearance of a cure, while the foul humours have been driven back, as Lord Bacon says, to burst inwards. Of this, the positive existence of discontent is a proof; and if we required further evidence of the inapplicability

of the principles upon which we have acted, we have it in the methodical infractions of law, the frequent contempt of the public authorities, and the resistance in every part of the island to legal interference, which have hitherto distinguished Ireland from every other country in the world. If our system was salutary, it would produce wholesome fruits: but, although we have varied and modified our policy to meet or control events, Ireland is still a millstone round the neck of England—a constant source of discussion—a perpetual excuse for the seditious—and a never-failing illustration in the mouths of the opposition of British injustice, selfishness, and folly. Whether we have been unjust, therefore, or not, it is clear that we have done nothing to remove the accusation; and we think it is also equally clear, that the accusation would not be heard so patiently, and urged so incessantly, if there were not some grounds to justify it, or, at least, if it had not some plausible colouring of truth, which cannot be refuted. We are now dealing with generalities, without entering the labyrinth of evils that presents itself at the threshold of the question; and, considering that the British cabinet is accountable for the maintenance and tranquillity of Ireland, we proceed to examine how far those paramount ends of legislation have been promoted by the recent administration of Lord Wellesley.

In 1821, His Majesty visited Ireland. He was the first king of England who, in peace and affection, crossed the channel. The circumstance was hailed as the omen of future benefits; and popular gratitude was poured out to profusion. At that period of enthusiasm and devotion, it would have been impossible to satisfy the people of Ireland that the king's visit was not a prelude to some extensive political amelioration; and, in the frenzy of that hope, they received his Majesty with the most ardent demonstrations of attachment. The sentiments expressed by his Majesty in public, and the parting letter of Lord Sidmouth, recommending the avoidance of offensive distinctions, the cultivation of harmony, and the union of parties, contributed to encourage an expectation, which, to the majority at least, promised nothing short of the abolition of that code of penalties, against which they had been for years petitioning and appealing in vain. The excitement was universal; it was infused into the breasts of the population by an ardent priesthood, who telegraphed the sensations of approaching liberty from one end of the island to the other. The hearts of the Catholics bounded with the exhilarating prospect, and even the Orangemen suspended for a season their ascendancy tactics. And if ever emancipation could have been granted without risking a temporary contest, it was at that moment when both parties were surprised into the expression of a simultaneous and involuntary loyalty. Nor were these anticipations corrected by the events that followed. Lord Talbot, the lord-lieutenant, who had received his Majesty upon the shores of Ireland, and who was made the medium of his valedictory admonition, was suddenly recalled from office immediately after his Majesty's return to England. Although the cause of his lordship's recal was not officially notified, yet it was universally understood to have taken place in consequence of his lordship drinking an offensive party toast at a lord-mayor's dinner, in open violation of the commands and wishes of his royal master. Here was another manifestation of that disposition to tranquillize Ireland, of which his Majesty's visit had been already deemed an indication; but the appointment of Lord Wellesley terminated all speculation on the subject, and satisfied the

Catholics that full and perfect disenthralment from all bonds, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, was inevitably to follow. Nor was it unnatural to conclude, that when they were, both negatively and alternatively protected against insult, they would at last be redeemed from injury.

This appointment was accompanied by other circumstances of equal promise. Mr. Saurin, the attorney-general, who for fifteen years had filled the office of public prosecutor, and in that capacity had zealously laboured to concentrate the odium of the Irish Catholics, was removed from office, and Mr. Plunkett, who was made attorney-general in 1805, and had resigned in 1807, was nominated his successor. Mr. Plunkett, from the period of the Whigs coming into office in 1806, had linked himself to the Grenville party, and, although on the death of Mr. Fox, the ministry signified a desire that he should continue in office, he steadfastly sacrificed his personal ambition to his political principles, and tendered his resignation, openly avowing by the act his attachment to that party, of which he has ever since continued a distinguished and uncompromising adherent. His firmness upon that occasion, and his energetic resistance in the Irish parliament to the measure of the union, and the means by which it was carried, were claims upon the gratitude and affection of his country, which rendered him one of the most popular public men of the day. His appointment, therefore, to the office of attorney-general, and Mr. Saurin's deposition from that high and (in Ireland) supreme station, strengthened the general presage, that the reign of faction was about to terminate for ever.

Lord Wellesley's political character preceded him. It was arrayed in the most gorgeous exaggeration, and the results of his former life were assumed as evidences of his future. He was considered as a practical statesman, whose wisdom was the deliberate harvest of experience, and who had preserved to his country the possession of the vast empire of the East, and effected by his genius the tranquillization of Spain. It was said that his comprehensive intellect had enlarged the sphere of oriental commerce, had overthrown the Mithridates of the East, and the confederate Mahratta powers, and established in that enormous and distant territory, the permanent sovereignty of Great Britain. The statue erected to his glory at Calcutta, was adduced as a witness to the splendour of his achievements, and he was trumpeted into Ireland as the Pacificator of India. His mission to Spain, at a period when that nation was paralyzed and almost prostrate, was said to have influenced the changes that followed; and the Duke of Wellington's successes in the Peninsula were only spoken of as glorious instances of Lord Wellesley's pervading spirit and ascendant policy. With a character so illuminated, and drawn by the ardent eloquence of a country anticipating regeneration, Lord Wellesley assumed the government of Ireland.

Perceiving, perhaps, that the people had over-acted the panegyric, or that they did not sufficiently distinguish the difference between the executive and the legislative, his lordship's first declaration was, that he came "not to alter the laws, but to administer them with impartiality." The wisdom of such a declaration would have been felt in any other country, and public opinion would have made the representative of Majesty responsible only for the functions of his office, and not for the condition of the laws under which he derived his authority, and over which he possessed no control. But in Ireland the case was different. Some few, indeed, saw the difficulty of Lord Wellesley's situation; they

saw that, without being invested with any new or additional powers, he was called upon to effect greater changes than had ever been expected at the hands of any other Vice-Regent; but the populace thought differently: they could not be persuaded, that he who was born an Irishman, and who had long been one of the prominent advocates of Irish freedom, was not authorized to re-model the whole system of Irish legislation, and to produce at one happy moment a great national reformation. They could see in Lord Wellesley only the pacificator of India, and anticipated nothing less than that he should become the Saviour of Ireland.

With a people so obstinate and so misinformed it was in vain to argue. They had seized upon a position from which it was impossible to drive them, and they were permitted to indulge in their hopes until experience rectified and disappointed them. It may be remarked, too, that the early part of Lord Wellesley's administration was so decisive and imperative as to give still greater currency and strength to the notion that he was the depository of unusual authority, and that, without seeming to hold any delegated jurisdiction beyond that of the naked executive, he maintained some secret understanding with the minister, tantamount to a promise of an act of indemnification for all extra-official privileges he might deem it expedient to assume. This notion, originating with the vulgar, spread to the violent heads of the dominant party, who sedulously laboured to torture it into a thousand charges and accusations against the new government. But the truth was, Lord Wellesley had no powers confided to his discretion; and acted as much under the dictation of the Home Secretary, in all matters that involved disputed questions, as any lord-lieutenant from the days of Townsend to the present. Nor could it have been otherwise without the commission of a dangerous infraction upon the constitution; for, however sincere Lord Wellesley's desire to improve the condition of Ireland, and however qualified he might be to act upon it, the principle that would repose in his hands a trust so important, might be extended to future governors, of different views and inferior capacities, who, in the exercise of an unlimited sway, might have plunged the country into a revolution.

The first act of his administration that was seized upon as an indication of his sentiments, was the suppression of the annual display of orange ribbons and trophies that were wont to decorate the statue of the third William, in College Green, within a few hundred yards of the castle. This "dressing of the statue" had been an old commemorative custom of the Orange lodges, and, in latter years, excited the most alarming sensations in the city. It was the badge of a party that had obtained an ascendancy in the councils of the country, and through whose influence the administration of justice, in all its details, was perverted to the objects of family intrigue and factious politics: and it was also the type of the degradation of the great majority of the people, who, smarting under that degradation, naturally felt disposed to resent all emblems that were triumphantly and insultingly exhibited to represent it. On these occasions the military remained under arms all night, to be ready at a moment's call; the city police paraded the streets; and the inhabitants were accustomed to prepare for the annual fete of the Orangemen with something of the fearful precaution adopted by people in the neighbourhood of a volcanic mountain previously to an expected eruption. Under his lordship's commands, an imperative interdict was placed upon the

irritating ceremony; and from that hour the Orange porcupine pointed its thousand shafts against the viceroy. His character no longer stood upon doubtful speculation; he was branded at once with epithets of contempt, opposition, and hatred; the very officers in his household, some of whom had been accustomed to the impunity of the old régime, under which every change was a revolution, and every improvement a barbarism, ventured to mimic the person as they derided the measures of the lord-lieutenant, for which, one of them, who imagined he held office in perpetuity, was instantly dismissed. His excellency at once became the immediate topic of bacchanalian politicians; the Catholics chuckled over the prospect of a Papist governor, and the Orangemen, assembled in secret juntas, deliberated upon the means of thwarting or terminating the new government.

The differences that, at the beginning, promised a ready adjustment under his lordship's auspicious administration, now widened, and the ferocities of party spirit were manifested in the ill-concealed discontent that sat upon the brows of the intolerants. Catiline, or Rienzi, or Massaniello, were imperfect conspirators, considered in reference to the Thistlewoods and Watsons of Dublin; they sent abroad into society the sentiments of insurrectionary loyalty, and although they had no Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Swift, amongst them, yet they contrived to inspire their own followers with a desperate fidelity. Alas! they had no midnight piazzas—no Rialto—no chief conspirator's house of assembly—their rendezvous was an obscure pot-house;—no pilastres, no secret springs, no glorious effigies, no columns;—*sans* wrongs, *sans* dignity, *sans* parade and circumstance, they went to work in the dim, dirty attic of a public-house, to concoct the materials of a petite révolution. Unfortunately, the foundation of their enterprize was built upon whiskey-punch, and the superstructure was engulfed before it was completed.

The attack upon Lord Wellesley in the theatre was the result of this immature and contemptible cabal; some of the conspirators were secured, and bills of indictment against them laid before the grand jury; but the grand jury of Dublin being principally composed of corporators, a class of men who were never known to inquire into the merits of any case if they could discover the politics of the parties concerned, ignored the bills; when Mr. Plunkett, the attorney-general, declared his intention of resorting to the extreme powers of his office, and of proceeding *ex officio* against the accused. Intense anxiety was excited as to the result of the trial, which occupied the Court of King's Bench six days, and terminated in the locking up of the jury for one night in their chamber, and their discharge, the next day, on their being unable to agree upon a verdict.

This affair, which was considered as a trial of strength between the Wellesley and the Orange parties, afforded a subject of triumph amongst the intolerants. They gloried in the attorney-general's defeat, and, borrowing a term from the process of law he had adopted, they nick-named him "*Ignoramus*." Squibs and lampoons circulated in abundance, and the wit of the ascendant exhausted itself in libel. But these were edged tools, and, instead of assisting to secure a temporary success, only provoked a reaction that led to consequences of an enlarged and unexpected importance.

Some gentlemen, holding high trusts under government, who had been educated in the bigotry of the last century, and whose political

influence depended upon a perseverance in the principles of exclusion and monopoly, feeling dissatisfied with the innovation which Lord Wellesley's new system introduced into the castle coteries, and secretly hating the man to whom they cringed at the levee, privately suborned the editor of a government newspaper to establish a journal which should be open to the scandal of the vice-regal court, and the libels of the vice-regal household. The editor, a man as unprincipled as his employers, yielded to the temptations which their promises held out, and, betraying the confidence reposed in his integrity, announced a new paper, devoted to the private views and personal malignity of the lord lieutenant's servants. This paper was a manifesto of war—it was a declaration of hostilities; and, although it was known to be supported by the contributions, literary and financial, of the paid officers of the government, a mistaken magnanimity, which pardoned great offences and punished insignificant trespasses, permitted it to vomit forth a series of obscene and disgusting tirades, as offensive to good taste as they were revolting to truth. Irritated into reprisals, and alarmed at the apparent indolence of the administration, the Catholics formed themselves into an association for the purpose of repelling the nauseous calumnies of the new organ, and of neutralizing its efforts to corrupt public opinion. Violence beget violence, and the gratuitous braggadocia of one party was repaid in kind by the ferocious replication of the other. They stood armed at either side, and there wanted but little incitement to fire them into open contest.

This state of things was evidently forced by the energy manifested by the administration, in the first instance, to check the insolence of the Orangemen, and its subsequent supineness in submitting to their taunts and insults. Had Lord Wellesley exhibited less zeal for one party, at the onset of his government, he might have been enabled, with a greater show of justice, and power of effect, to have subdued, at any period, the occasional indiscretions of both; he should either have persevered as he began, or began as he intended to persevere; but commencing on a system of decision, the Catholics expected that extent of protection which he found it inconvenient or impolitic to afford; and, disappointed in their expectation, endeavoured to create, out of their own body, the means of redress which the viceroy either would not or could not extend.

Take a picture of the state of parties and politics in Ireland at this juncture.

Lord Wellesley stood at the head of affairs, aiming at the establishment of liberal principles, and laboriously working to make all parties equally amenable to the law, and to administer the law equally to all. Then came Mr. Goulburn, the puppet of a faction, labouring in his vocation to overturn all Lord Wellesley's doctrines of government, and to sustain that which Lord Wellesley wanted to remove. Then an attorney-general, treading in the path of the lord-lieutenant, and illuminating it with a genius and an intellect that would redeem any other country from degradation; then a solicitor-general, following in the wake of the secretary, and diametrically opposed to the views of his legal brother; and all the other departments, civil, legal, and fiscal, similarly divided into a perfect system of checks and balances. Then witness the fantastic violence and irregular vituperation of the Catholic Association, opposed by the domineering bravado and drunken anathemas of the Orange lodges; then look at the two education societies, Protestant and Catholic, disseminating tracts and treason over the face of the country; then look

at the Bible Societies, providing the hungry with Testaments, and denouncing a religion to make converts of its professors—and the secular Catholic clergy arraigning the Bible Societies from the altar, and undoing on the Sunday what the evangelicals had been weaving the whole week. Then the anomaly of poverty in one spot, and plethora in the next; fanatical declamations upon loyalty under the very ban of martial law, and remonstrances against the expense of a police in districts overrun with midnight murder, pillage, and rebellion. Then came in the press to represent this turbulent scene; the press, chaotic and clamorous, whose writers must express an opinion by a libel, and support it by a duel; divided upon every question of national policy and public good; ebbing and flowing with every village vicissitude; and taking the colour of the last event, orange or green, that chance happened to fling upon its unhappy columns, until the whole boiled up like a cauldron with its unnatural and ever-conflicting ingredients. Then, lastly, came the *Castle Press*, two papers considered to be the organs of the administration, that held their armed conference, like the chiefs of old, across a boundary stream; one, ferociously liberal, denouncing the fanaticism and the turbulence of the Orangemen, and the other, extravagantly repelling the malediction, and anathematizing in its turn. This was the state of Ireland when the principles of Lord Wellesley's administration, reviled by one party, began to be distrusted by the other, and openly canvassed by both.

When Lord Wellesley was appointed Lord Lieutenant, eleven counties were in a state of insurrection, or disturbance; judging wisely that such discontent arose from local as well as general causes, he applied prompt and decisive remedies; he organized an effective police, one half of whose expense was levied on the county, and one half granted by government: and this police gradually subdued the spirit of insubordination that prevailed. The policy of the Lord Lieutenant was to make the most of the laws as they stood, and, tempering justice with humanity, to correct the effects of existing oppressions by such means as the existing laws afforded, without appealing to the legislature for further enactments of a rigorous and penal nature. Such, at least, we are justified in attributing as his policy; but other systems had a higher influence, and Mr. Goulburn became the willing instrument of a measure, that, in the name of allaying the causes of discontent, generalized and increased them.

The Catholic Association sprung, literally, from irritation and disappointment: irritation towards the Orangemen, and disappointment in the government. It did not arise from any causes, either sought for or created by the catholics themselves: it was the inevitable refuge of a people who thought themselves deceived, and who felt they were insulted. It might, or it might not have been a prudent resource, but it was an excusable and a natural one; and, however it might have been viewed by the legislature, as a body unconstitutional and dangerous, it was, at all events, entitled to its justification, as being the result of misgovernment, rather than the exciter of disaffection. To subdue this association, which he ought to have prevented, Mr. Goulbourn brought a bill into parliament, which, putting expediency and the immediate application of its provisions out of the question, was a direct abridgement of the liberty of the subject. In England such an act would not have been borne,—in Ireland it was violated.

The natural effect of this measure, homourously designated, by Mr.

O'Connell, the "Algerine Act," was to unite the catholics into one bond of opposition to the administration: Lord Wellesley was publicly and universally denounced; and even the most moderate objected to the helplessness and indecision of his protection, admitting that he might have good intentions if he dare act upon them; while many were found to add, that "Hell was paved with good intentions!" The dream of his great name was over; the catholics no longer paused to consider whether any measure they should adopt would embarrass his government, or force him into re-action; they no longer consulted his feelings, or respected his wishes; but, immediately after the bill was passed to dissolve one Catholic Association, erected another on its ruins, which just evades the law by a quibble.

We have stated that we believe Lord Wellesley's policy was to make the most of the laws as they stood, without seeking, under any circumstances, to increase their penalties. There are some evidences yet existing in proof of this. Lord Redesdale, when in Ireland, as beforementioned, complained that there was one law for the poor and another for the rich;—that defect in the judicial code was glaring; it presented itself at every turn; it was one of the prominent evils that grew out of the state of society;—Lord Wellesley saw it at once, and applied the only remedy that, under unequal laws, could have restored popular confidence,—Petit Sessions:—and they had the desired effect for a time; but as they were to be administered by the resident magistracy,—the last men in the whole world on whom the peasantry of Ireland could place the least reliance!—their influence gradually diminished, and they are now resorted to more from necessity than any trust in their justice. But we refer to their establishment, not from a conviction of their utility, for, while distinctive laws are permitted to remain on the statute book, such expedients must be temporary in their results; but as an instance of Lord Wellesley's desire to tranquillize the country by humane and protecting measures. The constabulary police may be cited as another indication of his policy; but the popularity they have obtained, it must be admitted, arises not merely from their adaptiveness to circumstances, but also from the fact of their being constantly thrown into collision with the Orange magistrates, which is quite sufficient to secure to them the attachment of the lower orders of the Irish. The appointment of some catholic barristers to offices hitherto virtually closed upon them, and a few decisions of great equity, mercy, and independence, afford abundant testimonies of Lord Wellesley's personal views in his government—but the unhappy "Algerine Act" deprived him "in one fell swoop" of all the honours and rewards of his wisdom, and it became impossible to extricate him from the charge of imbecility on the one hand, and duplicity on the other.

The new association was formed in very despite and contempt of the law, and what redress was left to the government? There was a choice of evils. Either to permit this body, which had now grown insolent in the security of its evasion, to persevere in its unconstitutional, though not illegal, career; or by the adoption of fresh and more unpopular penalties to crush it at once, and still farther abridge the public liberty. This was the dilemma in which the government had placed itself by a weak and ill-advised enactment; and in endeavouring to escape the consequences, it exhibited an additional weakness, by abandoning its own system, and submitting to the taunts of the new association, and its renewed levy upon the people. But, as a counterpoise to this tacit defeat,

the acts and speeches of the leaders were carefully watched, with a view to make individuals responsible for the offences of the body. Mr. O'Connell had been on a former occasion indicted for uttering "seditious words," (an absurdity in terms), and Sir Harcourt Lees, on the other hand, to balance the favours of government, had been also indicted for some fanatical expression, both of which indictments were thrown out by the grand jury, who, however they might have disliked Mr. O'Connell, disliked Lord Wellesley still more. The weakness, therefore, situated as Ireland is, of seeking to make the members of a body amenable to laws which are virtually outraged by the body itself, was, as might be expected, proved by its failure, and the continued impunity up to the present hour, of the New Catholic Association.

It was, of course, one of the anomalies of the times, that while the catholics were thus engaged, the Orangemen should be promoting the same object by different means. Orange coteries were collected in every village; scandal and calumny flowed in every quarter: the police were impeded in the performance of their duty: fictitious disturbances were got up: and every species of embarrassment and annoyance that could be devised was practised against the government. In this crisis it was no unusual thing to find a bigotted Orange magistrate closeted in one apartment of the castle, and a catholic landholder in another: promises were held out to each, and, in the nature of things, both were disappointed. Thus the materials of disunion and discontent were sent back into society, fanned alike by the statesman who desired to do good, and the power that crossed him at every movement.

The catholic question came to be debated, and Lord Wellesley sent his vote by proxy to the house, in its favour. Through the aid of the chief ecclesiastics and resident catholic gentry, the association had now attained a consistency and influence that enabled it to load the tables of both houses with countless petitions: mercurial expectation was on the tip-toe—the whole island was in a ferment. Parliament opened, and the first topic discussed, which occupied four nights, was the association; a new inroad upon the constitution was attempted, and it was only tolerated in the pledge that the question of emancipation should be immediately discussed. And it *was* discussed, but in connection with two subsidiary measures, or wings, that by exciting an under-current of minor difficulties eventually defeated the master measure of tranquillization. The deputation, returned to Ireland, mortified and humiliated: they carried with them the *onus* of that insult which is offered to a whole people through its accredited agents; and they rapidly spread the sentiment, "from the Giant's Causeway, to Cape Clear."

Now was the moment for the working of Lord Wellesley's policy, if, indeed, it were available to Ireland. Now was the moment to ascertain the specific gravity of conciliation in a country torn by factions, and convulsed by law: but distrust and jealousy had grown out of the past imbecility of the government, and the people no longer heeded its councils or respected its ordinances. The Catholic Association literally governed Ireland. It swayed the opinions of the multitude—it influenced the proceedings of every public meeting—and at last spread its anomalous interference to the courts of justice, where it protected and defended the helpless caste against the privileged. Lord Wellesley's conciliation was, therefore, unavailing: it produced nothing but derision or contempt—for now feelings ran so high that it was impossible to maintain a neutral

ground, and every man in Ireland attached himself to one party or the other. But as conciliation was a harmless principle, and the administration was nearly a negative, there was less violent opposition to government than the circumstances of the times might have justified.

Again the question was discussed, or rather a motion made to discuss it, which was thrown out by a majority of the House of Commons. This seemed to be the consummation of Irish disappointment: a fate seemed to impend over the affairs of that distracted country; and men who had long reflected upon her condition, now abandoned it, hopeless of the possibility of adjustment. Lord Wellesley's government ceased to excite attention; it was of no consequence whether he meant well or ill, since the legislature stood opposed to the permanent good of the people; systems that only diverted the pain, had now lost their power of misleading the attention of society; and a crisis was at last achieved in Ireland when the multitude was not deluded by blandishments and promises.

From this chaos of fluctuating events and passions, Lord Wellesley retires, and the nation will pronounce upon the merits of his vice-reign. There can exist no doubt that he studied the real interests of the country he was appointed to govern, and that he would have bequeathed to her some lasting memorial of his wisdom, if the left-legged policy of a divided cabinet had not frustrated his views. But it must also be observed that he knew the machine he had to work, and that in encouraging expectations which he could not realize, he, in effect, produced consequences of the very worst description. There was a weakness too, in assuming as the leading principle of his government the doctrine of conciliation, because it was addressed to a country in which the elements of division formed the basis of public and private life: to conciliate, therefore, where the laws, the habits, and the institutions had sown inveterate distinctions, was mockery, and instead of seeming to be the first advance of a new theory, had all the characteristics of a fresh trifling of the old. Had his administration been a necessary commencement of a change of policy, it would have been successful, but it unhappily developed in its progress too many of those marks of former misgovernment to entitle it to confidence; the Catholics reflect upon the acts it originated, and denounce it: the Protestants, disappointed, say that it wanted energy to be useful; and because it stands in an unfortunate mean between either party, it has lost the approbation of both.

When Lord Wellesley went to Ireland, he found it occupied by two great bodies—both intolerant,—the one from long oppression, the other from long impunity. That oppression and that impunity had arisen from legislative, not executive sources—the executive, therefore, possessed no internal power of redress. All intelligent men now perceive that, provided the Lord Lieutenant be merely an honest man, it is of no consequence to what political creed he subscribes: he cannot remove the permanent causes of disunion, although no doubt he may exasperate them. To have performed the great negative duty of preserving the peace of society, and ameliorating the local condition of the people, is the utmost applause any Lord Lieutenant can receive. Has Lord Wellesley done this?

His administration produced the Tithe Adjustment Bill, which has literally failed of satisfying popular opinion. It produced the Burial Bill, by which a Catholic corpse was rendered eligible to the rites of religion at the grave, under the permission of the Protestant curate. And what

effect has that bill produced? It disgusted the ecclesiastical pride of the Catholic clergy, who refused to solicit the permission of the Protestant clergy to do that which they deemed the natural and inalienable privilege of every christian under heaven; and since the passing of the bill, we believe, not a single instance has occurred, in which the usual service was performed at the interment of a Catholic! But it has done more; it has suggested to the association, the idea of establishing burial grounds for themselves, which they are now doing in Dublin, thus perpetuating, even in death, that separation which has existed amongst Protestants and Catholics while living. His administration has also produced Petty Sessions and a Constabulary Force. Both wholesome measures, but daily falling into suspicion. And, lastly, his administration produced that act by which the expression of public sentiment is restricted and impeded.

We think it follows, that Lord Wellesley's administration has not been merely negative: that the evils it has done have left their effects behind them, and that the good is at the mercy of the next empiric who takes the tortured patient in hands. It must be remarked, too, that the friends which his moderation raised up for him, received none of his protection, but were abandoned to the calumnies and vengeance of a faction—while his enemies, who secretly betrayed and publicly traduced him, were suffered to proceed with impunity. These are facts for history—we but sketch: and in consigning to the temperate verdict of his country the last five years of his lordship's life, we think we have not given an undue importance, or an exaggerated colouring, to the events embraced in that period. We have simply stated the leading features—we are not partisans enough to conceal or heighten a single truth.

NOTES FOR THE MONTH.

The month has passed over, without producing any thing definitive as to the affairs of Turkey. The official despatches received up to the 29th ultimo, (November)—the contents of which have been rather sparingly promulgated—look like war: but still, like war, undertaken with something of a rebuked spirit, and less of suddenness and determination, than was wont to distinguish the Ottoman policy. Since the date of the official intelligence, some reports have circulated of a proposition for a peace: but this news wants confirmation.

For ourselves—we find it still difficult to be persuaded, that the conclusion of this affair will be otherwise than pacific. We do *not* believe that the Turks will be so mad as to rush into a war, which *can* have no other result—even *their blindness*, we should think, can imagine no other result to it—than their destruction. In fact, their ruin is the event that the opponents of war among ourselves, are apprehending: there is no creature wild enough (even in the fury of party) in England, to suggest the possibility of their success. Be the event, however, what it may, the *fitness of the course adopted* remains unaltered: if the decision were to occur again, we believe that England could take no other policy than that which she has pursued. If we will have the benefit of a free and liberal policy in the relations and communications of nations, we must be prepared now and then to undergo the trouble of insisting upon that policy, with those whose interests, or passions, would lead

them to depart from it. We can maintain no set of principles; no system, without the pains, from time to time, of enforcing the observance of it. We entertain (personally) no particular affection for the Greeks as a nation; their cause has a worse odour with the public than it deserves, because it is mixed up, to a certain point, with the absurd or corrupt conduct of a great many quacks, and some knaves, who have obtruded themselves into the advocacy of it: but the mere state of feeling, and tone of policy, which, has for years been gaining ground in Europe, made an interference on their behalf with the conduct of the Porte unavoidable. The Turks were passing that limit of tyranny, which it was commonly decent for free surrounding nations to look on upon and tolerate. Europe, collectively, could not, and would not, stand by, and sanction the project of *exterminating* a whole people. If England had refused interference, France would perhaps have interfered—Russia would undoubtedly have interfered: and any one European power (the last especially) would have been more than equal to the accomplishment of the desired object. In a merely interested point of view therefore, our course of alliance was a wise and a necessary one. If we proceeded with France and Russia, it was possible that such a unity of declaration would produce peace. We think that it will yet have that effect—a little more demonstration may be necessary, but we still believe that the Turks will give way in time. But at all events the course of alliance, gave us some voice in the extent and management of a war—if one occurred: while, if we held back, our powers of mediation, in case of war, were cramped to nothing; and the mere fact of that holding back, made the resistance of the Turks a matter of certainty. Our alliance placed us in a position incomparably more favourable for any event, than we could have held, if we had avoided or declined it. No man apprehends any difficulty from our contest with Turkey: but a contest with Russia (after Turkey is destroyed) is thought possible about the partition. Now no man can doubt, that, if we had refused to interfere, Russia might have beaten Turkey single handed; and then—if we had contrived to remain neutral during the contest—the same source of dissension arose at the end, with ourselves in an incomparably less advantageous situation, for regulating or arranging it.

The short question remaining, then, seems to be this—Could the Turks be allowed to go on massacreing and carrying into slavery the Greeks, to the scandal and offence of all Christendom? we apprehend that, at the present day, they could not. Extermination *was* an admirable recipe for differences; but modern policy (the belief upon which we are generally acting) rejects it. If we (England) were to proceed to-morrow to exterminate the Irish (repeopling the country from our own surplus population), no course could be more convenient than such an one, or, perhaps, as regards the interests of all parties, advantageous: but *France would interfere*—therefore, instead of “exterminating,” we must “emancipate” them. We may put down rebellion with a very strong hand, and even punish it by very severe and bloody executions; but there is a line beyond which cruelty becomes unpleasant to those who witness it: and that line the Turks have passed. The case is one that comes before our police tribunals at Bow-street or the Mansion-house every day. A master gives his parish apprentice twenty stripes, and the magistrate puts on a grave face, and perceives the necessity of enforcing discipline, and of wholesome correction, in case of need. But the man comes up *again*, for having given fifty blows, and

added a little starvation ; and there is this time no defence, nor any cure : the line has been crossed ; the command is peremptory, and "the *Indentures must be cancelled!*" It may be added, that the pretensions of the Turks—founded oddly enough upon the fact of their weakness, not upon their strength—must consent to a little general abatement in the present age. We tolerate something—and have tolerated a great deal—to maintain a particular power in a position which it is generally convenient that it should hold : but that such a power should claim to take any tone that wildness and bigotry may dictate, and threaten, like a pettish child, that—If we do not permit it to do this, it will deliver itself up to destruction ! This is too much. If—as one of our ambassadors is reported to have said—"If they will have their ruin, they must have their ruin !" Their existence was convenient : being lost—like other conveniences that we lose, we must find some way to do without them.

In the home affairs of the country, no novelty presents itself ; and in the courts of the law not much—excepting Lord Stowell's decision in the well-known cause of "The Slave Grace ;" which has excited a great deal of curiosity ; and the more, inasmuch as it gives the rule in several other cases (nearly similar) which are pending before the court.

The point presented in this case to Lord Stowell, stripped of the enormous mass of illustration and legal argument which has been laid out upon it, is shortly this : "Whether or not the admitted original owner of any given slave, resident in any of the British Colonies—that slave having landed in England, where, according to the law laid down by Lord Mansfield, he would be free—would recover his property in such slave, and could enforce his title to possession, on his (the slave's) return to the colony from which he had departed?" Lord Stowell's opinion has been, that the slave *might* be so recovered ; and the legal accuracy of that opinion is generally admitted, though a strong feeling prevails against its reasonableness or justice : but the fact is, that the case is, in every view, one of very great inconvenience and perplexity ; and an opposite decision—however we are inclined, in any question between liberty and slavery, to give the benefit of a doubt freely to the former—would not settle the point to our entire satisfaction.

Lord Mansfield's judgment in the "Somerset" case no doubt declared, unequivocally, that every slave, the moment he landed in England, became free. And the sticklers for the unrestrained reading of this *dictum* put their question very strongly—"How is it," they ask, "that a man whom you admit to be free in England, by taking a voyage to Jamaica, becomes a slave?"—A striking illustration is added of the possible cruel effect of such a law, in the supposed case of a female slave from the West Indies contracting marriage, as a free woman, in this country, with an English subject ; when, in case the parties, ten years afterwards, happened by any chance to find themselves in the West-Indies, this freeman's wife, perhaps with a family (as, by the colonial law, the children follow the state of the mother), might be seized by her original owner, or his heirs, and, without remedy, carried away as a slave.

Now to that part of the complaint here which touches the children, we should be inclined to demur : the children, being British born subjects, we apprehend, could never, under any circumstances, be condemned as slaves. But to the rest of the case no answer can be given : the thing might undoubtedly occur as it is stated. It is very difficult, we agree, to see by what process or operation, a man who goes on ship-board free in

England, by sailing to the West Indies forfeits his liberty. It is not the act of performing the voyage; because fifty other persons perform that along with him; and no one's free agency, at the end of the journey, has disappeared but his own. The loss is not like the evaporation of *honesty*, which has been sometimes believed to take place on a West India voyage; because there the quality in question departs from the voyagers generally, and not from any peculiar individual. And to get rid of any seeming ridiculousness or improbability about the supposed case of a slave woman, from Jamaica, becoming the wife (in England) of a British subject, we may just notice the fact—that it is not at all a necessary concomitant to a female's being a slave in our colonies, that she should be a *negress*.

A contrary judgment, however, to that delivered by Lord Stowell, strips this case of very little of its difficulty: of so little indeed, that we take the decision, one way or the other—so that the law be *declared*—to be a matter of no very material consequence. Perhaps the conclusion which his lordship has come to, is the best. If the effects of the one decision, in a possible case, may press hardly upon the slave, there are abundance of possible cases in which an opposite decision would fall very heavily on the master. A planter, for instance, say in Jamaica, loses a slave from his estate by *desertion*; and sends into the "*Bush*," the common harbour of such runaways, to seek him. There can be no doubt, so long as the law recognizes any property in the bodies of men, that the slave deserting, is the property of his master at the time when he deserts; and that the master would have the right, wherever he found him, to retake him. And yet, by a decision reversed to Lord Stowell's, it would be declared that this right of the master may become lost to him, without any act, on his part, by which, legally or equitably, he would deserve to forfeit it. The wonder of a man's losing his liberty by merely passing from one portion of the globe to another, is considerable; but not greater, as far as we see, than that of his gaining his liberty by the same process. By Lord Stowell's recent judgment, it is decided, that the right of a free negro to his liberty, may lapse in the course of a voyage from London to Jamaica—to which voyage, however, the negro himself must be *consenting*—for he cannot be carried away against his will; but, on the other hand, Lord Mansfield's decision, it must be recollected, has long ago invested the passage over the Atlantic ocean with a property no less inexplicable; for by that judgment, the right of a planter to his slave lapses in the course of a voyage from Jamaica to London—whether, moreover, to that voyage the planter be consenting or not!

A man loses a slave, undoubtedly his property, off his estate, in the month of May, and advertises that slave and retakes him in the month of August; and yet the slave, having in the meantime made a trip to England, says—"Your right, whatever it was, is at an end: I am here; but I am free." This would be the effect of the unrestrained operation of the law of Lord Mansfield. Now it is at least as difficult to see by what process, this planter—without any act of his own—has become defeased, in the course of three months, of a property which he undoubtedly possessed, as it can be to show how a free negro,—by an act which is his own—to wit, by the voyage from England to Jamaica—becomes in a few months defeased of his liberty.

And there are difficulties beyond this; and considerable ones. If we decide that a slave, known as a deserter, and never manumitted, and found upon his master's estate, *may be free*, we soon get into troublesome

litigation as to the *proof* of that freedom. The presumption is, that the man who has been a slave, is still a slave: the *onus* of proving the contrary must lie upon him. When he landed at Dover he became free; but he must shew that he did land there: which might not always be easy—in many cases, would not be possible. The very act, by which he claims to be free, is an act of offence against the law of the colony to which he belonged; and an abstraction of the property of his master. He states that he deserted—which is perfectly admitted, and is part of the case against him; he states that he is free, because he has been to England—but England has given him no certificate either of his visit, or of his liberty; and he at least remains in the hands of his master until that evidence can be made out—a condition least of all others likely to be for his comfort or advantage.

The whole perplexity arises out of the anomalous condition of our law, which recognizes slavery in one portion of the British dominions, and refuses to recognize it in another: and, perhaps, while that anomalous state of affairs continues, so that the question be *adjusted*, it is not very highly material in which way. If the negro (not manumitted) who enjoys freedom in this country, is *advised* of the fact that, if he returns to his colony, he returns to slavery,—then he either avoids so returning, or, returning, he goes into slavery knowingly, and of his own will. And it is not a very oppressive provision to tack to the estate of a slave, who has gained his liberty by the simple process of running away from his master's estate in Jamaica—to say—“Your liberty, remember, is subject to the condition, that you shall not return to Jamaica again.” Under any decision of the point, subject to the existing state of our slave law, difficulties and abuses may arise. If we adopt Lord Stowell's law, the master of a ship, having a negro on board, bound for New York (where he would be free), may with impunity run that man into St. Kitts (from whence he came ten years before), and make a slave of him. On the other hand, by the law existing already—and which (in spite of Lord Stowell's decision) *remains* in force—the same captain of a vessel, allowing a negro to conceal himself on board his ship in port, and work his passage to England; by that act deprives that man's owner of a property, the saleable value of which may be perhaps 200*l*.

The *Morning Chronicle* observes to-day, discussing the unjustifiableness of a plan of emigration—“That the poor families have just as great a right to send the rich away, (if there are too many people in the country,) as the rich, the poor.”—There is no doubt, we apprehend, that they have exactly the same *right*; but they have not altogether the same *power*.

Kew Palace, which thirty years ago cost half a million of money, has been for some time past in so ruinous a state, that it is being pulled down. (More by token, that part of it has fallen in during the operations, and four of the unfortunate labourers employed lost their lives by the accident.) The peculiar style of modern building—we don't mean to speak of “architecture,” but of the vulgar work of putting stones and mortar permanently together—is becoming really worthy of public attention. Kew Palace, finished about five and twenty years—is selling now, for the waste materials. Carlton House—a building of yesterday, compared with the average duration of houses built in our less “enlightened” days—was in such a state for some years before it was taken down, that it was almost dangerous to inhabit it. Mr. Beckford's splendid “Fonthill,” was on the

ground within ten years after it was finished: and the new Custom House fell in, we believe, within eight years after its completion. The theatres and the churches, are the only buildings which seem to last any competent time; perhaps this is because the first are generally burned down before they have time to tumble down; and for the last, (being only in requisition once a week,) when they are once up, there is but little wear and tear to endanger them.

A new Monkey. The *London Weekly Review* says, in describing the "Chimpanza," an enormous ape, recently discovered in Southern Africa—"This enormous monkey inhabits the coast of the Gulf of Guinea. Its height is sometimes greater than that of man; it has a small beard and mustachios; and is exceedingly pugnacious. It lives, in some measure, in society; at least, numerous individuals of the species congregate together, to plunder the negroes and carry off their wives. It builds itself a hut, makes love to the negresses, and drives away those who approach its dwelling, by pelting them with stones. Several young ones have been tamed, and found to possess great imitative talents."

We had never read an exact account of this curious monkey before; but we are much mistaken, (now we see the description,) if we have not met some of the last-mentioned specimens—the "tamed ones," with the "imitative talents"—within the last six months, about the "West end of the town."

"March" of Assimilation:—from the "John Bull's Second Visit to Paris."—"The glories of France, for English travellers" (says a tourist, just returned,) "are departing. The national peculiarities, on both sides, are softening down: the ultra French tastes are giving way, and the ultra English prejudices ceasing to be laughed at: there are no cries of *Il est Anglois!* now, and crowds running to look, when a London alderman asks the "chemin" to the "Bull-vards," or the "Pally Royal." Calais is almost an English town—more English, I dare say, than ever it was in the days of the Edwards or Henrys: the postilion that drove me the first stage towards Abbeville, had not larger boots on than those of our own life-guards. At the third stage, I fell into the hands of a *vieille moustache*, (the former driver had been a young man,) in whom the *ancien* costume was still complete—a cocked hat, a queue, and boots that you might have taken a double hop into, for a wager, at fourteen feet distance—standing. But we are amalgamating! Every thing is "*à la mode d'Angleterre*." English carriages—English "blackings"—English bread—and I saw one imitation of a piece of English roast beef: if there is not a war within the next ten years, we shall not have much taste for French quarrels any more. Some points of the alteration I don't like: the inns, in particular, are getting very "English:" that is to say, the apartments tolerably clean; but the wine and *cuisine* excessively detestable! I never ate a viler dinner in my life, or was poisoned with viler beverages, than at Quillac's, at Calais, this last time—the very champaign was undrinkable!—and the inns (even those of Calais) used to be fairly good. Still our countrymen visit. The trip is short: you get to France as quickly as you get to Cheltenham or Bath; and rather a little longer rag of "travelling" reputation attaches to it. Regularly as the mail comes in to that very horrible town, Dover, you see the "single" wayfarers, creeping out of the vehicle, into the "Ship" or the "Royal Hotel;" with all the ill temper becoming to a night passed without sleep (and in a stage coach) behind—and a prospect of a blowing passage before—well

marked upon their countenances. The first wry face is at the smell of the mud—that lies so beautifully under your window—whichever house you go to—in the dock; and the first inquiry—at what time the steam packet is to sail? Then comes the conception, to “go to bed for an hour or so;” met by a blunt intimation on the part of the chambermaid, (if she happens to be visible so early as six o’clock,)—“that there is not a bed in all the house vacant.” There are, however, “several gentlemen just then getting up,” and “you shall have the reversion of the first that is to spare!” Then, while you wait for this horrible result—which your common brains (if you have any) “hanging about the neck” of your hope, and asking—“what possible purpose any person that *has* a bed, can be getting up out of it, at such an hour as that *for*!” convince you is a delusion—you walk—still in the hat and great coat—up and down the cold, fireless, coffee-room, littered with the crumbs and debris of last night’s supper, and poisonous with the scent of stale brandy and water, and half-smoked segars—a sitting room being more hopeless, incomparably, even than a chamber!—and suddenly, tumbling over a lump of something rolled in a rug, which you took to be the fender and fire irons, unkennel “Mr. O’Shooteasy, from Tipperary”—who arrived two hours earlier than yourself; and for fault of better, took that mode of disposing himself till morning! Still—call any thing “pleasure,” and men are satisfied. At every packet that approaches Calais Pier,—the cry is still—“they come!” Moreover, it is pleasant to be *abroad*: your puppy, like your prophet, “is little honoured in his own country.” In France, the Englishman who appears, comes as a stranger, and meets, accordingly, with deference and respect: at home he is an old acquaintance, and we treat him accordingly—that is, with no respect at all: and if we know any thing that will mortify him, we take care to say it. In England, if a tailor tried to travel as a “gentleman,” though he paid like six gentlemen, the first “boots” at a coffee-house, that knew his calling, would fling it in his teeth. In France, the man who “pays”—“has reason;”—they demand no more: he deceives himself—fancies that he deceives others—and is happy.”

A “*Nice Point for the Judges.*”—A beautiful little question, for the people of form and precedent, arose, a few days since, in the court of Common Pleas, in the course of an action for trespass, entitled *Goodman v. Kennell*. The actual offence committed—like the sin in the story of the abbess of Andouillet—seems to be divided between so many persons, that it is difficult to determine which ought to bear the blame of it. The facts of the case stood thus.—

The defendant, Mr. Kennell, who resides in the neighbourhood of Lambeth, on the particular day stated in the pleadings, sent a jobbing non-descript, named Cockings, who occasionally acted as his servant, with a message to Furnival’s inn. Mr. Cockings, having taken an oath never to walk when he might ride—unless he liked walking best—which did not happen to be the case in the present instance—took the horse of a Mr. Freshfield, for whom also he sometimes worked as a servant, (and who had desired him occasionally to “exercise” that quadruped,) to perform the journey. But on his way home—to omit details which are not material—he contrived to run over the plaintiff in the action, Mr. Goodman. The mischief then stood thus—Cockings, going on Kennell’s business, mounted on Freshfield’s horse, ran over Goodman: and with

the *delictum* so divided, the last was in doubt where to bring his action!—Cocking, the corporal offender, not being worth following.

The fact was, the plaintiff suffered, and seemed likely to suffer, by having too many strings to his bow. Mr. Kennell was undoubtedly liable for the damage done by his servant—while in the performance of his business; and Mr. Freshfield was equally bound for the conduct of his horse, by whom the damage had been committed. But *both* could not well be made liable. If Cockings had run over the plaintiff without Mr. Freshfield's horse; or, if the horse had run over the plaintiff, without having Cockings on his back; or, if Cockings had done the embassy to Furnival's inn for Mr. Freshfield, to whom the horse belonged; or, if Mr. Kennell, who sent Cockings to Furnival's inn, had been the owner of the horse;—any one of these ways, the case would have been clear: but, between "the two stools," Mr. Goodman (in the court, as in the Lambeth-road) was like to "come to the ground." As the case stood, he did resolve to go against the owner of the servant—Mr. Kennell—(we suspect rather at a hazard); and Mr. Justice Park, probably from a feeling that he had a fair title to recover somewhere—summed up in his favour—although Cockings stated distinctly that he took the horse of Mr. Freshfield, without any order from—and even without the privity of—Mr. Kennell. But the case, in all likelihood, will come before the Court above: and we rather doubt, upon the evidence, whether Mr. Justice Park's law will stand.

There is no doubt that a man is answerable, in law, for that which his servant—though servant only for the time being—does by his command. And, still farther, he is answerable for that, which his servant may do in the ordinary and reasonable routine of his (the master's) business, although not by his particular command. And moreover, he is liable for things which his servant does in his name, in fraud upon him, and contrary to his interest, as for the taking up of goods of shops at which he is accustomed to deal, and have credit given by the agency of that servant—because here, it is his ordinary course of conduct which leads the tradesman into mistake. But we doubt rather whether this kind of liability can be taken to extend to such an act as the running down public passengers, by riding on the back of other people's horses; because this is an act with which the master has in equity nothing to do—and, besides, the precedent is against it.

For instance, in the case of "*Dobson v. Sir Arthur White*," where the Overseers of the parish of St. George's, Hanover Square, sued the defendant, a gentleman of fortune, residing at No. 7, Brook-street, because a housemaid who lived at No. 11—four doors off—had become chargeable to the parish, in consequence of the immorality of his footman,—Sir Pepper Arden, Chief Justice, held—"that the Defendant was clearly *not* liable; because the act complained of had been committed by the *footman*, of his own wrong, and not in the reasonable performance of any of his master's business." 2d. B. B. pp. 132. This was a *Nisi Prius* decision: but it was never disturbed.

However we will come closer to the case immediately in question,—Cockings was sent by Kennell to Furnival's inn: he received no horse to go upon; and the presumption was, that he would go on foot. Then suppose (as he did not go on *foot*), instead of mounting, without leave, upon Mr. Freshfield's horse—he had gone to Exeter Change, and mounted clan-

destinely upon the Elephant—and ridden him to Furnival's Inn—knocking down Temple-bar—or the Court of Chancery in Lincoln's Inn—or any other public impediment—instead of Mr. Goodman—by the way? or suppose, instead of *taking* the loan of Mr. Freshfield's horse, he had hired a coach, or a gig, and damaged various other vehicles by careless driving; surely, it would be too much to say, that Mr. Kennell should be at the cost of setting these damages right again? Between two courses of wrong—there was the best *prima facie* case for bringing the action against Mr. Freshfield; for it appears clearly, that Cockings had no authority from Mr. Kennell to go on horseback to Furnival's Inn; while, for exercising the horse, that did the mischief (occasionally) there was something very like a general retainer from Mr. Freshfield. If Goodman had been *killed* now, for example, instead of *hurt*—would not the *deodand* have been put upon the horse."

Altogether, however, it will be an exquisite point for the practice of the present day, when barristers rise, at least five times out of every six, to address themselves, not at all to the merits of the case, but to some quibble or clerical error upon the face of the parchments that bring it before the court. For, if there be any action in the case against any person but the actual offender, Cockings, we profess ourselves quite unable to determine where it lies. And there seems to be hope too of a new point still, in the argument before the court above: for we see, according to the evidence, it appears, that the horse was "running away" at the time when the accident happened—now, it may become material to know, whether it was the horse that run away with Cockings, or Cockings that run away with the horse! Because, if Cockings ran away with the horse, why then it was him who did the mischief, and he would be the party answerable: but if it was the horse that ran away with Cockings, would not Cockings have his remedy over—another action—against Mr. Freshfield!!!

We announced, by some accident, in our notice of the "Annals, last month, that the price of "The Bijou," (edited by M. Frazer), was a guinea. It appears that we were wrong in this statement, and our readers, no doubt, have had to thank us for an agreeable surprise, when they went with a sovereign to buy it, and were charged only twelve shillings. We correct the mistake, without knowing by what delusion it occurred: perhaps, instead of saying it *was* sold for a guinea, we meant to say that it *deserved* to be. This would not be very far from the truth—as our criticism, delivered along with the error, evinces; and it makes a very pretty compliment to Mr. Pickering, the publisher (by way of getting out of our scrape) into the bargain.

Our friend Cobbett has got into some disgrace (we suspect, into more than he cares for) about his scheme for having cheap labourers to work his grounds at Barn Elms, and elsewhere. A letter in the *Nottingham Review*, which he republishes in his Register, for the purpose of commenting upon it, has the best of the fight with him considerably: his answer is (as all his angry papers are) amusing; but it is *no answer* to the charges stated against him.

In fact, his whole scheme is a humbug: and too transparent a humbug. No one doubts his right to hire labourers at the cheapest rate that he can get them: but to hit upon a mode of getting labour particularly cheap—cheaper than it would be possible to get it, but for the excess of

hands, over the number that can find employment in the market; and to talk of this as "a plan for bettering the condition of the working classes," is a little too good—even for William, with all his eccentricities. The scheme itself, is only an old scheme, but with a new, and an extremely impudent face: it is the "*Shop System*;" only avowed, and bullied upon, instead of worked under the rose. The "*Shop*" manufacturer pays his man with *tickets* for goods—which *may be* deficient in weight or in quality. Cobbett pays at once *with goods*—of which the weight, quality, and all other material attributes, are to be settled *solely by himself*. The remedy for discontent in both cases is the same—"Those who are not satisfied may keep away."—But, except for the unhappy state of things, which makes that argument unanswerable, no such course of dealing, in either case, would ever be attempted.

The indignation of a man about "shopkeepers' profits," is ridiculous enough—who puts forth a scheme, in the very same breath, which makes him the shopkeeper himself! Besides which, his labour—at the rate at which he proposes to pay—will be got infinitely *below the average price* of farming labour, any where in the vicinity of London. His "two pound ration of meat," issued in the fairest way (according to the prices published in his own Register of December the 10th) may be bought for ninepence. His "two pounds of bread" for threepence halfpenny; and his "half pound of cheese" for two pence halfpenny. The whole cost therefore of his allowance "in kind" is fifteen pence a day—or, seven shillings and sixpence a week: he having moreover this advantage, that it is not a hiring by the week, but absolutely by the hour! the work to stop, or to go on, just as he sees convenient or reasonable: and no wages to be paid, but for those hours, during which, the labourer may be actually employed! Now, if this is being a "benefactor" to the working classes, all the farmers in England would be glad to become "benefactors" to-morrow.

The rest of the stuff about being "Resolved no man shall work for me, who has not a belly-full of good food, consisting of meat and bread, and cheese, &c."—is mere insolent bombast, and imposition. A "belly-full" is for our horse, or our ox: the wants of men—though they *be* labourers—go beyond "a belly-full." Men must have a lodging; and shoes; and breeches; and a shirt; and fire; and soap to wash; and a pot to cook Mr. Cobbett's mutton in; and they must have something more than Thames water to drink with it; of all which needful provisions good William "knows nothing!" We know perfectly well (and *he* knows too) that the "pound of meat" which might be spared daily out of his "belly-full" ration will *not supply them*:—not to speak of our maintenance for the *seventh day*; which—as we do no work on it—his Excellency means should be kept as a Fast, as well as a Sabbath? The fact is, that the whole story is nothing more than a flimsy pretence, to cover the real shabbiness of beating down labour even lower than it is bought in the general market; catching a bargain, at the fag-end of the day; picking up people, who—as Cobbett himself states—have no choice left between his work, and begging about the streets of Kensington; and offering them "victuals" for their hire, while it suits *him* to employ them! There is no law to forbid this: and the poor creatures had better work even for such pittance than beg; but to call it "a plan for bettering the condition of the labouring classes!" is really putting the common sanity of mankind below its average level.

Lex Talionis.—"An Armenian jeweller, who had sold a quantity of

counterfeit diamonds to the favourite wife of the Shah of Persia, was pursued by the officers of the palace, and overtaken, when the lady demanded an exemplary satisfaction. The Shah, after many endeavours, finding it impossible to propitiate the complainant, consented that the malefactor should be exposed, according to the custom of the country, in the arena for the combats of wild beasts. But, when all the court was collected to witness the spectacle of the execution, to the surprise of the poor wretch, who expected to be instantly devoured, instead of a lion, a lamb was let out from one of the dens, which forthwith walked up, and began to fawn upon him. The sultanness, indignant at this affront, flew to her husband to explain what had happened, and insisted that the master of the beasts, who had ordered this, deserved no better than to be eaten along with the false jeweller, for company. "Be merciful, fair Yasili," said the good-tempered prince; "the Armenian has been punished by the law of retaliation. He deceived you, and he has now himself been deceived; let him be quit, for this time, *pour le peur.*" *Furet de Londres.*

The new ukase of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia for the regulation of the Jews in his dominions, seems to be giving universal offence to the children of Israel in this country. It seems to be a cruel and an absurd policy, the distressing, for no adequate or important advantage, a body of men who are extremely useful in many parts of the Russian dominions: but the reliance is on their habitual endurance; they make money in Russia; and, where they make money, it is believed they will remain. Their condition in the East is incomparably worse than it will be in Russia, even under the new ordinance; and yet in Algiers, Tunis, and all the Barbary states, they abound.

"The number of Jews in the Barbary States," says a recent French writer, "is very considerable. The city of Algiers alone contains near 8,000, upon a gross population of not more than 90,000, negroes included. The vexations to which they are here subjected, would be intolerable to any other people. They are *forbidden to sit* in the presence of a Mahometan; they must execute the duty of *carrying the Moors on their shoulders* through the water, when the state of the tide prevents boats from coming to the quays. They are the *public executioners*, and are compelled, moreover, to *bury the bodies* of all criminals. On very slight pretexts, indeed, they are *condemned to be hanged*; and are loaded with taxes; paying a general impost of 2000 dollars a week—*without prejudice to occasional loans* and contributions, when the authorities are in want.

"In spite of these merciless extortions, the Jews find means to amass immense riches. The pride and indolence of the Moors rendering them unfit for business, they transact all important and difficult affairs, and take care to pay themselves well for their trouble." * * * * "A curious prophecy," the same writer says, "is current in Tunis, that some day or other, during the hour of mid-day prayer, the Christians will attack and seize the city. For this reason, the gates of the town are invariably closed during that hour; and not opened on any pretext whatever. The prophet has added, that the parties who make this seizure, are to be soldiers clothed in *red*; there needs no more than this, of course, to point the general suspicion to the English."

We see that another life has been lost in the river, below bridge, in consequence of a wherry, with two persons on board, having been run down by a Gravesend steam-boat. The coroner's jury has returned a verdict of "Manslaughter" against the master, who, we believe, is in custody accordingly. Without meaning to prejudge the merits of this

case—the circumstances of which are but imperfectly known to us—we do trust—especially as the case is not a capital one—that if the *crime of negligence* is found to attach to any individual who had the direction of that steam-boat, the offender may receive such a sentence as shall render him a public example. This course has already been taken in Scotland; and it is the only one which will be effective here. Every body knows the feeling with which a man drives, whose strength is such that it must bear down all before him: he has no desire to run over any body; but those who are afraid of being run over, must look sharp, and keep out of the way. We have not the least doubt, that the horrible accidents which are every week occurring with steam-vessels, are quite unavoidable; or entirely owing to the fault of the parties who are killed; but, nevertheless, we do very confidently believe, that, whenever half a dozen of the parties surviving shall have been sentenced to smart terms of imprisonment, such accidents will cease to happen. The approaching era of “steam carriages,” renders a determination to execute the law upon this point with strictness, absolutely necessary. If the steam-coaches should do as much mischief as the steam-boats, the roads, for ordinary travellers, would be impassable.

Haytian Legislation.—“Nothing” (says a recent traveller) “can be more discouraging to commercial intercourse with Hayti, than the *irregular system* under which every thing is conducted, from the highest to the lowest office of the state. The *delays and procrastinations* of the officers of the customs are exceedingly injurious both to the consignee and the vessel; a *studied dilatoriness* pervades all their proceedings. This delay is well known to the government, and repeated remonstrances have been sent to the proper authorities; but they have all been *unsuccessful*; and the only way to obtain a little dispatch, is to present a *douceur*; for the principal officers are open to bribes, and seem determined *never to do their duty without them*.” * * * *
 “The inconvenience and imposition of the Haytian tariff, furnishes another ground of complaint among foreigners. The delay which ensues between the landing of the merchants’ property, and the *examination* of it by the officers of the customs, is not only most injurious, but in a country where *theft is so prevalent as in Hayti*, there is but little security for property! I have seen many instances of goods being most unwarrantably exposed, and all the remonstrances of the consignee have been unavailing; there appeared, on the contrary, every reason to *suspect connivance on the part of those whose duty it was to protect against plunder, &c.*!” * * * *
 “The way in which goods are valued also, agreeably to the tariff, is a monstrous imposition, and calls for the most prompt and efficient remedy. Many of the articles of British manufacture are subjected to a duty equal to *twenty per cent.* instead of *twelve* [the avowed rate of duty], from the *excess of valuation*: the tariff fixing a value *nearly double* the actual sale price of the goods!” * * * In no other country have I ever witnessed such impositions and such depredations, and the injured individuals have not the least possible chance of redress.” [The account of the legal authorities from whom redress in these cases should come, is very amusing.] * * * *
 “The judges form, perhaps, the most extraordinary selection of personages that could ever have been found in any country. The grand judge, Monsieur Ineshmall, is a man of colour, nearly eighty years of age. Until he arrived at middle age, he had been actively and successfully employed in the career of a pirate. His legal knowledge is what might be expected from his previous avocations. He is a modest old man, it is true; for when his present appointment was offered to him, he declined it, as he said himself, from his incompetency to perform the duties which it required! Boyer, however, insisted on his accepting it; and remarked ‘that it did not require talent or legal knowledge: he had only to do as he was directed by the orders he might receive from the bureaux of government.’” * * * * “The

chief judge of the court of cassation is a black : he is a *small shopkeeper* ; and in that way more respectable than in his judicial capacity." * * * "Monsieur Dieu Donney, chief judge of the lower courts, is a man of colour, and would, in all probability, do justice, if he were permitted to do so ; but he is often controlled by the majority of his brother judges, who are as corrupt as they are ignorant ; whenever a good bribe is offered, they never consult about the justice of the case, but give a verdict as a *quid pro quo* for the *douceur*." * * * "With regard to that respectable officer, a justice of the peace, in Hayti, he is almost indescribable !" — *Franklin's Present State of Hayti*.

Mr. Franklin's book is intelligently written, and contains a great deal of curious information.

The Haytians, like most other savages, very soon, when they began business on their own account, acquired an accurate perception of all the principles connected with profitable buying and selling. Christophe did some things in this way, which were really *chef-d'œuvres*. In one case—it was shortly after he became "emperor"—a London coachmaker, whose name, we rather think, was Crowther, had heard that the Palace of "Sans Souci" was to be floored with silver, and walled with gold, and imagined the speculation of carrying out a cargo of "state carriages," built upon the model of that used by the Lord Mayor of London, with harness—a horse-load in itself, every housing—for the use of the "imperial court." The arrival of these vehicles, as might be supposed, gave prodigious satisfaction. The empress, the moment she saw them, got into one ; and could not be persuaded to get out all day : and the coachmaker expected a return of at least four hundred per cent. on his adventure. When, to his surprise and horror, after the price was fixed, and the goods landed, so that there was no retreat for merchant or merchandize, Christophe declared it to have been part of *his* understanding, that the payment was to be made—"not in money—but in the produce of the Haytian dominions—namely, in sugar and tobacco." This fraud was only the *premier pas*. Sugar and tobacco were at that time so low in price in England, that the unhappy speculator saw at once a tremendous abatement of his gains ; but he was relieved from part of his apprehensions as to adding very seriously to the glut in the home market, by the discovery that "the emperor," (who seemed to wish to read a lesson to hasty adventurers), meant not only to pay his bill in produce, but in produce valued at his own price ! What followed, but for the monstrous villany of the proceeding, was really ludicrous. The amount to be given for the carriages, by the scheme of paying in produce, being already abated nearly half, it was then announced to the enraged and unfortunate dealer, that "an import duty" of twenty per cent. would be payable to "government" upon the carriages that he had brought ; and an "export duty" of ten (if we recollect right) upon the sugar, &c. that he was to take away ! thus literally leaving nothing—or a fraction next to nothing—(after the "expenses" were deducted) to be disbursed by the Court authorities of St. Domingo ! The result, we believe was, that M. Crowther lost every thing, and was ruined by the speculation. He died either on his passage to England, or soon after his return ; and it was upon some legal proceedings instituted relative to his property that the facts of the case came before the public.

Mr. Franklin states that the "established religion" of Hayti, is "the Roman Catholic." But "the church," at present is "in a very disorganized state," in consequence of the expulsion, by Boyer, of "the Catholic bishop of Port-au-Prince," and "Père Jerome," "Jeremiah O'Flinn,"

an Irish priest." By this violent course, Boyer has "incurred severe papal censures;" which, it is added, he has taken no steps to remove!

Monsieur Frederic Degeorges, who is a candidate for the French professorship of the New London University, has reprinted a series of his Essays, published originally in various periodicals, continental as well as English, of the day. Many of these papers possess considerable merit; and the taste as well as the correctness with which those in *English* are written—if they are the work of M. Degeorges, unassisted by any native—is extraordinary. The following description is extracted from a sketch in French, entitled, *Effet de la Vue de Londres sur un Etranger*. It exhibits a lively perception of some of our English peculiarities:—

"Seen in a winter's day, London is one of the dullest and least pleasing cities in the world; seen on a Saturday night, it is one of the most animated and brilliant; lighted up on all sides with *gas*, the ordinary effect is that of a triumphal illumination. Every court is a market, and every street a bazaar; in which handsome shops ostentatiously display every article of merchandize; from the rich silks and stuffs of the Indies, down to the commonest eatables destined for the purchase of the poorer people. It is scarcely possible to make way through the enormous crowd that throngs from all parts; but which, nevertheless, a few watchmen, armed with staves only, contrive to keep in order.

"Saturday night is the saturnalia of the inhabitants of London; Sunday the day of their repose. You go to bed in the midst of noise and tumult, and rise in the midst of silence the most profound. The same city, which, the evening before, was full of bustle and confusion, is next day only a vast, and rather gloomy, solitude. All the houses, and all the shops, are shut. The streets and squares are deserted. One part of the population is assembled in the churches; another portion, engaged in family devotion, are devoutly reading the Bible at home, while the lower classes, collected in the alehouses, indemnify themselves, by gross intoxication, for the more moderate pleasures which religion forbids them to partake of."

Modern "Black Mail."—The late robberies of the 20,000*l.* worth of notes stolen from the mail coach, belonging to the Warwick bank, and of the hundred chronometers and timepieces carried away from the shop of Mr. Grimaldi, the watchmaker, in the Strand, with the compromises which have taken place in both these cases for the return of the missing property, have led to a good deal of angry discussion as to the condition of our police. The subject is one that in all times has been found of extreme difficulty. And a second question has been raised under it in the present instance, by a suggestion that it was a police officer who had been concerned in transacting the "return" bargain between the parties. Supposing the case to stand really thus, it seems fit that such an officer should be discharged. An attorney is not allowed to act on both sides of a cause; and it is not convenient that an agent who is hired expressly to destroy thieves, should be allowed to exhibit an open and distinct advantage in protecting them. But, upon most of the principles which direct our modern commercial policy—though such an avowal may appear a little startling—it seems to us, that compromise for the return of stolen property—as far as the losing parties are concerned—is not incapable of being defended.

The great argument of those who resist the repeal of the usury laws, and the throwing of the trade in *money* open in the same way with the trade in other commodities, is that under such a liberty men would be tempted, in moments of difficulty, to pay more for a loan than it is worth. The answer to that argument has always been, that every man is himself the

best judge of what, to him, any loan or other object is worth: it may be worth his while to borrow money at 15 per cent., if he knows that he can make 30 per cent. by the use of it; or, on the other hand, it may be better that he should give even 20 per cent. to provide against an emergency, for cash obtained in the way of loan, than lose 50 per cent. (for the same purpose) by a forced sale of property, to which the law takes no objection. These principles then shew, if they are good for any thing, that it was better for Mr. Grimaldi to pay 1,500l. for the recovery of his watches (though stolen) than to forfeit them altogether; better for the Warwick bank to have given 2,800l. for the return of their notes, than to sustain a greater loss—10,000l. or 15,000l.—added to a ruinous interruption of business, by being deprived of them? and the undoubted inference, in the abstract, is, that the party, whoever he was, that negotiated these exchanges, only performed a service to the persons plundered, which they were very happy to receive, and for which, in fact, they were indebted to him.

It remains then to be inquired, how far this system militates against the general interests of justice, or is calculated to obstruct the execution of the law: and, upon this point, it will be necessary to draw a clear distinction between the act of paying money for the recovery of stolen property, where the offender is not to be found, and the act of accepting money to abstain from prosecution, where the offender is known, or is in custody. This last arrangement (which is openly and transparently made every day, and no notice at all taken of it,) seems to us to be the real act, and the only act (very much distinguished from the purchases recently complained of), which ought fairly to come under the description of a "Compounding Felony." The course taken by Mr. Grimaldi, and the partners in the Warwick bank—may be open to danger, as affording some inducement or facility to theft; but we apprehend very slightly so: because the notes and the watches were neither of them returned from any difficulty as to the disposal of them:—the police magistrates, or their clerks, can in a moment satisfy any unbeliever as to that fact:—the inducement to the return was this—that, paying the loss which would arise upon the operation of melting part of the property, and disguising the rest, added to the large profits of each of the numerous hands which it must have passed through, before it could come again openly, and for sale, to bona-fide purchasers, into the market, the first or second holder after the theft, got more from the original proprietors, than he could have done from the dealer into whose possession (next) the property must have passed.

The question then is—Can we shut up the market for property so situated—to such a degree that no honest man shall have an equitable excuse for dealing in, or assisting it? We are afraid that this is an object more easily desired than attained. It is impossible, in a country like England, to watch every commercial transaction very closely; and the law recognizes no distinction of rights or of persons; a man of very suspicious character is entitled to all the same freedom of action, or other immunities, until a crime is actually proved against him, with the most unquestioned, and the most respectable. To watch, closely and effectually, even those who are known to be dealers in property fraudulently obtained, is admitted to be impossible. If you could watch such a man's house constantly, and this is practically impossible—the evasion is simple—he carries his trade elsewhere. If it were possible, even to watch his person—which it is visionary even to talk about; you cannot watch his agents, or the employment of his capital.

It matters little that any thing is *known* in this country—here is the difficulty—which cannot be *proved*. The police magistrates know the names and characters of twenty individuals, living in London, and carrying on extensive and apparently reputable trade, who are dealers to a great extent in stolen property ; but the magistrates can take no steps against them. We ourselves could point out instances, and numerous instances, of the same description ; but we should be liable to prosecution (and we are not prepared to say that it is unfit that we should be so), if we were to name the parties we allude to.

The only course, then, out of which security is to be expected, is in the encouraging, as far as possible, the exertions of the police officers, to check the commission of robbery—or to discover the perpetrators of, or dealers in, it: and the mode of doing this is hardly less problematical than the rest of the questions that we have been discussing. A resort to the strong hand—or the strong argument—gets rid of the difficulty instantly. We have only to raise sufficiently high the pecuniary interest of police officers in taking robbers ; and to take care to raise the robbers themselves sufficiently high, the first time we lay hold of them ; and the number of offences, for a given period, would, undoubtedly, decrease : but this policy, the taste of the age will not allow us to resort to. The means that *are* open to us of exciting the vigilance of our police officers are two. We have our choice. We may pay them a fixed salary, or we may pay them, by the amount of their *seizures*—as we pay our officers of customs, or excise. We do not enter here into the question of the competency of the existing weekly pay ; this is, perhaps, too little—twenty-five shillings a-week is a low stipend for such a man as an active sober officer is, and ought to be. But that fact does not touch our present object : a man who has twenty-five shillings a-week, is not so poor that *want* can be an excuse for his committing frauds : if he has two guineas, he will not be so rich as to have no temptation to them. The mode, more than the extent, of an officer's payment, will determine his exertion ; and here it is that we are placed in the position of difficulty :—if we pay him by a fixed salary, he has no inducement to use any more exertion in his office than such as will be just enough to enable him to retain it : if we pay him a sum for every offender that he convicts—then his evidence before a jury is not worth a rush ; for he has always a direct interest in taking the life of the man against whom he is swearing.

Perhaps the plan at present in practice—(though this may seem rather an “impotent conclusion”)—with some slight alteration—is the best that could be acted upon. The officers should be retained upon a salary which will enable them to live ; and the hope of selection for profitable private jobs will induce them, in their ordinary course, to endeavour to distinguish themselves. It would be well to add, still further, the power to the magistrate—or in the Secretary of State the habit—of rewarding officers liberally, for any meritorious piece of service ; and to grant the claim to a pension—the amount to be judged of by the higher authorities—to those men who had served a given number of years with zeal and reputation. A more obvious encouragement, and a far more efficient one than any here, would be the allowing officers a claim to a proportion—say to one-fourth—upon the *recovery of all stolen property* ; but the difficulty is, that such a law must be binding upon *all* parties. There would be cases—as for instance, in the loss of bank-notes, or bills—where persons would rather take the risk of total loss, than pay so large a fine for the recovery.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Private Anecdotes of Foreign Courts, by the Author of the Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe, &c. 2 vols. Bro. 1827.—These volumes are announced as the production of the author of the Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe,—as if that were an ample pledge for authenticity. The writer of those memoirs withheld her name, and great names though she uses familiarly enough, she herself requires a guarantee, and certainly is in no state to supply others with one. By the evasive manœuvres now-a-days so commonly and so unworthily practised, it is not evident where the lady's communications end—apparently they do not cover much more than half of the first volume, and that half bears internal evidence, of the most irrefragable kind, that some of it does not proceed from a female pen. The remaining parts of the first volume are professedly taken from the "Portfeuille" of one Baron de M. who in the preface is said to be a disgraced minister of the court of Prussia, and in the body of the narrative, he speaks of himself as one, whose exertions had been worse than unrecompensed; and the whole of the second volume is supplied by M. de Bausset, prefect of the palace to Napoleon.

To justify the doubts we have expressed, we will just point out a passage or two. Speaking of accommodations at Munich, the author says, that at the principal hotel, the Red-deer, frequented by citizens of the first respectability, as well as by officers civil and military of his majesty's household, they bring you, if you ask for a towel in the morning, a piece of linen, fit only for a *razor-rag*. Is this the language of one with a smooth chin? Again—in the chief inns of Vienna—and in short throughout Austria generally, instead of a bolster at the head of a bed, you find a sack, either of oats, corn, or chopped hay. The bedstead itself is not unlike the boxes wherein the poor are conveyed to be buried by the parish—just big enough to hold one small-sized person, and certainly not sufficiently large to accommodate a moderately-sized man. The consequence is, that an individual of *six feet or so*, must knock out the foot-board, and place the half of his legs upon a chair, in order to stretch himself at his ease, which the savages of the country say is only necessary after a man is dead. Are these the phrases of a lady, or of some brutal grenadier?—Again, speaking of the high-road from Hamburgh to Hanover, she says it was truly horrible—to do it strict justice, it can only be compared to those mountains of loose stones which we now see heaped up together by the Macadamizing gentry, in the streets of London. Louis XIV. obtained fame, and properly too, by making all the high-roads out of Paris streets, whilst our authorities are, *vice versa*, seeking renown by turning the streets of the metropolis into high-roads. Old women and children are, it is true, owing to

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the greater swiftness and lesser noise of the vehicles, constantly run over; but *n'importe*; it is perhaps considered that this, as we shall never have another war, is a good and effectual means of checking the superabundant population. These are the dainty sentiments of a lady.

The value of narratives of the pretension of these volumes depends solely on their authenticity—bearing this in mind, we will slightly skim the contents. The work opens with the Court of Russia, continued for 112 pages, filled with details of the arrival in Russia, of Catherine the second, her marriage, her galantries, the death of her husband, and her own usurpation. Essentially, the accounts do not add to our information—in general they correspond with Wraxall's, whose credit has not always been unimpeached; and on one occasion, Wraxall is appealed to as confirming something; and some slight variations are pointed out, relative to the Duke of Wirtemberg, between her statement and his. Any thing more disgusting than the whole series of anecdotes we have seldom seen in print—not only from the facts narrated, but from the coarse and indelicate style of allusion in the narrative—proving, incontestably to our minds, the whole to be the compilation of some profligate and witless libertine. Both Stanislaus and Potemkin are positively stated to have refused to marry Catherine—Potemkin publicly said he found it much easier to govern a mistress, than he could an imperial wife—the fate of Peter was before him. But whenever the empress was displeased with Paul, she used to say, I will marry Potemkin, if it is only to be revenged on you, and deprive you of the crown, by having a *legitimate* heir.

Some wild stories are told about Paul's birth—not only that he was not Peter's son, which is probable enough, but that he was not Catherine's. On the authority of one Dalolio, a violoncello player in the suite of Stanislaus, she states what she calls

The singular fact of the Empress Elizabeth's having caused a child of her own, by Razoumoffsky, to be substituted for that of Catherine at her first accouchement; and this supposition was greatly strengthened by the excessive fondness at all times shown towards the infant by her imperial majesty. The circumstance of Paul's bearing a much more striking resemblance to the Cossack favourite of Elizabeth than to either of his reputed parents, was an additional motive for crediting the above assertion. On questioning my informant, as to what became of the real child of Catherine, he replied, "that it had either been sent off to a distant province or strangled—adding, that in a country where so little ceremony was used in disposing of the sovereign himself, it was not likely that much importance would be attached to the existence of a new-born infant."

Evidently all guess work.—The Russians, even of the first rank, were in the habit of

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thrashing their wives. Catherine wished to put an end to this practice, and could not venture to forbid it absolutely. To avoid offending the aristocracy, and at the same time to ensure her object, she ingeniously contrived a decree, by which it was ordered, that no man should beat his wife till after ten o'clock, at which hour she well knew the nobles were all in bed, as they generally supped between six and seven, and retired about nine. This admirable contrivance, says the writer, produced all the effect that could be wished, and led to a salutary improvement of manners in Russia.

From Russia the author goes to the Court of Denmark, and the whole story of Matilda, our late king's sister, is gone over again. The melancholy fate of the princess is attributed exclusively to the malignity of Juliana, the queen dowager. Through her instigation it was, that jealousy was excited between her son and Matilda, for the purpose of separating them, and securing her own authority. Brandt was implicated solely to cut off his evidence against herself. On the execution of Struensee and Brandt, and the exile of Matilda,—Christian being now in a state of insanity—Juliana seized the reins, and held them till her grandson compelled her to resign them. For a time papers were sent for signature, to the poor king, till one day he wrote Christian VII. by the grace of God, king of Denmark, &c. in company with Juliana Maria and others, by the grace of the devil.

The Court of Sweden opens a fine field for the indulgence of the writer's propensities. In her mind, the illegitimacy of Gustavus IV. is indisputable. Gustavus III. having, against his inclination, married a Danish princess, refused to see her after the ceremony, and the young bride not choosing—this is the lady's language—to adopt the suggestion of Louis XV. who, on receiving from his sister, the Duchess of Parma, a complaint that her husband had acted in a similar *respectful* manner, told her highness, that a *prudent* princess could never stand in need of an heir.

Ulrica, therefore, perfectly aware of the exactitude of her daughter's (Sophia Albertina) religious observance of the sacred command—*increase and multiply*—prevailed on the princess no longer to destine the fruits of her labours to her brother's army, but to set aside the next comer as a future candidate for his throne. This advice she urged the rather, perceiving the lady abless (Sophia Albertina) to be then in a promising way; and, to insure success, she persuaded her daughter in law, to affect a virtue which she had not, and counterfeited both the appearance and the conceits of pregnancy, &c. All went on precisely as might be wished. The important *fact* of the duchess being *enecinte*, was hailed by the rejoicing populace with every demonstration of satisfaction, &c. Meanwhile the "real Simon Pure" lived in complete retirement, totally secluded from the prying eye of impertinent curiosity. Among the gentlemen whom Sophia had *occasionally* honoured with her favourable notice was one of African origin. It may be thought strange by some that the princess should have exhibited this specimen of bad

taste, and still stranger that she should not have been aware that the result of such a liaison could not possibly answer the end proposed by the queen. She might probably have placed some small confidence in what blind chance might effect. Certain, at any rate, it is, that while the anticipative fetes and prayers were going on,—while the queen-mother was lauding her two obedient children, and while the *sick* lady was assiduously fainting in public places, as becomes ladies in her supposed condition, an event occurred of a nature to overthrow all the plans of the conspirators—the Princess Sophia was rather prematurely brought to bed of—a black child—a complete woolly-headed monster. What was to be done? This, as was plain, could never be attempted to be palmed upon the Swedish nation, however passive and complying—and in a fit of absolute despair, the enraged mother, who had calculated on giving birth to a future monarch, is said to have got rid both of the object of her own shame, and her mother's disappointment, by consigning the unlooked for intruder to the flames.

This is too absurd and too horrible for belief—we quote it to shew the tone of the writer, and how little worthy of credit she appears to be. But she has another story—the object of which is to make us believe that Gustavus himself conducted to his wife's chamber, Count de Munck, who was the real father of his successor, Gustavus IV.

A long account follows, of the career of Count Erval Fersan—the Swedish ambassador at Paris, in 1792, who procured the passports for the royal family, on their flight. The Count escaped from Paris with difficulty, and returned to Sweden, where he was made governor of Upsal. In the usurpation of the Duke of Sudermania he acquiesced for a time, till the usurper excluded the son of Gustavus IV. from the succession, and named the Prince of Augustenberg, his son-in law. Against this appointment Fersan remonstrated, and being repulsed, summoned his friends and made an attempt to replace Gustavus. In this attempt he perished—and in the skirmish Prince Augustenberg also was killed. This event gave rise to the nomination of Bernadotte, which, as well as the expulsion of Gustavus, the writer attributes to the intrigues of Bonaparte. The evidence, notwithstanding, that Bonaparte was hostile to Bernadotte's wishes, is, we believe, good.

The Court of Prussia comes next—but filthy stories not being quite so numerous, the accounts are comparatively short. A tale is told of a page displeasing Frederick, and being consequently dispatched to the guard-house with a sealed note, containing an order to give the bearer twenty-five lashes. The boy, suspecting all was not right, gave the note to one of the king's rich jew bankers, going that way, who received the infliction in his stead, and was compelled by the serjeant to give a receipt for the same, in the register.—"You must give us a receipt," says the serjeant, "for what you have taken, which I must register in a book we keep for the purpose, and send the original to-morrow, to his majesty,

who accumulates all such, and has them bound every year in a portfolio, from which, when in a good humour, and among his old comrades, he reads after dinner, for their entertainment and his own. Among the many receipts thus collected, we have one from no less a personage than the celebrated M. de Voltaire, who was whipped for having written some poetical lampoon upon his majesty. Is this credulity, or mere folly? Be the case which it may, it is enough to damn the book.

The Baron de Somebody's Memoirs now come in—in general excessively stupid—relating to a later period—the occupation of Berlin by the French. Soult's conduct is highly lauded, perhaps justly, and Davoust's, though a man of more severity, equally so. Some anecdotes are related of Blücher, and the author speaks of having met him some years afterwards, at Frankfort, at the White Swan, where, in the course of conversation, he asked him his opinion of the battle of Waterloo. "Would you, my friend," said Blücher, "learn the facts of the case? If so, let me tell you, that neither Wellington nor myself gained the battle. Napoleon *lost it*; and what is very extraordinary, this same Napoleon, who is one of the greatest tacticians in our day, has lost it from a false step in tactics. Grouchy and Bulow, Bulow and Grouchy—these are the wheels upon which turned the fortunes of the day."—By the way, these Memoirs of the Baron de God-knows-who, must be of very recent manufacture, for mention is made of the *late lamented* Mr. Canning, who it seems "formed a part of a great embassy, sent by his Britannic majesty to Berlin, in 1804." Much, we are afraid the greater part, is the manufacture of famous London town.

This same nameless Baron has also something to say of Gustavus's illegitimacy, and of Bernadotte's appointment, to the same purport as the lady who precedes him—with the addition, that being intimately acquainted with the Count de Munck, and knowing the person of Gustavus, he can speak to the fact of there being a striking resemblance between them.

At page 385 re-appears the authoress of the Memoirs of the Princess de Lamballe, at the Court of Naples, and the narrative takes again the old tone. Speaking of one Alviso Moncenigo, she details, with the coolest effrontery—

During this worthy's absence on some of his commercial expeditions, he was, *evidently* (through that awkward practice of keeping dates) without any trouble on his part, *blessed* with an heir to his name and property. Alviso was not, on his return, however, so easily reconciled to this kind of thing as General D—s is said to have been, who coming back to England from the continent, and finding a similar circumstance had taken place in his own family, merely observed, with an air of vexation, that his wife's *company* had drunk almost all his old wine. Neither did the Venetian

bear joking on the subject with the same philosophical complacency as was exhibited by Lord M—, who was occasionally thus addressed by Lord E—, when riding in Hyde Park—"Good morning, my Lord; how are *your* wife and *my* children?"—Every man in his humour.

A series of the coarsest allusions follows, relative to Marchesi, a soprano singer, whom the lady calls the unfortunate *noun adjective*. At Naples, however, the writer speaks in very proper terms of the Queen, Lady Hamilton, Lord Nelson, and of the victims of the violated treaty—and gives a sketch of the characters of the chief of them.

The second volume is wholly relative to Napoleon, and amidst a great deal of idle detail of ceremonies, furnishes many interesting particulars of his private habits. The account extends, from his assumption of the imperial throne, to his exile at Elba. Among other circumstances are a very minute account of Napoleon's reception of Charles and Ferdinand, at Bayonne—of the divorce from Josephine—the marriage of Maria Louisa—Ali Bey, and the Fencelon Papers. The author accompanied Napoleon into Spain and to Moscow: he evidently leans to the favourable side,—but never oversteps the bounds of probability—there are no palpable lies, like those of the lady under whose auspices the publisher has placed M. de Bausset's journal.

The Pelican Island, by James Montgomery, 1827.—The subject of the "Pelican Island" was suggested by Captain Flinders' Voyage to Terra Australis, describing one of those numerous gulfs which indent the coast of New Holland, and are thickly spotted with small islands—"upon two of these," says Captain Flinders, "we found many young pelicans, unable to fly. Flocks of the old birds were sitting upon the beaches of the lagoon, and it appeared that the islands were their breeding places. Not only so, but from the number of skeletons and bones there scattered, it should seem that for ages these had been selected for the closing scene of their existence."

This passage Mr. Montgomery has chosen for the foundation of his Pelican Island, and has built on it an edifice of many glowing thoughts, fashioned throughout its various parts by the facile hand of experience; and simple—in that best simplicity of style, which always comes in its own good time, where there is wisdom in the head and rightness in the heart. We are not speaking of simplicity, as it concerns the design and scope of the poem, for that—being philosophic, is consequently enigmatical—philosophy in the hands of a poet is usually confusion worse confounded;—but of its parts, independently of all adjustment, as the sacred emanations of a genuine child of song, who must take his own methods, and will not be dictated to—of pouring out from his soul, that incense, which it has been accumulating from every corner of the universe, ever since it breathed.

What is genius? Somebody says, patience. Another answers, the strong perception of truth—truth of any, and every imaginable kind, whether regarding the visible forms, or the secret economy of nature—the internal heart, or the outward index of its emotions; or the reciprocal influences of all. Aye, cried a writer some time back—it is the strong perception of truth certainly, but it is the truth of MADNESS—meaning, perhaps a vivid intuition upon certain points, or modes of things, arising from affections warped out of their natural proportion. We should like to know what exactly is the proper proportion for sanity. We know, beyond all doubt, what is understood by the wrong proportion. For instance, a lady poet will describe ye the passage of a shadow over a field—of the blood over a cheek—the exact key in which a last adieu was spoken, &c.—with a nicety of representation, that shall make us marvel at her accuracy of ear and vision;—yet she shall not see the hole in her own stocking. But to our task.

The poet speaks of himself as an observant eye—beholding many changes, but himself operative upon none. The first vision with which he is favoured, consists solely of the sun, the sky, and the ocean, without one inch of land. Suddenly he perceives upon the surface of the deep, a sort of commotion, which, on farther scrutiny, is found to proceed from the growth of a coral reef—effected, as it proves, by the simultaneous activity of countless myriads of worms, of countless species—of every gradation of size down to the breadth of a gossamer thread,—which, from moment to moment, are unremittingly employed in enlarging and elevating the structure, by a process equally curious with the formation of bees-wax, spiders-webs, or the shells of fishes. When the mass of coral has reached the water's edge, so that the waves at high tide cease to rest upon it, the animals cease their operations on that portion, and descend anew into the depths below, to commence fresh and fresh layers of the same material, until island after island rises on the bed of ocean, like—successive cauliflowers.

Upon one of these reefs has Mr. Montgomery fastened, as the scene of his ocular experiences. After the labours of its founders had for some time subsided, the solid mass of rock thus raised, suffers the gradual accumulation of weeds, and wrecks, and the depositions of the atmosphere; and lying now open to the solar influences, slowly becomes productive—undulates into hills and valleys—bristles into forests—opens into lakes and rivers, and puts forth the livery of universal green. An Eden blooms around, but lacks its human tenants. Various animals, the sole population, are sketched with a graphic strength of touch, that set our nerves a thrilling; and so we might have said of some of his marine existences, in the first stage of the visionary series.

After a long period of quiet growth and

beautiful existence, a sudden convulsion of nature overwhelms to destruction the whole superficies of the island, and for some ages the germs of plants and animals lie unproductive, under tremendous and impenetrable strata of ruins. They emerge, at length, and the seasons recover their order, and the earth its covering. The first coming of a pair of pelicans to the spot, destined to be their future dwelling place for ages, is striking—

The sun had sunk where sky and ocean meet,
And each might seem the other; sky below,
With richest garniture of clouds inlaid;
Ocean above with isles and continents,
Illumined from a source no longer seen:
Far in the east, through heaven's intenser blue,
Two brilliant sparks, like sudden stars, appeared;
Not stars indeed, but birds of mighty wing,
Retorted neck, and javelin-pointed bill,
That made the air sigh as they cut it through.
They gained upon the eye, and as they came,
Enlarged, grew brighter, and displayed their forms

Amidst the golden evening; pearly-white,
But ruby-tinctured. On the loftiest cliff
They settled, hovering ere they touched the ground,

And uttering, in a language of their own,
Yet such as every ear might understand,
And every bosom answer, notes of joy,
And gratulation for that resting-place.

Stately and beautiful they stood, and clapt
Their van-broad pinions, streaked their ruffled plumes,

And ever and anon broke off to gaze,
With yearning pleasure, told in gentle murmurs,
On that strange land, their destined home and country.

Night round them threw her brown transparent gloom,

Through which their lovely images yet shone,
Like things unearthly, while they bowed their heads

On their full bosoms, and reposed till morn.

I knew the Pelicans, and cried—"All hail!
Ye future dwellers in the wilderness!"

Nor is the following account of their conubial state less so. We are charmed with it. Goldsmith speaks of love, as "on earth unseen, or only found to warm the turtle's nest." Who can read the following lines of Montgomery's, and not be inclined to say "PELICAN'S nest?"

Love found that lonely couple on their isle,
And soon surrounded them with blithe companions.
The noble birds, with skill spontaneous framed
A nest of reeds among the giant-grass,
That waved in lights and shadows o'er the soil,
There, in sweet thraldom, yet unweening why,
The patient dam, who ne'er till now had known
Parental instinct, brooded o'er her eggs,
Long ere she found the curious secret out,
That life was hatching in their brittle shells.
Then, from a wild rapacious bird of prey,
Tamed by the kindly process, she became
That gentlest of all living things—a mother;
Gentlest while yearning o'er her naked young,
Fiercest when stirr'd by anger to defend them.

Her mate himself the softening power confess'd,
Forgot his sloth, restrained his appetite,
And ranged the sky, and fish'd the stream for her.
Or, when o'er wearied Nature forced her off
To shake her torpid feathers in the breeze,
And bathe her bosom in the cooling flood,
He took her place, and felt through every nerve,
While the plump nestlings throbb'd against his heart,

The tenderness that makes the vulture mild;
Yea, half unwillingly his post resigned,
When, home-sick with the absence of an hour,
She hurried back, and drove him from her seat
With pecking bill, and cry of fond distress,
Answer'd by him with murmurs of delight,
Whose gutturals harsh to her were love's own music.

Then settling down, like foam upon the wave,
White, flickering, effervescent, soon subsiding,
Her ruffled pinions smoothly she composed;
And, while beneath the comfort of her wings,
Her crowded progeny quite fill'd the nest,
The halcyon sleeps not sounder, when the wind
Is breathless, and the sea without a curl,
—Nor dreams the halcyon of serenest days,
Or nights more beautiful with silent stars,
Than, in that hour, the mother Pelican,
When the warm tumults of affection sunk
Into calm sleep, and dreams of what they were,
—Dreams more delicious than reality.
—He sentinel beside her stood, and watch'd,
With jealous eye, the raven in the clouds,
And the rank sea-mews wheeling round the cliffs.
Woe to the reptile then that ventured nigh;
The snap of his tremendous bill was like
Death's scythe, down-cutting every thing it struck.
The heedless lizard, in his gambols, peeped
Upon the guarded nest, from out the flowers,
But paid the instant forfeit of his life;
Nor could the serpent's subtlety elude
Capture, when gliding by, nor in defence
Might his malignant fangs and venom save him.

We must hurry on to a conclusion. By some curious alchemy—or perhaps brought over in the stomachs of leviathans—human beings are at length produced on the island, and do unrighteous deeds, that make the poet shake his head—the least of their enormities, being to dine upon each other's carcasses. We must acknowledge, the picture of these human appendages is the least pleasing of any, while it may not be considered unuseful as a foil to the inimitable beauty of a devotional scene, exhibited in the person of an ancient savage chieftain, more enlightened than his fellows, who, walking with his grandchild, bursts into a spontaneous prayer, which the infant imitates. It is too long, we perceive to quote—and must not be mangled; but it will be among the first bits to fix the reader's attention.

Blue-Stocking Hall. 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.
—“Blue-Stocking Hall” is merely a title to attract readers. It has little or nothing to do with the story. The book is no shewing up of Lady D. and her coteries, as the reader might expect. There is no offence at all in it; neither is it a grave description of learned ladies, nor even a graver defence of them,

though some such aim apparently the writer had originally in view. A young fellow, of the name of Howard, of excellent dispositions, but warped by fashionable society—where it seems knowledge is scouted, and learning pronounced to be plebeian, especially for ladies, is despatched, in the hope of getting rid of a church-yard cough, to his aunt's—a lady rusticated in the remotest wilds of Ireland. The aunt is a widow, with three daughters and a son. The young hero knows nothing of the general or individual character of the family which he is going to visit, but on his arrival, and before he meets them all at dinner, straying into the library, he discovers by the books that lay about, that he has got into a family of blues. They turn out, however, to be not only blue, but blithe and accomplished—the daughters beautiful and fascinating—singing and dancing, playing and drawing to admiration—active—benevolent—feeding and visiting the poor, and making and distributing flannel petticoats—a nest of graces—a trio of *sœurs gris*—and the mother, as becomes such an offspring, herself a very Minerva. Among the friends of the family, he encounters Mr. Otway, the excellent associate of the widowed lady's husband—who now lives in the neighbourhood, on the most confidential and familiar terms with every member of the family, addressed by the pet name of dear Phil.—short for philosopher. This addition does not take from the youth's alarms, and to add to them almost immediately arrives the family tutor—a man of immense learning, of extraordinary powers and the exemplar for every body's conduct. Though somewhat embarrassed, Howard puts on a bold front, but resolves on a speedy flight. He has a profound contempt for blueism—*azure* seems to be the word now—and the loftiest notions of the supremacy of fashion, and of himself being *de bon ton*. Before he takes wing, however, he resolves to make an effort to rescue the younger one at least from ruin. He argues with the gentlemen—expostulates with Mamma—and banter the young ladies, all of course to no purpose—he is baffled at every turn. The young ladies are perfectly unsophisticated—delicate—affectionate to each other, and filled with respect and love for their fond mother, and admiration for dear Phil. and the tutor—and in absolute ignorance of the levities, and hardening influence of a London life. The young sprig of fashion, brought up by his mother, in utter scorn of mere natural feelings, and drilled into factitious views, is perpetually outraging the refinement or the purity of his cousin's sentiments—and thus getting into scrapes. One of the first of his flippancies—is to ask if Mr. Otway is not one of his aunt's aspirants?—an implication, which shocks the cousin to whom it is addressed even to tears. By degrees, he comes to understand the party, and, possessed of some tact, he avoids these blunders;

is orderly and decorous—and even attends family prayers. The young ladies are attentive—nurse his cough—and make themselves superlatively amiable. He forgets his resolution to depart—he abandons his purpose of rescuing them from the entanglements of learning—is himself drawn into the vortex; and, instead of unteaching his cousins, is imperceptibly seduced into sharing their pursuits, and finds himself even botanizing with his lovely cousins. A few months make him an altered man,—the puppet and automaton of fashion is changed into a reflecting and reasoning animal—loathing his mother's ambitious aspirations, and his sister's unfeminine levities, and ready to school and lecture right and left.

The progress of his transmutation is despatched to a correspondent abroad; and by the time the change is complete, family events occur—which take him from Ireland. New folks are introduced, and the author's original design appears to be forgotten. The new characters consist of his mother and sisters. The mother intrigues for one of her daughters, and inveigles a lord into marrying her, chiefly by giving hints, that her brother's immense property, accumulated in the Indies, will be divided among her children—she is herself overwhelmed with debt, but still contrives to keep up appearances. In the meanwhile this brother, General Douglas, is preparing to come to England. Mrs. Howard is full of expectation, and scheming how she shall monopolize his wealth—and especially to keep the Irish family apart. It so happens, however, that Mr. Otway is the general's most confidential friend,—to whom he applies to purchase an estate, and prepare him an establishment against his arrival. He of course takes care that his friends shall be properly introduced to the general. The general's health is bad, and he is persuaded to try the air of the Irish bogs—where he becomes an inmate of the Douglasses. The final consequence of all which is, that Mrs. Howard is defeated in her grasping views, and the Douglasses get the bulk of the property—Young Howard, however, not forgotten.

As a tale, the construction is as poor as possible; and the latter part—where the complication of events begin—is huddled together in a very unsatisfactory manner. The story, however, was evidently a secondary matter; and the characters are all of our oldest acquaintance. The writer was more intent upon introducing certain moral discussions, and to shew how well intellectual pursuits, and active benevolence can be prosecuted in the heart of Ireland with little more than a competency—a conviction among the charming cousins, which he is likely to spoil by filling their purses, at last, too full. Though heavy on the whole, there is much sound sense in the book, and some excellent preaching;—but no getting through the long conferences of the mother and the

general, in which she describes the process, by which she cured her own scepticism, and finally accomplishes the general's cure. Dear old Mrs. West is alive again—more didactic than ever;—we had thought the good lady dead, and had destined the present writer to occupy the vacant see. As it is, she—for we suppose the writer a female, by the way in which ancient writers are classed—"Homer and Simonides," for instance—can only be appointed coadjutor,—but the coadjutor, she will remember, is always the successor.

Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse. Second Series. By Thomas Hood; 1827.

—What is it that makes us laugh? Incongruities. Yes, occasionally so, but more generally unexpected positions—abrupt resemblances—and not wholly so, for these are sometimes alarming or revolting. In a risible light, however, words are things, and quaint expressions are equivalent to unlooked-for, or out-of-the-way combinations of tangible matters;—low words employed on elevated subjects, and solemn ones on ludicrous topics—these are productive of the same effects as caricature. But there are limits to these matters, and the limits are easily passed. Essential differences, though indefinite and almost infinite as to the complexities of things, are not so as to words;—the possible varieties of verbal distortions are few—their analogies striking,—and, consequently, their chances of producing the ridiculous proportionally rare—we get quickly to anticipate the whole range, and if once we anticipate, the effect of surprise is over, and we are more ready to growl than grin. This is Mr. Hood's case; he has exhausted his stock of peculiarities; we know the depth of his budget, and the sum of his permutations; he has ran through his tricks; his legerdemain is failing, and he must look out for a new audience, for the old one will hear no more. In his former efforts, by which we were highly amused, he did not depend wholly upon the oddities of phraseology; he had got droll stories together, and the combined effect of whimsical facts and whimsical words was occasionally irresistible. In the volume before us, all, comparatively, is verbal effort and hard labour; he relies almost solely on his punning facilities,—for his stories, with one or two exceptions, are of the flattest, or of the coarsest description. The difference of the two series is that of brisk bottled ale, and small beer,—or champaign up in a brimmer, and champaign down in a heel-tap.

The virtue has not however left the wood—Captain Head is excellent—and the Retrospective Review—particularly. Of the stories the best perhaps is that of the Monkey Martyr, who, filled with the reveries of emancipation, resolves to visit Mr. Cross's Menagerie, and release his fellow-quadrupeds:—

Pug hastened to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest, thou shalt win

Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone ;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature ;
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's heathy desert lies before thee.
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,

And turn a ranger

Of Hounslow forest, and the Regent's park—
Thine Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds en-
danger,

And gobble parish watchmen after dark ;—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(thy cave)—Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass !
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero !

Alas, for liberty of life and limb !

For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero bolted him !

Mary's Ghost, too, has something of the
old spirit.

Romance of History—England. 3 vols. 12mo. By Henry Neele.—This is the first fasciculus of a series of tales, intended to be illustrations of history—the present volumes belonging to England. The set begins with William the Conqueror, and ends with the Commonwealth. The "Romance of History" might be interpreted to mean something extraordinary—something out of the common course of experience, and yet true ; but the author uses the term with a little more latitude. "The aid of fiction has indeed," he says, "been made use of, but no important historical fact has been falsified." He will stand upon the word *important* perhaps ; but he has occasionally taken liberties, which will not fall within the limits he professes to have observed. We need only appeal to Catherine Gray, and Arabella Stuart. Both these ladies are strictly historical, and their singular and hapless fate required no heightening. The main incidents should, we think, have been held sacred, because the *unknown* of their lives and character—their tastes and pursuits—was still considerable, and might have been worked up at will—ampler space was left for the fancy. Catherine Gray, as every one knows, offended Elizabeth by marrying Seymour, son of the protector Somerset—her own favourite. They were both thrown into the Tower, and the marriage declared illegal, and the offspring bastardized. By the connivance of the keepers they had frequent interviews ; but on the discovery of the lady's pregnancy, severer measures were taken. Seymour was heavily fined for the new offence, and more strictly guarded—continuing so indeed till the unhappy lady died, nine years afterwards. Now what does Mr. Neele make of the story ? After the parties had been long under confinement, the keeper of the Tower is represented as yielding with difficulty to the importunity of the prisoners. But scarcely were they met, when Elizabeth, who was herself residing at the Tower, sends suddenly for the governor, and commands him to conduct her

forthwith to Seymour's apartment. The unlucky governor is forced to confess the imprudence of which he had been guilty. Elizabeth bursts into one of her frequent rages, orders the governor into prison, and rushes herself to Catherine's room, where she finds the offending pair—and poor Catherine, to save her husband—Elizabeth threatens both with instant death—stabs herself in the queen's presence.

Arabella Stuart was the wife of Seymour, the Protector's grandson, who, like Catherine Gray and her husband, were thrown into confinement by the jealousy of the reigning sovereign. They escaped, he from the Tower, and she from the custody of a private gentleman at Highgate. Seymour reached Calais in safety ; but the lady, though she gained the boat that was waiting for her in the river, yet lingering in the Channel, in the hope of Seymour's joining her, she was overtaken by a pinnace sent in pursuit, and taken back to the Tower—when the sense of her hopeless condition deprived her of her reason, and, four years after, of her life. Mr. Neale, after the escape, puts them both into the same boat—which was overtaken by the pinnace. A sharp engagement ensues, during which Arabella rushes upon deck, just in time to see her husband receive a thrust from a sabre in his breast, and sink lifeless on the pile of dead bodies beside him.

Forgetting these entrenchments upon established facts, we willingly bear testimony to the ability, judgment, and taste with which the whole series is executed. It consists of about thirty tales, one, and sometimes two for each reign—frequently relative to the sovereigns, and many of them consisting of single incidents, while others are of a more complicated and ambitious cast. Of so great a number, we cannot of course analyze all, and no one in particular seems to claim the privilege of being so far distinguished above the rest ; yet some may be mentioned as presenting points of excellence—the little Battle of Chalons, the Spaniard's Ransom, the White Rose of England, the Abbot's Plot—for the spirit of their conception, and the distinctness of the details. The Wooing of Grafton is strikingly tender and delicate, and the Countess of Chateaubriant, Francis's first hapless mistress, has something of the same character. Too many of the tales depend upon the fulfilment of prophecies—as the Starry Tower, in which Don Pedro of Castile was fated to die ; Suffolk's "Dangers of the Tower," and Richmond's Three Perils. The whole is worked up with great care—nothing like slovenliness appears in any part of them—characters and scenes are clearly exhibited, and the little plots unfold themselves without the appearance of effort, and often with great felicity. The writing is remarkably quiet and equable—like that of a man who trusts to the strength of his materials, and his skill in working them up, for producing a selectable article. The book

is a little treasure for families. A syllabus of the events of each reign is prefixed to each tale.

The Tale of a Modern Genius, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1827.—This we of course expected to be of the lachrymose kind, and we were not mistaken; but we anticipated a work of fancy, and there we were disappointed, for it proves to be a tale of reality, and a miserable one indeed it is—miserable, we mean, as to the facts, but we may add also as to its execution. Whatever of genius lives in the subject of the tale, none is shewn in the telling. There is nothing splendid to dazzle, or shadowy to illude—nothing of the vague or general—no abstractions of an absorbing cast—no aspirations that lift us from the earth and its vulgar miseries—no glorious visions of mental struggles, or victories, that swell our hearts to rapture, or defeats that command our sympathies;—but a revolting representation of stark and unmodified miseries—a succession of ill-directed efforts, with their cold and comfortless failures—an unfolding of the shifts and sufferings of poverty, the want and the search of friends, money, means,—and all told in a tone of despairing querulousness, that flings the fault upon any thing and every thing, but the blunders of the agent.

In short, the work is no romance, but a block of heavy autobiography. The writer is known to publishers, as the author of two epic poems, as he phrases them, and, according to his own story, to readers and non-readers, of all sorts and sizes in the West, as an eternal and itinerant subscription-hunter. Of these blessed epics we ourselves, however, know nothing—not even their subject, except, as we gather from the work before us, that one is on some topic of religion, which, in the opinion of the author's correspondents, and beyond all dispute in his own, leaves "*Paradise Lost*" far behind—and Klopstock and Cumberland must not be named on the same day; but, from other specimens, which his fecundity of verse has scattered over the "tale," we may safely conclude his Epics will never be more known, or rather, less unknown than they are. He has plainly no power of self-criticism; he can neither select, nor lop, nor compress—if any thing can be thrown into a scannable form, that is poetry, and we dare say he never wrote a line which, living or dying, he would wish to blot.—

IN HORÆ SÆPE DUCENTOS,
UT MAGNUM, VERSUS DIETABAT STANS PÆDE IN UNO.

The specimens to which we allude are full of the most prosaic forms of speech, of the commonest thoughts, of threadbare allusions, of puerile illustrations—and of perhaps unconscious adoptions—*ecce!*

MOTHER'S DEATH.

No more when I, a wanderer through the world,
Return heart-broken, or with hope elate,
To my loved cottage-home, wilt thou outstretch
Thine arms to welcome me, or kindly soothe

My grief-worn spirit, or partake my joy.
No, I must never, never hear again

Thy voice, my mother!

O, ever hallowed be thy humble grave!
May no rude foot profane it—violets, spring
Around the sacred spot,—and in those groves
That spread their shade about yon place of tombs,
Ye forest minstrels, a wild requiem chant

For the beloved dead!

Yes, though no solemn swell of organ dirge
For thee through dim cathedral aisles hath pealed,
Yet will the thrush, the ouzel, and the dove
Mingle their rich and soothing minstrelsy
In yonder laurel-bowers, that bloom above
Thy new-made grave. And when the mournful

train

Are all departed, and to solitude,
Silence, and dark decay have left thee quite,
They, like a band of spirits invisible,
Will sweet twilight requiem chant around
Thy last dim dwelling place; and plaintive winds
Shall join with them their soft inconstant song,
As 'mid the aspen leaves and elm-tree boughs,
Like virgin fingers o'er the harp-strings laid,
They wander for sweet music.

Now this is not the poetry of the soul—or the genuine promptings of feeling and elevation, or warmth of affection, but the mere froth and scum that float upon the surface of a mind, full of indiscriminate reading, and utterly ignorant of itself—too mawkish and maudlin to be read, except by such as find eloquence in sounding phrases, and music in tinkling cymbals.

The writer, it seems, is wholly self-educated, and he piques himself upon the accomplishment. Vigour, conflicting and mastering difficulties, must always stir our admiration; but the sight of imbecility and its pitiful struggles can awaken nothing but contempt; and scarcely ever do we meet with self-educated people, who are not, we were going to say, self-evident coxcombs, but assuredly very disagreeable, very conceited, and incorrigibly dogged and supercilious. They take it into their heads that the "educated" are the slaves of rules, and themselves, to whom these rules are wholly unknown, the only free and independent, though all they do shews how much they want the strait waistcoat of discipline.

This "*Modern Genius*"—for it is himself he thus modestly designates—tells his woeful tale in a series of letters to a friend, who takes no part in the correspondence—and is of course a man of straw. The prime object, in his career, was a patron, and his first Mæcenas the captain of a signal station, in the neighbourhood of the poet's birth, who reads his verses and criticises them, and introduces him to a curate or two, and undertakes to bring out his first tragedy on the London boards. By-and-by the captain removes—and the poet still importuning, the captain invites him to London, where he recommends him to the service of a grocer, in Seven Dials, and on expostulating with his patron for thus wishing to degrade him, the youth is told, that many of his own countrymen—the captain was a

Scotchman—had begun by blacking shoes, and ended by rolling in carriages. The poet, however, wishes to tread the path of glory, and not of labour. Luckily he gets an introduction to a player, who advises him to return to the country, and write a new play—a mere nothing, in the opinion of both parties. This advice he follows, and quickly despatches his new production to his new friend, who by this time, short as it was, was himself in want of a “situation.” After some desponding, and beating up the clergy of the neighbourhood, as persons pre-eminently and by prescription critics and patrons, he gets into an attorney’s office, from which he is quickly ejected, not, he says, for neglecting his duties, though charged with that also, but for playing the go-between to his master’s daughter and her suitor,—which he did entirely out of sympathy with the romantic. After another plunge or two—all the while scribbling unceasingly—he takes to the boards, and joining a strolling company, tramps the country over, North and South, East and West—changing his corps from time to time, till by-and-by he falls in love with a heroine of the company, and is jilted, and by-and-by again, he falls in love again, and this time marries—withdraws—domesticates, and sets up a school. This, of course, does not answer, but in the meanwhile, he had got one of his Epics in print, and he now leaves the school to his wife, and himself sets out and perambulates the West and the South with a packet of his books, and contrives to sell a considerable number of copies—as many as half a dozen, in some towns unusually stocked with blues. This resource also must of course have an end, and the theatre is tried again with the same success as before—and abandoned as before. He returns to his cottage, writes for a newspaper, is cheated by the proprietor; but, by dint of hard begging, gets a new list of subscribers, and on the strength of the list works up a new Epic, and finds a new publisher. The story ends as it began—leaving this miserable victim of “Genius” a prey to perpetual uncertainty, discontent, and poverty. Surely hedging and ditching must be preferable to such a life as this.

Thus much for the life—but the volumes are interspersed not only with poetry, but with a good deal of antiquarian lore, referable to British and Roman remains—his vagabond life brought him into the neighbourhood of all the more important relics of the southern half of the country. In his discussions on these topics, there is more sound judgment as to inference, than could have been anticipated; but the whole is exhibited in a taudry style of declamation, that smacks of Ossian, and Hervey’s Meditations.

In the course of the narrative, we met with some account of Webb, the philanthropist—whom the author encountered at Chichester, and of whom he went in pursuit, in the hope, of course, of picking up a subscription.

On my arrival (says he) at Christchurch, I
M.M. New Series.—VOL. V. No. 25.

found that a company of comedians was there; and that he nightly filled, to their great emolument, the gallery, pit, and boxes, with all the rabble of the town, to the disgust of all the respectable families in the neighbourhood. I found, too, that it was his glory to be followed through the streets by a shouting gang of ragged boys and girls; that he would seize the loaves in the baskets of the baker-boys as they passed, and roll them in the canal, and then exultingly pay more than their actual price for them.

He one day saw a chimney-sweeper go by, with a bag of soot on his back. I should like to see how he would look when well cleaned, said this discriminating dispenser of charity. Call sooty in, and let the cook and scullion scour and scrub him well, and take care they don’t spare soap. Get a handsome suit of new clothes, and when he is dressed, let him be brought to me in the parlour. After going through the process of a good scouring, the knight of the chimney was ushered, with all due ceremony, into the parlour, and his warm-hearted patron was highly delighted with his new protégé, and he instantly inquired if he was fond of tarts. O yes, said sweepy, I should terribly like to have my belly chuck-full o’them there nice things. The poor delighted fellow was instantly taken to a pastry-cook’s, and crammed with as many sweets and delicacies as he could well swallow. From thence, Webb squired him to a silversmith’s, gave him a handsome watch, and then sent him adrift.

On one occasion he went into a shop, and purchased a fiddle and music-book. Then getting two boys, between whom he shared a certain portion of his bounty, he made one carry before him the violin, and the other the music. The boy fell to scratching the now tormented strings, till they squeaked sounds horribly discordant. Marching as solemnly as a strolling actor in Alexander, on his first entrance on the stage of a barn, to the river side; the man of philanthropy seized the instrument and book, and flung them both into the water. He then ordered the boys to plunge in after them, which they stoutly refused; and running off, left him to contemplate the movements of the fiddle sailing leisurely down the stream.

Another time, he met two country bumpkins fresh from the plough-tail, whom he also took to a pastry-cook’s, to see how many jellies and cheese-cakes they could possibly devour. When they had cleared the shop, and gormandized almost to suffocation, he generously dismissed them with a pound note each, as much delighted with the entertainment they had given him, as the fellows could possibly be with the novel and highly relished treat which they had just received. These were some of the thousand absurd tricks of the same ridiculous kind, which I was informed he is continually committing.

Poor Mr. P.—had very ill luck—for the philanthropist would neither look at his letters

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nor listen to his poems, nor even add his name to the subscription list.

Flirtation, 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.—Some fault, we believe, was found with what the objectors called the *moral tendency* of the last production of the lady whose new volumes lie before us. This phrase, by the way—now in every body's mouth—is miserably abused; the tendency of a book is strictly its drift or design—the object it aims at—the effect it directly, or indirectly produces. Effects must have causes—and results cannot be brought about without combinations—here be truths, we hope. Now good and evil are in the nature of things, but the knowledge of them is first discovered by experience, and then admitted by faith; the results are recorded, and adopted or neglected, according to the prudence or imprudence of observers. Thus arise individual maxims, and out of these, eventually, the universal one, that vice brings its own sting, and virtue its own blessing. But, then, surely not for this is every description of what is base or indelicate, to be forthwith set down as so much precept,—such description is often essential to exhibit what is termed, and rightly termed, natural justice, with any perspicuity and satisfaction. It is not enough to tell the inexperienced, that vice meets with its sure retribution—the steps must be shewn by which it does so; and how these steps are to be thus shewn without details is more than we can discover. No doubt, limits—narrow limits—the narrowest compatible with the adequate execution of the object—should be fixed to these descriptions; but absolutely to exclude the detail, is to preclude the accomplishment of the final and moral purpose. You wish to warn, and words will not do without facts,—the heart must be convinced, as well as the understanding be informed—and this cannot be done without the details of facts. In the tale before us, the natural career of levity, through the gradations of flirtation to adultery is described, not only faithfully, but we should say, effectively and delicately, and in no way, that we can imagine, likely to make disciples—or convert the condition of an adultery into one of enviable admiration. The thing is described to denounce it; and as if that were not enough to counteract possible ill effects, an exemplar of the opposite character is portrayed with an aspect the most enchanting, and colours the most attractive—contrasting simplicity with affectation, feeling with frivolity, and nature with art—the fulfilment of all moral and social duties with the utter neglect of them, in the pursuit of admiration at the price of credit and respect.

For our parts, the last objection we should dream of would be any evil tendency. In our eyes the tale is marked—what we rarely find in female novelists—by a lady's sentiments—by the qualities which distinguish a lady's conversation—the absence of coarse allusions, and of all familiarity, at least, with forbidden topics. The moral tone of the whole

is lofty, and its standard of moral excellence high. As a composition too, the execution is easy and natural, occasionally betraying, perhaps, a leaning towards finery, and an effort at poetry, which ends in nonsense. For instance—"the sky-larks, poised high in air gave out their triumphant melody of song, which, in verity, seems music that is midway to heaven; and the fresh, sweet smell of the new-turned earth sent forth that steaming fragrance, which forms a part of the general incense with which creation gratulates the Creator,"—which reminds us, by the way, of Addison's rooks—whose croakings and cawings he terms their morning hymns of gratitude to their Maker. En revanche, however, may be found morsels like the following—which may be stolen, though we know not whence—"for truth, they say, lies in a well, and those who look for it there, generally see nothing but the reflection of themselves, together with all their prejudices and passions, and so are not a whit the nearer their object."

As to the story, the construction has nothing very remarkable about it, except the evident difficulty the author found in raising embarrassments. Her hero troubles her—she wishes to inflict upon him the pains and penalties of repentance, without giving him enough to repent of. She means to shew him excellent at the bottom, because she elevates her heroine to a point, which would make it monstrous for her to love any thing short of virtue's self. Yet, to exhibit a young man of rank and fortune, with all the means and appliances of luxury at command—brought up too, as young people now-a-days are—made men of at an age when their fathers had scarcely left the nursery—to exhibit such a person as not tasting the joys that are spread before him in tempting voluptuousness, the writer knew, lay far too much out of the pale of probability, and therefore she, of necessity, involves him in a liaison,—but one which really is so little offensive to the sternest perceptions, that we have a difficulty in blaming him for making it, and not less for the manner of breaking it,—though that is made the chief ground of his remorse.

To give a mere outline—Lord Mowbray is introduced to us on his accession to a title and immense estate, preparing to attend the funeral of his deceased relative, in the family vault, at the family castle. He appears a little moody, and distrait, and occasionally a sentiment breaks from him of a weariness of life, and want of object, with dark hints that lead us to anticipate some darker crime. While residing at the castle, and superintending repairs, he one day meets with a lady on horseback, whose hat the wind has blown off, which he assists her in recovering. She is, of course, young, blooming, and beautiful; but she is off, and out of sight as rapidly as a spirited horse can carry her. All inquiries about her are useless, though made by a French valet, and he very soon forgets her—almost. Every day getting worse rather than better, as

to his moodiness, a friend who was with him—an old colonel—proposes to visit General Montgomery, in a distant county. He consents. The general's family consists of himself and the two ladies Lorimer, with some three or four friends, who for one reason or another have the run of the house. He is himself a good-humoured, excellent sort of person—kind, and gentle, and contented—fond of the country, and enjoying its quiet pursuits. Of the nieces, the elder, Lady Frances, has run the gauntlet of a London winter or two, and is thoroughly imbued with fashionable follies—a perfect exclusive—loathing the country, and panting to inhale again the incense of admiration;—the younger has not been so introduced—she has escaped pollution, by not being exposed to it; her feelings are all of the purest kind, and her pursuits equally so—all kindness and gentleness—and exhibiting a rare simplicity and truth and fervour of feeling, that charm all who meet her—and is besides, the very young lady, whose bonnet Lord Mowbray had rescued.

My Lord makes some stay. Lady Frances makes a dead set at him; but he is of course drawn insensibly towards the younger, though carefully abstaining from too marked an attestation of his feelings. Things go on in this way for some time, till at length an invitation comes for the whole party, to attend a splendid christening of some parvenu family in the neighbourhood—where is to appear the new prima donna of the opera. Lord Mowbray shews some little alarm at the announcement, but when Lady Emily is so much struck by the elegant and lady-like appearance of the singer, as to express a wish that Lord Mowbray, from whom an acknowledgment of former acquaintance with her was extorted—would introduce her, he has no resource but flight;—he quits the company suddenly, leaves a note for his host, and flies to town.—Rosalinda, the singer, was in reality a lady of family and fortune, in Italy, where Lord Mowbray had met with her, and admired her, but who was himself still more admired—enthusiastically so by her—so much so, that she sought his society, and an intercourse ensued, which ended as such intercourses sometimes will. The lady recovering from the trance into which the warmth of her affections had thrown her, expected marriage, from which Lord Mowbray shrinking, took refuge in flight—his vanity, rather than his affections, had all along been concerned. The lady followed, with no intention of vindicating her claims, but solely for the satisfaction of now and then catching a hasty glance at him, or at least of treading the same soil with him. Her long absence from home forfeited her property, and she betook herself to the stage for subsistence. In this character she met his eyes, and awakened again the stings of remorse. To cut the story short—the intensity of her feelings wasted the springs of existence, and she soon after died in London,—not, however, before Lord Mowbray's old

tutor had discovered her, and brought about an interview, where he received the poor lady's final forgiveness. Now he was at liberty—but where was Lady Emily? General Montgomery had suddenly broken up his establishment—alleging the entire destruction of his property, and the loss of his nieces' fortunes—without communicating the cause to any soul breathing—being under an oath to conceal it. Lady Frances, by this time, giving up all hopes of Mowbray, had entrapped the Marquis of something, and notwithstanding the loss of fortune was accepted by the Duke his father. She pursued her career; marriage, instead of restraining her love of admiration, only seemed to bring her greater freedom,—which ended very shortly in intrigue, desertion, poverty, and a miserable death. The General, with Lady Emily, withdrew to a small farm-house, in the neighbourhood of Bristol, and spent a whole winter in solitude and obscurity—till, in short, Lord Mowbray accidentally discovered their residence—visited—and took them to his castle; and the very day he made Lady Emily the offer of his hand and fortune, the old general discovered all his fears were groundless, and the parties are, of course, supremely blest—she, after passing nobly the ordeal of poverty and privation, and he purified from the old stain, and qualified to appreciate the virtues of Emily, and live a life of rational pursuits, apart from the follies, &c. &c.

The Mummy, 3 vols. 12mo. 1827.—This is surely the wretchedest production that ever crazy understanding engendered. It is utterly without an object, unless the venting of extravagances be taken as one. If it be intended for satire, it is a telum imbellè—the weapon is without a point and hits nobody,—if for a prophecy, it has none of the promptings of inspiration—if for sport, it has neither playfulness nor vivacity, neither frolic nor fancy—a mere mass of crudities and absurdities—a dead take-in. The writer is unable to concatenate or combine. If he starts a conception he cannot pursue it an inch. His ideas have nothing adhesive or cohesive about them. They are like the atoms of Democritus—all tending perpendicularly—all falling to the ground, without the possibility of making conjunctions in their descent; and the writer wants the tact even of Epicurus, whose stupidity in physics was proverbial, to endow them with inclining propensities to bring about occasional coalitions. With the affectation of familiar acquaintance with science, the fact must be, he is utterly ignorant of its laws and purposes; but, with a quickness of apprehension not uncommon among fools, he has gathered up a few of its phrases, and the empty possession has tempted him to make this idle flourish. He has, besides, pretty evidently been accustomed to let his tongue run at random—to shoot with the long bow—and indulge in caricature—so much readiness does he shew of evasion and expedient—quite unattainable, but by long practice in the art

of shifting. Here and there—probably sticking at nothing—he has made a happy hit in conversation—where matters seldom go beyond a retort, and this occasional success has, in an evil hour, betrayed him into attempting the ludicrous upon paper, and perpetuating his fooleries through three volumes of foolscap, of which if he be not seared and scarred to insensibility, he must by this time be thoroughly ashamed. He has heard something of indefinite improvements in science, and boundless expectations in practice—and of the apprehensions of some from the extension of knowledge among mechanics and the poor; and he has no other notion of ridiculing the one, than by talking of stage balloons, and travelling houses, and cannon-shot posts, and tunnels under the Atlantic; and of the other than by representing cooks, and scullions, and grooms, as universal linguists and philosophers.

To analyse the paltry volumes is beyond the patience of mortality. But here is a glimpse. The chronology of England is advanced to the year 2126, at which epoch its government has arrived at despotism, and its religion settled quietly down into catholicism. The throne is accessible only to women, and the queen is not allowed to marry. Two families are introduced, one of them the duke's, allied to the possessor of the crown, the other, the knight's, connected by friendship and a project of intermarriages. The duke has two daughters, and the knight two sons. Of the knight's sons, one is a soldier, a conqueror, and the favourite of the queen; the other a philosopher—though philosophy has long been out of fashion among the upper classes, being become the common possession of the lowest canaille. This youth has a sudden passion for instituting inquiries into the reality of the union of soul and body, and his tutor, the representative of philosophy, in its loftiest aspirations, encourages him in his projects. The philosopher's opinion is, that organization is all in all—set it in motion and you have life. If a body, therefore, has been dead thousands of years, and the organization undestroyed, life may be restored. If a sound mummy, therefore, could be found, the experiment might be made easily and successfully—he has a galvanic battery of fifty-surgeon power. The resolution is accordingly taken to visit the pyramids, and practice on the body of Cheops—because the Egyptian kings were known not to have been eviscerated. The doctor produces a bottle of caoutchouc, which he expands to the size of a balloon—balloons were as common as stage coaches, but the doctor had pocket-machinery of all sorts—and away they go, with a bag of their own wind too. Arrived at the tomb of Cheops, the battery is forthwith applied, and the mummy starts into life—frightens the doctor to death—breaks from the pyramid—leaps into the balloon, and reaches London at the moment of some grand festival, when the air is full of balloons—dashes in amongst

them, spreads universal dismay, and then alights in perfect safety. But now, what is to be done with the mummy? Why intrigues are concocting at court—the queen is poisoned—the two cousins of the duke's family are rival candidates for the throne—one is chosen—and the other immediately cabals—jealousies, treacheries, rebellions, murders, follow thick and threefold—and in all and every thing is Cheops the prime agent, behind the curtain. He is invested with infernal powers—the juggling fiend that lures only to betray—and he does delude and betray all parties by turns. In the meanwhile the doctor and his pupil escape from Egypt with difficulty, and arriving in Spain, they join the king of Ireland—a great conqueror—an Alexander and Orlando in one—who is besieging and battling without any object but the mere fun of encountering perils. The doctor gets into numerous scrapes, and narrowly escapes broiling—a new lady is introduced for special purposes—and the young philosopher rescues the king from destruction, and is himself rescued by him—and all this over and over again—and Cheops as busy with every body's concerns here, as he is at the same moment, in England. Matters being settled at last in Spain, the king, accompanied by his new friends, sets out for Ireland, through the tunnel, and meets a deputation from the exiled queen of England, whose cause he immediately adopts—and English affairs come again upon the stage.—But our patience fails.

A Practical Treatise on Architectural Jurisprudence, by James Elmes, M.R.I.A., Architect. 1827.—The respectable compiler of this volume has spared no pains to accomplish his purpose—that of producing not precisely a book of reference—though the work will itself frequently furnish the most satisfactory information—but one which will at least tell us, where to refer for farther intelligence on the actual state of the law relative to buildings, private and public—the code or digest, of, as he somewhat quaintly phrases it, architectural jurisprudence. The substance is thrown into alphabetical form, and under the name of titles is given the several subjects of which he has to speak—supporting his statements very carefully by a reference to the best authorities, and the most recent decisions of the courts. The whole is prefixed by a sort of historical sketch of the subject from the days of Moses, and pursuing it through the Roman history to our own times—enlarging on matters more particularly relative to ecclesiastical buildings; adding, moreover, an account, not of the “provincial constitutions” themselves, but of the authors of them, the fourteen archbishops from Langton to Chicheley, who each of them, more or less, contributed to their construction.

The author labours hard, and very unnecessarily, to justify his opinion, that architects should know something of the rules of law, as well as those of architecture. Sir

William Chambers, it seems, observes, oracularly, that an architect *should not be ignorant of law*—by which we suppose he meant the law so far as it concerns the matter of building, and the sites on which such building is erected; and Vitruvius long before laid it down, that he should not be ignorant not only of law, but of nothing else; and, according to the motto of Mr. Elmes's book, he said, "*Medicinæ non sit ignarus.*" Why or wherefore, is not added, and few, we should think could make a decent guess. All this seemed likely to alarm an architect, and looked a little like mystification; but all such alarm is removed by Mr. Elmes explicitly stating his opinion.—

That an architect should study the science of jurisprudence, so far as to enable him to judge of the legality of his proceedings, to prevent his employer from being involved in law-suits through his means; and to extricate him the shortest way when so involved, by a cessation or alteration of the offensive operations, if the cause be connected with his pursuits.

This is Mr. Elmes's aim; and a very excellent one it is:—nor can his statements fail of being practically useful. Undoubtedly, whatever comes within the precincts of a profession, should be known to the professor; and we care not how much the wings of the lawyer are clipped.

Herbert Lacy, by the Author of Granby, 3 vols. 1827.—Very correct, and proper, and pretty as all this undoubtedly is, it is also essentially of a common, uninspired and uninspiring cast. All the good husbandry liberally spent upon the author will not counterbalance the native poverty of the soil. Nothing will make it bear *new* fruits; nor can we hope to gather grapes from thorns, nor figs from thistles.

"*Continuo has leges æternæque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis.*"

The whole concern, in conception and execution, is inferior to *Granby*, which, though as often feeble as forcible, yet had strong scenes, which this has not; and gave a promise, which this does not fulfil. The tone and temper of the story is irreproachable, pure, and chaste; but, like Dian's icicle, as cold as it is chaste. For any thing like force, or warmth, or passion, we look in vain—once skimmed, it never can be thought of more by old or young. As to particular and tangible faults, it is almost invulnerable; but if it have few faults, it has as few compensating virtues. It is obviously the production of one born and bred, as the writer himself nonsensically phrases it, in "elegant letters," which means familiarity with certain classes of the works of others—very little with the world and its real ways—with men and women, and their real character—and as little with himself. Every thing, though carefully and even tastefully expressed, is so obviously

right and according to rule; that the effort required is not to keep an eye upon the writer's sentiments, but to resist the lulling effects of the security we feel of finding nothing but what is customary and commonplace. The writer, no doubt, is deep read—far deeper than ourselves—in the annals of fiction. It is that which has given him facility in the construction and evolution of his plots; or, in other words, as we have often occasion to remark, the author writes because others have written. "I too am a painter," is as often the dictate of a blind desire to be doing, as the bold and confiding impulse of irresistible ability. What is the story?—That of a young gentleman, who falls in love with a young lady. The young lady has an independent fortune, and a guardian, who takes a fancy to the lady's property; to secure which, and to keep off competition, he has recourse to the vilest expedients—familiar as household words, since the days of *Cecilia*—which are finally defeated by the recoil of the instruments which he overstrains in the using. This account will not satisfy every body; and here is the story, at fuller length.

In one of the midland counties reside two families—one of a parvenu cast, the other of ancient pedigree—between whom a sort of hereditary hatred subsists, entirely unknown to each other—and each suspecting the other of qualities quite foreign from reality. Each has children—the descendant of the iron-foundry a daughter, the heiress of great wealth left by her aunt, with a pair of guardians—one young, and the principal—the other old, and subordinate. The Baronet has a son, who, like his father, knows nothing of his neighbours, but supposes they must be sad vulgar people. At the house of a common friend, the young people—Herbert Lacy, the Baronet's son; and Agnes Morton, the ironman's daughter—meet; and being, in reality, both of them young, handsome, and intelligent to the usual elevated degree of heroes and heroines, and thus thrown together, are of course quickly enamoured of each other. Difficulties are anticipated, and difficulties come, but not at all from the expected quarters. Before any declaration takes place between the parties, Mr. Sackville, the guardian, just in time, to his surprise and alarm, hears of their being at the same house, and of their mutual admiration. Sackville is a very decisive gentleman, and takes his measures forthwith. His ward and her fortune he destines for himself; and he is not of a character to stick about the means of securing them. He has himself all possible advantages of person, fortune, and brilliant abilities; but there is no room for slow processes—no time to be lost; for Lacy may make his offers, and be accepted in four-and-twenty hours. Lacy is his very dear and intimate friend, whose life he had formerly saved, and whose gratitude and admiration towards his preserver are boundless. No matter—

eighty thousand pounds and a beautiful girl are not to be sacrificed to romance. He resolves to cut through all impediments.

The first stroke is levelled at the father, who, unhappily, by living a little too fast, as people of fortune will, as well as those of none, is involved in difficulties. Sackville discovers this, and makes his use of it—by means of a very useful instrument which he has at command—an attorney, or surveyor, or some sort of a man of business, who had once committed forgery, the evidence of which Sackville holds in his own hands. This miserable wretch he wields at will, by holding the forgery *in terrorem*. By his means he buys up Morton's debts, and uses the power thus obtained in forcing Morton to bind his daughter to his purpose, on the peril of immediate exposure and ruin. This Sackville is a complete master of finesse and subtlety—at all times able to make the worse appear the better reason. To save her father, poor Agnes is driven to give a pledge of marriage at the end of a twelvemonth. The lady and her father thus far secured, he stirs up a little piece of calumny against his friend's father, and makes Morton the circulator—the consequence of which is a duel between Lacy and Agnes's father—all to keep Herbert and Agnes asunder. Divers other pieces of rascality are set in motion; and, at an election, in which Herbert and Morton are made opposing candidates, Morton is arrested, and a complete break-up of his affairs follows—all done again by the underworking of Sackville, through his miserable agent, the surveyor, and Herbert made to appear the impelling cause.

Morton and his family are now obliged to retire to London, and hide their poverty and their heads in one of the Alpha cottages—places, we have no doubt, abounding in this species of misery; where Agnes conducts herself with admirable propriety and filial duty—the whole family being, indeed, supported by her allowance, which she is prevented from augmenting by the artifices of her precious guardian, who is of course

anxious her property shall not be squandered. Things being thus brought up to a point—villany having used up its resources—the scene begins to change, and the master-agent must now fall himself into the pit which he had dug for others. The surveyor, who had been so mercilessly ridden by Sackville, on some new command rebels, and will no farther concur, unless he is allowed a sight of the fatal document which gives the tyrant his hold upon him. Sackville suspects his purpose, but resolves to indulge him—first, however, loading a pistol in his presence, and clapping it to his breast, and then presenting the paper for the unhappy's man's contemplation, whose purpose had been to attempt its destruction; but the resolute air of his employer deters him, and the paper is returned, and deposited again in a drawer. The surveyor marks the spot, and soon after contrives to get into the house, and abstracts the paper and proofs. Thus freed from his chains, he sets Sackville at defiance; and a complete exposure follows. Agnes releases herself from her engagement, and she and Herbert, with the concurrence of all parties, eventually, even of Sackville himself, tie the nuptial knot.

The tale is a very appropriate one for young people—inculcating, as it does in their full extent, the execution of filial duties—neglected as those duties must necessarily be, where boys and girls are made men and women before their time; and the author, in accordance with the lesson he reads, himself dedicates, like a very good child, these his labours to his own papa. Again, we repeat, the tale is very well told—with taste and elegance—qualities which we are sure he must estimate at a much higher rate than higher endowments. It only wants the essentials of pith and vigour; the sentiments are every where liberal, and full of good feeling; but the stock and fund of the whole spring from other novels. If the writer expects to make a name, he must find something of his own—all of other people's will not do.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REPORT.

THERE are some theatrical customs, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, are so unchangeable, that the idea of change never enters into the heads of managers. One of these is—never to bring forward anything likely to be attractive from its novelty, for the month before Christmas. The theatres generally open in October, and will probably continue to do so until the Lord Chamberlain alters his mind, which he may do next month; or ceases to be Lord Chamberlain, which unhappy event may occur within any twenty-four hours. However, this must be said for the Duke of Devonshire—that he

spells quite as well as his predecessor, is more reluctant to trespass against the decorums of grammar, and has infinitely less confidence in the honour, conscience, and morality of Mr. George Colman, jun.

His Grace has certainly found office no sinecure, between his perpetual reversal of the decrees in the *courts below*, held by the deputy-licenser—his arbitration of the restless quarrels of the theatres, and his voluminous correspondence on the subject of licensing a French company at the Lyceum.

This last, we understand, his Grace has done; and ratified his permission, by taking

a box, where the world may see that he is not ashamed to sit and take lessons in French. The idea of suffering a foreign company to make its claims upon the shillings of the English, has, of course, excited a vast deal of patriotic displeasure. But what can be more short-sighted than such displeasure? All that tends to revive a theatrical taste among the higher ranks is so much gained. The only thing that the theatres have to dread—the true source of decay—is the decay of that theatrical taste among the nation; and though the higher ranks have long lost the *premier pas* in matters either of taste or utility, yet they go for something still; and the general account is not the worse for the accession of even the lazy population of the Red Book.

If nothing but the French play will bring the peerage from its nine o'clock dinners, let the French play do its work for a season; and habit may stir even the best blood to move from the table before the third bottle. The British stage will thus gain recruits; for, bad as it is in its present dearth of matter, there can be no comparison, in the mind of any human being under the rank of marquis, between the actual merits of the English and French stages. Our Gallic neighbours shine in trifles; and with trifles the English are the greatest bunglers that ever attempted to make fools of themselves. The French luck is always to make much of little; the English ill-luck, to make little of much. The maxim holds from cookery up to constitutions. The faculty of dressing a dinner out of nothing, or of making a commonwealth that will not last a week's wear, belongs pre-eminently to the ingenious sons of Clovis.

On their stage (the happiest emblem of the national mind), the triumph is of the same class. Two characters, a single scene, and half a sentiment, make up the *matériel* of a multitude of those pieces that are the glory of the Parisian stage—for whose sight the populace save up their half-francs for a month before, the *belles* prepare their best weeping faces, and the newspapers cast aside politics, and order new fonts of type.

But of things of this kind, *we* can make nothing. Our national awkwardness is instantly out at elbows in the suit which the French author wears with such adroitness. Our actors, with the best will in the world, want the perpetual *finesse*—the meaning that exists in a tweak of the finger, or a turn of the eye. The whole vocabulary of nods is an Egyptian dialect to them; and the whisper, on which the entire of the catastrophe turns, evaporates without catching eye or ear. The difficulties that this dexterity imposes on the respectable race of adaptors, who labour with such restless industry to supply the chasms of the English drama, are pitiable. From three to six melodramas of the *Porte St. Martin* are the smallest allowance for a single melodrama of Covent Garden: from six to nine farces of the *Variétés* are essential to the com-

position of a single farce, on the usual scale of Drury Lane; and the consumption of *dramas* of the *Théâtre Français* for a single comedy is beyond calculation. Nothing but a patent condensing machine, or hydrostatic press, is equal to the operation; and some of the most popular and vigorous human condensers of the present age are sinking into rapid decay under this superhuman fatigue.—The truth is, that the English audience require, like the English frame, something solid. They like the *entremets* of the French taste to fill up the intervals; but woe be to the manager who covers his table with them! The people will not be fed with syllabubs; and our lively neighbours can supply us with nothing else. The manliness and force of character of our genuine English comedy, the natural probability of the plot, and the native spirit, power, and brilliancy of the dialogue, undoubtedly have no equal on the Continental stage. The French is, like the furniture of a French house, gilded, graceful, and good for any thing but use. The German is the heavy material—rough from the forest, or carved into sullen or grotesque figures, that only make the original heaviness still heavier. The Italian is filagree-work—shreds of paper and tinsel; but not to be handled, and scarcely worth being seen.

As to the Duke of Devonshire's acceding to the French license of the Lyceum, we cannot perceive either the injury or even the inconvenience of the grant. It would have been ungracious in the extreme to have refused it, after the civilities with which our actors have been received in Paris; and, though we undoubtedly set the fashion in this instance, and gave the "politest people of the earth" a lesson of politeness in listening to *Laporte's* dreadful attempts at the English tongue, while the *badauds* of the "première ville du monde" were pelting our *Imogens* and *Hamlets* with their last farthings, we are not sorry that the lesson is understood, nor that we are called on to shew that we can repeat it on occasion.

The reception of an English company in Paris forms an epoch in dramatic history. We know of no previous instance of the kind, and we see no reason why a friendlier feeling of the two nations may not grow out of an intercourse of the players. A very vivid friendship is not likely to occur under any circumstances; but playing together is at all times better than fighting; and, if we could pardon the horrors of French-English on our stage, we may endure Frenchmen talking their own language even within the precincts of London. It is said that we may expect a strong French company; and we shall thus have the best plays given in the best manner, without the trouble of going two hundred miles to see them.

But the result of the unchangeable law against novelty, with which we began our remarks, is—that the audience has been wearied with perpetual repetitions. "Hain-

let" and "Othello" are already enshrined. Criticism and comparison have nothing to do with them; yet even they may be seen too often. But one exception may be made—Charles Kemble's *Falstaff* in the First Part of Henry the Fourth. It is incomparably the best that we have seen, after seeing all the humourists in succession, and seeing them all with pleasure. Mathews conceived the part with the spirit of the author; but his figure was against him, and all the pillows of the earth could not make the spectator believe that he was the fat knight. Dowton's pleasantry was excellent; but his figure was too much undersized, and the illusion was destroyed. Charles Kemble looks the living man; and his humour is even more fitted for *Falstaff* than the dexterous form of Mathews, or the rich drollery of Dowton. *Falstaff* is not so much a merry man as a humourist; and the pleasantry of the part arises in no trivial degree from the gravity of the individual. He is perpetually the *bat* of others, who rate him unmercifully; and the amusement of the audience arises chiefly from the audacious and indefatigable assurance with which he attempts to outface charges and detections which he thoroughly dislikes. His character is sly evasion, or bold lying. He outwits no one but *Master Shallow*, and tramples on no one but his fiery-faced follower. Even *Dame Quickly* makes a fair fight with him. Before *Prince Harry* he is a perpetual fugitive. Kemble personates the fat knight, to all points, in a manner that does great credit to his conception.

The "Seraglio" has sustained itself at Covent Garden. The admirable beauty of the scenery, and the general skill of the equipment, have kept it alive. The music, too, is of course better performed, by repetition; though we may be fairly justified in expressing our fear that Wrench, Power, and Pen-son—pleasant fellows as they are—were never intended by nature for singing Mozart; and that their being led to do so is nearly as great a surprise to themselves as to their audience.

"Othello," performed with the strength of the house, deserves more than the passing remark that we can give it. Young's *Iago*, Charles Kemble's *Cassio*, and Kean's *Moor* are unrivalled, and unrivalable by any thing upon the European stage. It has been thus performed but lately, and will doubtless form one of the principal displays of the theatre during the season. Young's *Iago* is at least equal to any of his performances, and in this we mean to speak highly of it; for we have a high opinion of the capacity and conception of this very able performer. Charles Kemble's showy and unsuspicious drunkard has been long at the head of its class. Nothing in intoxication can be more graphic, yet freer from grossness. His *Cassio* is the gentleman, in the midst of his excess, and preserves the respect of the audience in the full swing of folly.

Kean's *Othello* was, a few years since, the finest performance on the stage. The part seemed, beyond all others, to have been written for him. His crabbedness, ferocity, and alternate restraint and bursts of rage, seemed made for the man before our eyes. But circumstances have largely altered since. Ill-health and ill-fortune have relaxed the sinews of this distinguished performer; and his *Othello* has suffered in the general feebleness of his frame. However, it still contains fine points—the early energy starts out from time to time—and those electric splendours, which once shone perpetually, if they are now more rare, yet can still flash with a brilliancy that reminds us of their original power.

At Drury Lane, the altered opera of the "Pirates" continues its popularity. Braham sings with the indefatigable spirit and skill that have long made him the Prince of English singers; and Mrs. Glossop—who still absurdly determines not to be an Englishwoman, thinks that *Madame* has witchery in the sound, and is content to throw a slur on her reputation, by resuming her unmarried name—goes on singing with the same defects and merits as usual. Her voice is wiry, and she sings with distressing effort; but her execution is admirable, and her style brilliant. A new opera ought to be found for her; for the world will soon grow tired of excellence in the same shape for ever; and the adaptor of the "Pirates" ought to be set to work. The "Haunted Tower" has enough of Stora-ce to build a little of our modern melodies upon, and enough of Cobb, to allow of the engrafting of a little of Dimond. We by no means coincide in the opinion expressed of this adaptor's want of skill. On the contrary, we think that he has done as much with the "Seraglio" and the "Pirates" as could fairly be expected. His task was difficult. Both operas were worn out. The dialogue and plot in both were meagre beyond endurance; and now, if neither plot or dialogue are quite worthy of Sheridan, nor likely to eclipse the "Duenna," they are at least quite as ingenious as the general performances of the day.

Young Kean has played occasionally. But if his vocation is the stage at all, he must take time, and exercise his powers diligently, before he can take any satisfactory rank on the boards. His voice has the huskiness of his father's, without the force; and his manner is so close an imitation, that its defects become the more striking from the comparison.

He has obvious intelligence—he conceives well—but nature has been stern to him; and nothing but the development of new powers, or the most extraordinary result of unwearied diligence, can make him so far successful as to render productive or prudent his devoting himself to the stage.

But all—tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce—may be dismissed. The pantomimes are coming, that will throw them all into shade—the pantomimes, that are as exclu-

sively English as the Congreve rockets, the steam-boat, or the gas-light—are as much beyond the management of foreign hands—and are as brilliant as the most dazzling of the three. Unfortunately, they will not appear, till too late for record in our present pages. But the promises made by the respective magicians, Farley and Barrymore, are of the most overwhelming kind. Covent Garden brings out *Harlequin and Number Nip*, founded on the most famous of German stories, and, of course, full of the adventures of water-sprites and air-sprites, ending with the marriage of Harlequin and Columbine under the centre-arch of New London Bridge. At Drury Lane, *Harlequin Cock Robin* charms the wondering world with a domestic story—leads the delighted fancy into the kingdom of birds—then roves on the wing through every zone, from Kamschatka to Wapping—and finally marries Harlequin and Columbine in the centre of the Thames Tunnel.

But we must not anticipate. The delight of curiosity is too exquisite, and the sacredness of secrecy is too solemn, for us to let mankind in general into the *penetrabilia* of the pantomimes. We need only say, that the genius of Farley and Barrymore, in full lustre—the pencils of Stanfield and Roberts, in full beauty—and the purses of both managers, in full profusion, have been devoted to the encounter. We, who are determined, like Austria, to stand neuter, till we see which side is likely to triumph, will say nothing. But we should disdain to force our opinions on the public, in matters of such matchless moment; and recommend every man to see the pantomimes for himself, on the penalty of being charged with want of taste for the most happy combination of pictorial beauty, and mechanic skill, of the powers of the human frame, and the dexterity of stage artifice, that is to be seen in the “round world!”

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

This body re-assembled on the 15th of November last, when the Croonian lecture was delivered by Sir E. Home, on the muscles peculiar to organs of sense in particular quadrupeds and fishes. A paper was read by Captain Sabine, on some experiments to determine the difference in length of the seconds pendulum in London and Paris.—22. Two papers, by Dr. Davy, on a peculiarity in the structure of the ductus communis choledochus; and some observations on the action of the mineral acids on copper, under different circumstances, were read by Dr. Davy. Also, another, on the structure of the knee-joint in the echidna setosa and ornithorynchus paradoxus, by Dr. Knox.—30, being the anniversary of the Society, which is held on St. Andrew's days, an election of officers took place; and Davies Gilbert, Esq., M.P., was nominated President.

FOREIGN.

INSTITUTE—ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

Paris.—Sept. 24. M. M. Prony, Girard, and Dupin delivered a highly commendatory report upon a memoir of M. Vicat, one of the principal government civil engineers, entitled, “Physico-Mathematical Observations on some Cases of the Fracture of Solids.” On the report of M. M. Thenard and Chevreul, the second memoir of M. M. Robiquet and Collin, concerning the colouring substances of madder, was ordered to be inserted in the collection of memoirs by persons not members of the Academy.—Oct. 1. M. Julia Fontenelle displayed to the Academy the head of a New Zealander. It was remarked, as its osteologic character, that the occipital region was of great extent, and M. M. *New Series*.—VOL. V. No. 25.

that there was a very distinct longitudinal crest. The frontal region is extremely narrow, and presents a vertical osseous partition of more than two lines in breadth: the sutures of the skull are ossified, although the individual does not appear to have been more than thirty-five years old. M. M. Boëc and Latreille, as reporters, recommended that a monographic essay on the tribe of Zygenides, belonging to the Lepidopterous order of insects, should be published in the “Recueil des Savans Etrangers;” and, on the report of M. M. G. St. Hilaire and F. Cuvier, the same honour was accorded to a notice of M. Rambur, a physician at Ingrandes, concerning a monstrous infant, born at Benais (dept. Indre et Loire), August 30th, 1826, and which died September 10th, 1827. M. Poisson read a note on the vibrations of sonorous bodies. M. Cauchy announced that he had been engaged for a long time with the equilibrium and internal movement of a solid body, considered as a system of distinct molecules; and that he had obtained some equations, in which the components of the forces exercised on each molecule are not generally reduced to integrals: the manuscript of his researches was submitted to the Academy; and—8 and 15, M. M. Pelletan, Boyer, and Magendie reported on a memoir of M. Breschet, concerning the false aneurism of the heart, and the true aneurism of the arteries, which paper would have been inserted in the “Recueil des Savans Etrangers,” if its learned author had not given it another destination. M. Michel made a verbal report on the botanical part of the expedition of M. Freycinet, arranged by M. Gaudichaud; M. F. Cuvier, an extract from a memoir on the organization and development of the quills of a porcupine; and M. Binet read another, on the resolution of indeterminate equations of the first degree in whole numbers.

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VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Perkins's Steam Machinery.—After all that has been conjectured, and insinuated, and surmised, and written about Mr. Perkins's modifications and improvements of steam machinery, we are happy to give from his own pen the following summary of them, which is abridged from a most interesting article inserted in one of the scientific journals of America, the land that gave him birth. Is it not new, he inquires, to generate steam of all elasticities, from the minimum to the maximum without the least danger—in the generation of steam to substitute pressure for surface, which he considers the basis of his invention—to have a pressure of 1000lbs. to the square inch on one side of the piston, while on the other side of it all resistance is taken away by a vacuum, and this produced without an air-pump, or any more water than is used in generating the steam—to have invented a metallic piston, which requires no lubrication, and yet is as tight as the piston of an air-pump—to have applied Davy's zinc protectors to steam cylinders to prevent oxidation, which took place when the engine was not at work—to dispense with the eduction valve and pipe, having no other than a small induction valve, and that so constructed as to neutralize the pressure, requiring no oil, and very little power to open and to close it—to allow steam to escape at an opening 250 times larger than the steam pipe; and lastly, to have discovered that steam may be generated although in contact with the water, at all temperatures, without producing corresponding elasticity? In the steam artillery, which this eminent engineer is constructing for the French government, he guarantees the perfect safety of the generator, its indestructibility, the ability to keep the steam up at any required temperature for any length of time, and its great economy. The piece of ordnance is to throw sixty balls of four pounds each in a minute, with the correctness of the rifled musket, and to a proportionate distance. A musket is also attached to the same generator for throwing a stream of lead from the bastion of a fort, and is made so far portable, as to be capable of being moved from one bastion to another. This musket is to throw from one hundred to one thousand bullets per minute as occasion may require, and that for any given length of time. As regards economy, it is within the truth, that if the discharges are rapid, one pound of coals will throw as many balls as four pounds of powder. The mischief of this steam artillery is that it will be to nations what the pistol is to duellists, it will bring all, whether strong or weak, upon a par. Among the very cu-

rious results from Mr. Perkins's experiments upon steam is one, which proves practically what Dr. Hare, of Philadelphia, has so ably attempted to establish theoretically, namely, that caloric is matter. The proof, he says, is simple and direct, and, I am persuaded, conclusive. Mr. Perkins's explanation of the bursting of boilers will appear very plausible—it is this: that the water is suffered to get so low as to bring a portion of the boiler not covered with water in contact with the fire; this becomes red hot, and imparts its heat to the steam; the redness gradually extends itself below the water, which is at length repelled from the water and thrown up among the hot steam (like a pot suddenly boiling over), which overcharged steam immediately imparting its excessive heat to the water, forms steam of the greatest power, and occasions the disastrous explosion.

Timbuctoo.—At one of the last meetings of the Geographical Society of Paris, an interesting communication was made relative to Timbuctoo, the Atlantis of the moderns. It was stated that a detailed history of this city was in existence, written by Sidi-Ahmed-Baba, a native of Darawana, a small town in the country of the Kentes. It is therein stated that its foundation was not prior to the year 510 of the hegira (1116 of our æra). The Arabian author attributes its origin to a woman named Buktou, of and belonging to the horde of the Touaries, who at first established herself on the banks of the Nile of the negros, in a cabin sheltered by an umbrageous tree. She possessed a few sheep, and was fond of displaying hospitality to the travellers of her nation. Her humble habitation soon became a sacred asylum, a place of repose and enjoyment for the neighbouring tribes who called at Tin-Buktou, that is the property of Buktou. In the end various tribes established themselves there, and made a vast entrenched camp, which subsequently was transformed into a great and populous city. Of the races which compose the inhabitants of this city, it may be remarked, that it formerly belonged to the Kohlans (a pagan people); it is now occupied by the Fellars, followers of Mohammed. The Touaries form a third race; a fourth is that of the Kentes, who are supposed to have come from Bambara.

Theory of Flame.—Sir H. Davy ascribes the security which the safety lamp affords, to the conducting power of the metallic gauze, by which it is supposed the temperature of the flame is so much lowered as to be insufficient to ignite the inflammable mixture on the outside. Some facts known to Signior G. Libri, of Florence, were at

variance with this hypothesis, and he found, upon trial, that when single rods were made to approach a flame, the latter was always inflected on all sides from the rod, as if repelled by it; and that this effect was independent of the conducting power of the rod, whether good or bad. The amount of inflection or repulsion was directly as the mass, and inversely as the distance from the flame. It was not diminished by increasing the temperature of the rod even to such a degree as to render it scarcely possible for it to abstract any of the caloric. In fact, when two flames are made to approach each other there is a mutual repulsion, although their proximity increases the temperature, instead of diminishing it. From these principles, Sig. L. says, the theory of the safety lamp is easily deduced. A metallic wire exerting, according to its diameter and its own nature, a constant repulsion upon flame, it is evident that two parallel wires, so near each other as not to exceed the distance of twice the radius of the sphere of repulsion, will not permit a flame to insinuate itself between them, unless it be impelled by a force superior to the intensity of repulsion. If to these two wires others be added, a tissue is formed impenetrable to flame, especially when the conducting power of the wires adds its influence to that of the repulsion. He conceives that, from the views above stated, the number of cross or horizontal wires in Davy's lamp is unnecessarily large; and that by rejecting all of these excepting a number sufficient to secure the firmness of the tissue, the lamp would afford as great a security as at present, and, at the same time, diffuse a much greater light—this opinion he has verified by actual experiment.

Animal Magnetism.—A volume on this subject has been published in Paris, in the form of letters, addressed to Professor Alibert, by Dr. Amedée Dupau. The author has sought to demonstrate, not that animal magnetism is nothing, but that it is a different thing from what the magnetisers suppose. He shows that magnetic phenomena have existed at all times, and that they present themselves to the observations of medical men in various nervous and mental diseases. From all the facts before him, the author deduces the following conclusions:—1. That magnetic effects are only nervous diseases under the form of convulsions, extatic delirium, comatose sleep, somnambulism, &c. 2. That magnetism develops these cerebral neuroses only in persons predisposed to these affections. 3. That magnetism is a dangerous process, since it tends to favour the development of these diseases. 4. That magnetism is still more dangerous in its moral relations. Such are the principal

results of this work, which, by its mass of facts, and the novelty of its views, must very much contribute to extend a knowledge of the nature of animal magnetism.

Ancient Armour.—The antiquarian will be astonished to hear, that there has been discovered, about fifteen miles north of Craftsbury, in the State of Vermont, North America, a shirt, without sleeves, made of wire, a little larger than that of the small steel purses—in fact, a real coat or shirt of mail of the ages of chivalry. It was found in the valley of Black River, within the limits of the town of Coventry. It was much rusted and decayed, but sufficient of it remains to show its shape.

Chinese Paper.—Chinese paper, of which so much use is now made in Europe, chiefly for copper-plate impressions, is distinguished by its homogeneous texture, its smooth and silky surface, its softness and extreme fineness. It is sold in very large sheets, some of which are four or five yards long, and a yard wide. The Chinese fabricate their paper from different materials. In the province of Setschuen, it is made of hempen rags, like the paper of Europe; that of Fo-Kiew, is made of the young shoots of the bamboo; that of the northern provinces, of the inner bark of a tree called ku-tschu, which is only the paper mulberry (*morus papyrifera*). It is this paper which is most commonly employed in China. They resort to chemical solvents, and especially the ley of ashes, to bring it to a soft pulp or paste; and they make use of rice water and other infusions to render it properly consistent, and sufficiently moist and white.

Magnetic Polarity.—From some magnetical experiments instituted at New York, by Mr. Barnes, the following curious and interesting result has been deduced, viz. that a plane elevated from the north, at an angle of $22^{\circ} 30'$, and cutting the horizon in a line due east and west, is a neutral plane or magnetical equator; and that a bar revolved on this plane shows no polarity; and if the bar make with this plane, on the upper or south side, any angle equal to $22^{\circ} 30'$, or greater, the lower end is the North Pole; and if the bar make on the under or north side of the plane a less angle with the plane of the horizon than the magnetical equator makes, the end which touches the equatorial plane is the South Pole. Whether these results are uniform in various parts of the world, or whether there are such lines as magnetical tropics on each side of the magnetical equator, as the above results seem to intimate; whether the magnetical equator is the same in different latitudes, or varies its position according to latitude, future experiments must determine.

Mean Temperature of the Air.—The following algebraic formula, which correctly represents the mean temperature for all Europe, has been investigated by M. G. G. Hallstroem. v = mean temperature. n = the ordinal number of the month for which the temperature is to be calculated (thus for April $n = 4$). $\frac{1}{2}(xf + xe) =$ the mean temperature taken as the mean of observations taken at 10 A.M. and P.M.: then $v = \frac{1}{2}(xf + xe) - 0.33 + 0.41 \sin [(n - 1) 30^\circ + 124^\circ 8']$. In winter $\frac{1}{2}(xf + xe) = v$ very nearly, while in summer this quantity is $\frac{1}{2}$ of a degree greater than v at Paris, Halle, and Abo.

Botany.—A tree shoots out its branches like all other trees of the same species, external circumstances being similar; but there is one thing remarkable that has not hitherto been noticed—all trees with spreading branches accommodate the direction of the lower branches to the surface of the earth over which they extend. This may be seen in orchards growing at the sides of hills, and all open forests. This presents a curious fact for the investigation of the physiologist. The question presented is this:—What influence can the earth have upon the branches on the upper side of the tree, which causes them to form a different angle with the body of the tree, from the angle formed by the branches on the lower side, so that all the branches hold a parallel direction to the earth's surface? Mr. Knight's central vessel hypothesis, and the authority of numerous able physiologists, seem to be at variance with the idea that the growth of trees is not influenced by any circumstance connected with their internal woody parts, but as the sugar maple (*acer saccharinum*), after being tapped and drained of its internal sap fifty years, and, after the whole interior has become dead, grows as fast, and presents an aspect as vigorous and blooming, as any sound tree of the same species, and same age, which stands by its side; and the common apple-tree (*pyrus malus*) grows thriftily, and bears abundance of fruit, many years after its interior is so completely rotted away, as to leave but a very thin hollow cylinder in possession of the living principle; and as all depositions of matter, in any way affecting the growth of the tree, are made between the bark and wood, after the first year, in the form of a mucilage, called *cambium*, it seems that the internal woody part has no influence upon the external growth. We prefer solid trees in our forests and orchards, because they have more strength to withstand the force of winds, and because the unfavourable circumstance which caused the interior to decay may effect the total destruction of the tree.

To Increase the Odour of Roses.—A

German horticultural writer recommends a large onion to be planted by the side of the rose-tree, in such a manner that it shall touch the foot of the latter. The roses which will be produced will have an odour much stronger and more agreeable than such as have not been thus treated; and the water distilled from these roses is equally superior to that prepared by means of ordinary rose leaves.

Preparation of Blacking.—Take of plaister ground and sifted 2lbs. 4oz., lamp-black about 9oz., barley malt, as used by brewers, 15oz., olive oil 1oz.; steep the malt in water almost boiling hot until the soluble portions are well extracted; put the solution into a basin, stir into it the plaister and lampblack, and evaporate to the consistency of paste; then add the oil, the quantity of which may be increased by degrees. To the mixture may be added, if desired, a few drops of oil of lemons, or of lavender, as a perfume. If ground plaister be not attainable, its place may be supplied with potter's clay. This, which is the composition of a French chemist, M. Braconnot, is undoubtedly the cheapest and finest blacking; it spreads evenly, dries and shines quickly on the leather by a slight friction of the brush, and has not the objection of burning the leather.

Destruction of Moles.—The following method of destroying these mischievous little animals has been practised in France with much success. A number of worms must be procured, killed, and powdered with pulverized *vonica-nut*; the whole is to be mixt, and left for twenty-four hours. The mole tracks are then to be opened, and two or three of these worms placed in each hole. If the meadow be large they cannot be placed in every hole, but by multiplying them as much as possible, a good result is sure to be obtained.

Powder Mills.—Although great care is taken to exclude from these manufactories all articles of iron, and to substitute copper and other metals in the metallic parts of the machinery, which will not strike fire, yet it is well known that explosions, attended with disastrous consequences, are very frequent. Excited by an occurrence of this nature, Colonel Aubert, of the French artillery, was induced, in conjunction with Captain Tardy, to resume some experiments which he had successfully tried to ascertain whether gunpowder would not explode by the shock of copper. The result was, that powder would inflame by the stroke of copper upon copper, or upon the alloys of copper. This gave rise to further investigations in presence of the Committee of Safety, and it was ascertained that gunpowder could be exploded by the stroke of iron upon iron, iron upon copper, copper upon cop-

per, iron upon marble, and, by using the ballistic pendulum, by lead upon lead, and, with suitable precautions, even by lead upon wood. The experiments were successful both with English and French powder, and clearly show that in all the manipulations of a powder manufactory, all violent shocks and percussions should be carefully avoided, since they may occasion the disengagement of sufficient heat to produce the inflammation of powder.

Fluid Object Glass Telescopes.—Messrs. Gilberts have executed, under the direction of Professor Barlow, two telescopes, with fluid object glasses. The smaller has an aperture of 3.25 inches, the larger of 6 inches. The smaller glass, with a power of 46 shews the star Polaris, distinctly double, with the small star well defined; and with higher powers, all the double stars of Sir W. Herschel's third class are distinctly separated, and several of the second class. In the larger class, a secondary spectrum is formed, which is very obvious with light stars, as Lyrae and Arcturus, but with smaller stars scarcely perceptible. The inventor expects to remove it by altering the mixture of his fluids. The tube is materially shortened, by separating the fluid glass lens, by a considerable interval, from the exterior lens of crown glass. The principle is said to be different from that of the late Dr. Blair, whose son is still actively engaged in giving effect to his father's discovery. He has object glasses of Dr. Blair's construction, in which the fluid has been now enclosed the long space of twenty-one years, without suffering the slightest alteration. The telescope on which Mr. Blair is at present employed, will have 5½ inches aperture, and 5 feet focal length.

Fossil Bones.—In a cavern in the commune of Lunel-Viel, recently explored, there have been found the bones of twenty-one recognized species, imbedded in a fresh water alluvium; they are heaped together in a confused manner, sometimes entire, often broken and mutilated, but never worn or rounded—they include two varieties of the hyena, the lion, bear, rhinoceros, horse, deer, ox, shark, and sea tortoise.—Professor Buckland, on visiting the cavern of Oiselles, near Besançon, which was an object of curiosity from the brilliancy of its stalactites, observed that it had all the appearances of the caverns of bones in Franconia, he was therefore led to examine the soil, and found his conjecture verified. On further investigation it has been found to contain as surprising a quantity of bones as the caves of Franconia; but it is remarkable that these bones, without exception, belong to the *ursus speleus*.

Barometrical Reductions.—Various tables have been published by different

authors, to reduce observations of the barometer to a standard temperature, the following method appears easy and simple:—The expansion of mercury from 32°

to 212 is, according to De Luc $\frac{1}{56}$ —Lavoisier and La Place, $\frac{1}{55.22}$ —Hallstrom,

$\frac{1}{55}$ —Dulong and Petit, $\frac{1}{55.5}$ —the mean of

these is $\frac{1}{55.43}$ —this for each degree of

Fahrenheit's scale $= \frac{1}{9977.4} = .00010023$

which does not differ sensibly from $\frac{1}{10000}$

—if then before the first three figures of the observed height we place two cyphers, and multiply by the excess or defect of the temperature from 32°—the product subtracted or added to the observed height will give the required reduction. For example, let the observed height of the barometer be 30.597, and the temperature of the mercury 74° — $.00306 + 74 - 32 = .129$ and $30.597 - .129 = 30.468$ the corrected height.

Professor Airey's left Eye.—Some two or three years ago, Mr. Airey accidentally discovered that his left eye was totally useless; some considerable time afterwards, he made the further discovery that there was something peculiar in the refraction of that eye. By a mathematician and philosopher of less pretensions than Mr. Airey this might have been unheeded; but as new lights are now *à la mode*, he followed it up by instituting a course of apposite experiments on the defective eye, and ascertained that it had a different refractive focus in two planes at right angles to each other. He, in consequence, procured a double concave lens, with one surface spherical, the other cylindrical, having previously calculated the radii which would be required; and we have the satisfaction of learning that the defective eye can now be used in almost every respect as well as the other, in fact, like many other sons of *alma mater*, he is now enabled to see double; but the above explanation may serve to account for a certain obliquity of vision we had occasion to remark a few months ago.

Remarkable Hybrid.—A correspondent of M. de Freussac has advertised him of the production, at Berlin, of an animal between a stag and a mare—the appearance of the creature is very singular, the fore part being that of a horse, the hinder part that of a stag, but all the feet like those of the latter animal. From the intimacy of the same stag with another mare, a second specimen is confidently anticipated.

Arrhenomorphous Hen Pheasants.—It has been usually supposed, that the circumstance of hen pheasants assuming to a certain degree the male plumage, takes place only at an advanced age. Mr. Yarrell, F.L.S., has discovered that it may occur at any period of life, and even be produced artificially. In all the instances which he has examined the sexual organs were found diseased, and to a greater or less extent in proportion to the change of plumage. A partridge, too, having a white bar across the breast, and the first three primaries in each wing white, exhibited on dissection the same sort of organic disease. Mr. Yarrell, however, ascertained that the change of plumage in the pheasant was not necessarily an immediate consequence of the disease, as also that all variations of plumage are not traceable to this cause; in most of the excepted instances, however, the individuals are dwarf birds; and he attributes their variety to defective secretion, the effect of weakness.

Encke's Comet.—This comet, at its appearance in 1818, was suspected to be the same with that which had been observed in 1805 and 1786; its elements were afterwards calculated by M. Encke, who assigned it a period of $3\frac{1}{2}$ years only; and,

in perfect agreement with his determination, it has since been observed in 1822 and 1825; its next return to its perihelion it is calculated will take place on 10th January 1829. But in comparing the elements deduced from its later appearances, with its observed place, in 1805 and 1786, there are discrepancies amounting to 24 minutes in A.R. and dec. M. Damoiseau attributes these to errors in the earlier observations. M. Encke, however, thought them too considerable to be thus accounted for, and recurred to the hypothesis of a resisting ether. He has lately announced that, by taking into consideration this tangential force, and making a suitable supposition in relation to its intensity, these great differences might be made to disappear, or at least to be so reduced as to be attributable to errors in the observations; this comet then may be destined to exhibit to us the effects of a force, of the necessity of which no other phenomenon has ever yet made us sensible; no doubt the effects of that resistance would be greater in the motion of comets than of planets, as their density is incomparably less; but it must require a great number of revolutions of that body to establish so delicate a point in astronomical science.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A Portrait of Lady Jemima Mann, daughter of Earl Cornwallis, from a Painting by Pickersgill, is in preparation—and will form the 38th of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility and Ladies of Distinction.

Mr. Leitch Ritchie is preparing for publication, in two volumes, 8vo., a Series of Essays, Literary and Biographical, on the private characters and domestic Life of celebrated English Writers, with the title of *The Loves and Marriages of Authors*.

Illustrations of the University of Cambridge, being a Series of Picturesque Views, representing the Colleges, Halls, and other Public Buildings, also the different Parochial Churches, are announced for publication.

Mr. Frederick Salmon, Surgeon to the General Dispensary, and formerly House-Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, has in the Press, a Practical Treatise upon Stricture of the Rectum—illustrating, by cases, the connexion of that Disease, with Affections of the Urinary Organs, the Uterus, and with Piles.

An Original Treatise on Self-Knowledge. By the late Stephen Drew, Esq., Barrister, Jamaica, will shortly appear in 2 vols, 8vo.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1828, will appear on the 1st of January. The principal Memoirs will be those of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, the Marquis of Hastings, the Right Hon. George Canning, Lord De Tabley, William Gifford, Esq., John Flaxman, Esq., Charles Mills, Esq., Philip Rundell, Esq., Miss Benger, John Nicholls, Esq., Archdeacon Daubeny, Dr. Evans, Signor Ugo Foscolo, Mr. Thomas Holloway, Dr. Kitchiner, &c. &c.

Travels in Sicily and the Lipari Islands. By a Naval Officer.

The Rev. Edward Mangin, of Bath, has in the Press, a Translation, with Additions, of the Life of the celebrated Naval Chief-tain, Jean Bart.

Sketches of Modern Greece. By a young Volunteer in the Greek Service.

Mr. W. Orme, Author of the *Memoirs of Urquhart*, has in the Press, *The Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit and the Doctrine of Spiritual Influence*, considered in several Discourses, with Notes and Illustrations.

Mr. Robert Vaughan is preparing, in 2 vols, 8vo., *The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D.D.*, illustrated principally from his unpublished Manuscripts, with a preliminary View of the Papal System, and of the State of the Protestant Doctrine in

Europe, to the Commencement of the Fourteenth Century.

The Rev. H. C. O'Donnoghue, of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Domestic Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunraven, will publish shortly an Essay, entitled *Marriage*.

Dr. Armstrong is about to publish an octavo volume on the Remote Causes, Prevention, Nature, and Treatment of Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. This work will be preceded by a Series of Coloured Drawings, in 4to., with copious letter-press, illustrative of the Morbid Anatomy of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Tales of an Antiquary, by the Author of *Chronicles of London Bridge*.

Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries, by Leigh Hunt, will appear in January.

Seven Years of the King's Theatre, by Mr. Ebers, the late Lessee, is announced.

The Subaltern's Log-Book, during Two Voyages to and from India, with Reminiscences and Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters.

Mr. Carne, Author of *Letters from the East*, has in the Press, *Tales of the West*, illustrative of the Habits and Manners of the various classes of the Population in the Western Counties of England.

Viscount de Chateaubriand's *Travels in America and Italy*.

Tales of Passion, by the Author of *Gilbert Earle*.

The Roué, a Novel of real Life.

Yes and No, by Lord Normanby, the author of *Matilda*.

The Night Watch, or *Tales of the Sea*, by a Naval Officer: being Sketches in Various styles of Sea Life and Manners.

The Confessions of an Old Maid, intended as a Companion to *Confessions of an Old Bachelor*.

George Godfrey, a Novel, chiefly touching on Commercial Life and Peculiarities, and intended as a Satire, among other things, on certain Stock Exchange and recent City Proceedings.

Mr. Britton's *History and Illustrations of Peterborough Cathedral*, will be completed in February 1828; and consist of Sixteen Engravings, by J. Le Keux, &c.

No. I. of *Gloucester Cathedral*, at the same time.

A Dictionary of Cookery, Confectionery, &c. &c. &c., will appear in January.

Mr. W. J. Thoms announces for the next of his Series of Early Prose Romances, *The History of Helias, Knight of the Swan*, from the unique copy, printed by Copland, in the Garrick Collection.

The famous *History of Fryer Bacon*, with the Lives of the two Conjurors, Bungye and Vandersnash, will form the Tenth Part of Mr. W. J. Thom's Series of Early Prose Romances.

The Author of the *Tale of a Modern Genius* (Mr. J. F. Pennie) has nearly ready

a Tragedy, entitled *Ethelwolf*; or, the Danish Pirates, which has been produced at one of the Minor Theatres.

The Third and Fourth Volumes of Mr. Cradock's *Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs* will soon appear, containing a Life of the Author, accompanied by two Portraits; copious additional Anecdotes of his eminent Contemporaries; and Re-prints of Mr. Cradock's former Publications. Edited by J. B. Nichols, Esq.

Professor Scholefield is editing a New Edition of the *Tragedies of Æschylus*, 8vo.

The Rev. Edward Patteson is about to publish an Exposition of the Morning, Evening, and Communion Services in the Liturgy of the Church of England. In Thirteen Lectures. 12mo.

The Bishop of Down and Connor is preparing, *Biographical Notices of the Apostles, Evangelists, and other Saints*. With Reflexions adapted to the Minor Festivals of the Church. In 1 volume, 8vo.

The Rev. George Croly has in the Press, a Second Edition of his *New Interpretation of the Apocalypse of St. John*.

The Fourth and concluding Volume of the Rev. H. Soames' *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, is in the Press.

Mr. M. Brydges is preparing, in 1 volume, 8vo., a *History of the Roman Empire under Constantine the Great*.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

FINE ARTS.

A Portrait of Lady Burke, sister of J. Calcraft, Esq. M.P., forming the thirty-seventh of a series of Portraits of the Female Nobility and Ladies of Distinction.

Pugin and Le Keux's Engraved Specimens of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, consisting of Eighty Engravings, by the latter Artist, illustrating various examples of the Christian Architecture of that Province. Medium 4to. 6 guineas, and imperial 4to. 10 guineas.

Picturesque Views of the English Cities, from Drawings, by G. F. Robson, in one Volume. Medium 4to. 4 guineas. Imperial 4to. proofs, 8l. This work consists of 32 Engravings, by J. Le Keux, Varral, Tomblason, Taylor, Jeavons, Redaway, Woolnoth, &c.; and is edited by J. Britton.

Vol. II. of *Illustrations of the Public Buildings of London*, with 72 Engravings, and Historical and Descriptive Accounts of all the Edifices represented. Edited by J. Britton, F.S.A. Medium 8vo. 2 guineas and a half; Imperial 8vo. 4 guineas, and 4to. with Proofs on India Paper, 7 guineas.

LAW.

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West's Reports of Chancellor Hardwicke. Vol. I. Royal 8vo. 1l. 10s. boards.

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Practical Remarks on the recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the Means of Improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Equity, by Joseph Parkes, 8vo. 15s. boards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Burke's Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage. A new Edition, corrected to the present time, and greatly enlarged. 11. 11s. 6d.

A Treatise on the Steam Engine, Historical, Practical, and Descriptive. By John Farey, Engineer. Illustrated by numerous Wood-cuts and 25 Copper-plates; engraved by Wilson Lowry, from Drawings by Mr. Farey. In 1 vol. 4to. 5l. 5s. boards.

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A Walk through Derby, containing a concise account of the Public Buildings in that Town, with 23 Engravings. 3s. boards.

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Tredgold on Steam Engines, 4to. 2l. 2s. boards.

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The Annals of Jamaica, by the Rev. George Wilson Bridges, A.M., Vol. I. 15s. boards. Vol. 2 is in the press.

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PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed in November 1827.

[Omitted last Month].

James Smethurst, of New Bond-street, in the county of Middlesex, lamp manufacturer, for an improvement, or improvements upon lamps.—6th November; 2 months.

Frederick Foveaux Weiss, of the Strand, in the city of Westminster, and county of Middlesex, surgeon's instrument maker, for his invention of certain improvements in the construction of spurs—6th November; 2 months.

James White, of Paradise-street, Lambeth, in the county of Surrey, engineer, for his invention of a machine, or apparatus, for spring—8th November; 2 months.

John Platt, of Salford, near Manchester, in the county of Lancaster, fustian-dresser, by virtue of certain communications made to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, for an invention, of which he is in possession, of certain improvements in machinery for combing wool, and other fibrous materials—10th November; six months.

William Collier, of Salford, in the county of Lancaster, fustian-shearer, in consequence of certain communications made to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, for an invention of certain improvements in the power-loom, for weaving—10th November; 6 months.

John Walker, Esq., of Weymouth-street, in the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, in the county of Middlesex, for his invention of an improved castor for furniture—17th November; 2 months.

Henry Pinkus, of the city of Philadelphia, state of Pennsylvania, in the United States of America, gentleman, for his having invented, or found out, an improved method of purifying carburetted hydrogen gas, for the purpose of illumination—17th November; six months.

Samuel Seville, of Brownhill, in the parish of Bisley, in the county of Gloucester, clothier, for his invention of certain improvements, applicable to raising the pile, and dressing woollen and other cloths—20th November; six months.

List of Patents, which having been granted in December 1813, expired in the month of December, 1827.

4. Samuel Tyrrell, Paddington, Sussex, for his broad-cast rowing machine.

9. John Waterman, Wyler, York, for an improvement in musical instruments.

—Thomas Wright, London, for a method of making a composition for dyeing scarlet and other colours.

14. John Twarbreck Rogers, Chester, for a mode of making plain and mixed woollen yarn.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. V. NO. 25.

14. Joseph White, Leeds, for improvements in steam-engines.

20. William Allamus Day, Poplar, for a method of extracting all the grass, or mucilaginous matter from Whales' blubber, so as to improve the oil.

—William Spratley, London, for an improved axle-tree for carriage wheels.

—John Sutherland, Liverpool, for an improved copper and iron sugar pans and boilers.

24. Lord Cochrane, for improved lamps.

—Ralph Sutton, Birmingham, for a security against the accidental discharge of fire-arms.

—James Cavanagh Murphy, London, for an Arabian method of preventing decay in timber, &c.

New Patents sealed in December 1827.

To Robert Wheeler, of High Wycombe, brewer, for his having invented or found out an improvement or improvements on or in refrigerators for cooling fluids—Sealed 22d November; 6 months.

To William John Dowding, of Poulshot, clothier, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for rolling or rollering wood from the carriage-engine—22d November; 2 months.

To John Roberts, of Wood-street, Cheapside, engineer, and George Upton, of Queen-street, Cheapside, oil-merchant, for their invention of certain improvements on argand and other lamps—24th November; 6 months.

To John Alexander Fulton, of Laurence Pountney Lane, spice-merchant, for his invention of a process of preparing or bleaching pepper—26th November; 6 months.

To Joseph Apsey, of John-street, Waterloo-road, engineer, for his invention of an improvement in machinery to be used as a substitute for the crank—27th November; 2 months.

To Joshua Jenour, jun., of Brighton-street, St. Pancras, gentleman, for his new-invented cartridge, or case, and method of more advantageously inclosing therein shot, or other missiles, for the purpose of loading fire-arms and guns, of different descriptions—28th November; 6 months.

To Thomas Bonner, of Monkwearmouth-shore, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements on safety-lamps—4th December; 6 months.

To William Fawcett, of Liverpool, engineer, and Matthew Clark, of the island of Jamaica, engineer, for their invention of improved apparatus for the better manufacture of sugar from the canes—4th December; 6 months.

To Robert Water Winfield, of Birmingham, brass-founder, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in tubes or

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rods, produced by a new method or method of manufacturing, and in the construction of and for manufacturing the same, with various other improvements, into parts of bedsteads and other articles—4th December; 6 months.

To John Meaden, of Milbrook, near Southampton, coach-maker, for his invention of certain improvements on wheels for carriages—4th December; 6 months.

To Samuel Wilkinson, of Holbeck, mechanic, for his invention of improvements in mangles, which he intends to denominate "Bullman's Patent Cabinet Mangle"—4th December; 6 months.

To Maurice de Jough, of Warrington, cotton-spinner, for his invention of an improvement or improvements in machines, adapted for spinning, doubling, twisting, roving, or preparing cotton, and other fibrous substances—4th December; 6 months.

To Thomas Tyndall, of Birmingham, gent., in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, for an improvement in the manufacture of buttons, and in the machinery or apparatus for manufacturing the same—4th December; 6 months.

To Daniel Ledsam and William Jones, of Birmingham, manufacturers, for their invention of certain improvements in machinery for cutting sprigs, brads, and nails—4th December; 6 months.

To Joseph Robinson, of Merchant's-row, Limehouse, brush-maker, for his invention of an improvement in the manufacture of brushes of certain descriptions, and in the manufacture of a material or materials, and the application thereof to the manufacture of brushes and other purposes—4th December; 6 months.

To Paul Steenstrup, esq., of Basing-lane, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery for propelling vessels, which improvements are applicable to other purposes—11th December; 6 months.

To John Harvey, of Hoxton, saddler, for his invention of certain improvements on the power-loom for the weaving of silk, cotton, linen, wool, flax, and hemp, and all mixtures thereof—13th December; 6 months.

To Ralph Rewcastle, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, millwright, for his invention of a new and improved method of ballasting ships or vessels—13th December; 6 months.

To Robert Stein, gent., of Regent-street, Oxford-street, for his invention of an improvement in applying heat to the purpose of distillation—13th December; 6 months.

To Henry Peto, of Little-Britain, surveyor and builder, for his invention of an apparatus for generating power—13th December; 6 months.

To Frederick Benjamin Geithner, of Birmingham, brass-founder, for his inventions of certain improvements on casters, for furniture, and other useful purposes—13th December; 6 months.

To Joseph Anthony Berollas, of Nelson-street, City-road, watch-manufacturer, for his having invented, or found out, a method of winding-up a pocket-watch, or clock, without a key, which he calls, "Berollas's keyless watch or clock;" and also a certain improvement to be applied to his late-invented detached alarm-watch—13th December; 2 months.

To Andrew Motz Skene, esq., Lieutenant R. N., of Jermyn-street, for his having invented and found out an improvement or improvements in the mode of propelling vessels through the water, and for working under-shot water-mills—15th December; 6 months.

To John Lee Stevens, of Plymouth, merchant, for his having invented or found out a new or improved method or methods of propelling vessels through or on the water, by the aid of steam, or other means or power, and for its application to other purposes—18th December; 6 months.

To Thomas Tyndall, gent., of Birmingham, in consequence of a communication made to him by a foreigner, residing abroad, for certain improvements in the machinery to be employed in making nails, brads, and screws—18th December; 6 months.

To John George, esq., of Chancery-lane, barrister-at-law, for his having found out or discovered an invention for preserving decked ships, or vessels, so as to render them less liable to dry-rot, and for preserving goods on board such ships and vessels, from damage by heat—18th December; 6 months.

To Thomas Stanhope Holland, esq., for his invention of certain combinations of machinery, for generating and communicating power and motion applicable to propelling of fixed machinery, as also floating bodies, carriages, and other locomotive machines—19th December; 6 months.

To William Harland, M.D., of Scarborough, for his having invented certain improvements in apparatus, or machinery, for propelling locomotive carriages; which improvements are also applicable to other useful purposes—21st December; 6 months.

To Charles Augustus Ferguson, of Mill-Wall, Poplar, mast-maker, and James Falconer Atlee, gent., of Prospect-place, Deptford, for their invention of certain improvements in the construction of made masts—22d December; 6 months.

To William Hale, of Colchester, merchant, for his invention of certain improvements in machinery or apparatus for propelling vessels—22d December; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in January 1814, expire in the present month of January 1828.

10. William Stocker, Martock, Somerset, for an improved liquor cock.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

JOSEPH PLANTA, ESQ., F.R.S.

This gentleman, who has been for several years known as the principal librarian of the British Museum, is a native of Switzerland. He was born on the 21st of February 1744; and was educated under the eye of his father, who, during his latter years, was an officer of the British Museum. With the usual accomplishments of a scholar, Mr. Planta became master of the most important modern languages. After having been employed some time abroad, he returned to England in 1772; and, on the death of his father, in 1773, he succeeded him, as an assistant librarian in the Museum. In 1774, Mr. Planta became a Fellow of the Royal Society; he soon afterwards had the honour of conducting the foreign correspondence of that learned body; and, in 1776, he was elected to the office of its secretary. In the latter year, also, he became under-librarian of the British Museum; an appointment which he held until 1799, when, on the death of Dr. Morton, he was advanced to the office of principal librarian. Such he remained until the day of his death.

Although a foreigner, no man could be more generally esteemed, or could discharge more satisfactorily, the onerous duties of his office. It is related of Mr. Planta, that when the Emperor Alexander, of Russia, on going over the library, happened to remark that the Museum of Paris contained a superior collection of the rare, of the curious, and of the valuable—he replied, “Your Majesty should consider that we have nothing here but what has been honestly bought and paid for.”

Mr. Planta's son was, several years since, introduced into the Secretary of State's office; and, for some time, he was under-secretary to the late Marquess of Londonderry, by whom he was much and confidentially employed, in his important negotiations on the continent.

The late Mr. Planta had distinguished himself in the world of letters. He published “An Essay on the Runic, or Scandinavian Language;” “The History of Helvetia,” in two volumes, quarto, in 1800; and, in 1802, a “Catalogue of the MSS. in the Cottonian library.” Not long since he produced “a Short History of the Restoration of the Helvetic Republic.”

Mr. Planta died on the 3d of December; and, on Sunday the 9th, his remains were interred in the parish church of St. George, Bloomsbury. They were attended to the grave by his son, and also by the chief officers of the Museum.

Mr. Planta has been succeeded in his office of principal librarian of the British Museum, by Henry Ellis, F.A.S. and LL.D., one of the Secretaries of the Society of Antiquaries, and Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum. Mr. Ellis is well known as the

author and editor of many valuable publications.

THE EARL OF TRAQUAIR.

Charles Stuart, Earl of Traquair, Baron Stuart of Traquair, and Lord Linton and Caverston, and a Baronet, was born about the year 1744. His ancestor was James Stuart, a natural son of James, Earl of Buchan, who obtained a charter of legitimation in the year 1488-9; and, by his marriage with Catherine, daughter and sole heir of Richard Rutherford, he obtained the Baronies of Rutherford and Wells, in the county of Roxburgh. He was killed, with James the Fourth of Scotland, at the battle of Flodden Field. His grandson, John, was created Baron Stuart, of Traquair, in 1628, and Baron Linton, and Earl of Traquair, in 1643. From him, the sixth in succession to the title, was the late Earl. He married, in 1773, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of George Ravenscroft, of Wickham, in the county of Lincoln, Esq., and, by her, who died at Madrid, in 1796, he had issue a son and a daughter. His lordship died at his seat, Traquair House, Peeblesshire, on the 15th of October. He is succeeded by his only son John, Lord Linton, now Earl of Traquair, born on the 31st of January, 1781.

MADAME GUIZOT.

The name of Madame Guizot, the daughter of M. de Meulan, by his wife Jeanne de Saint Chamans, has long been familiar to every person acquainted with modern French literature. Elizabeth Charlotte Pauline de Meulan, was born on the 2d of November, 1773. Her father, one of the friends of M. Neckar, held an important office in the finance department. The education of Mademoiselle de Meulan experienced every attention; but, although she acquired knowledge with the utmost facility, it was not until a considerably advanced period that she evinced either genius or talent. M. de Meulan's fortune was destroyed at the commencement of the Revolution; and, as he died in 1790, it can scarcely be said that he survived its loss. Of quick and lively feelings, it was then that Mademoiselle de Meulan's powers were called into action. Her mind rapidly developed itself; yet it was not till the year 1794 that she became impressed, instantaneously as it were, with the consciousness of her intellectual superiority. She then devoted herself to a life of moral activity. She felt herself opposed to the progress of the Revolution, not in its political theory, but in its practice of despotism. Her mother, her sister, the whole of her family, were suffering

around her. Something whispered to her that she alone could save them. She determined to write for the public; and, under the auspices of M. Suard, and M. Devaines, men of genius, and old friends of her family, she produced a lively and piquante romance, entitled *Des Contradictions*. Her second romance, *La Chapelle d'Ayton*, was founded upon an English work of fiction. It evinced great spirit and feeling; and, as well as its precursor, was very successful. About the same time, Mademoiselle de Meulan wrote various articles on general literature, the drama, &c. in *Le Publiciste*, a paper edited by M. Suard, and in other journals. Some of these papers have been collected under the title of *Essais de Littérature et de Morale*.

Hitherto, it must be allowed, Mademoiselle de Meulan has displayed more genius than judgment: her opinions were deficient in precision and consistency; her principles were unfixed and incongruous. In the month of March, 1807, the death of M. Dillon, her brother-in-law, and a decline of health, obliged her to suspend her literary pursuits. An incident remarkable in its character occurred. She received a letter from a person, who, without naming himself, offered to write for her in *Le Publiciste* as long as she pleased. At first she declined the offer; but, on renewed application, she acceded. In consequence she soon received several articles in happy accordance with her own taste and feelings. Still the author remained concealed; conjecture and inquiry proved equally futile. At length, after a fortnight's suspense, she addressed her mysterious correspondent through the medium of the paper; and the result was that M. Guizot, a young gentleman of a Protestant family, avowed and presented himself. M. Guizot was born at Nîmes in 1787; consequently, at the time of his introduction to M. de Meulan, he was only twenty years of age, and fourteen years younger than the lady. Notwithstanding this disparity of age—and on the wrong side too—there seems to have been a perfect congeniality of sentiment and character between the parties. M. Guizot had been sent to Geneva for his education, and had studied principally philosophy and German literature. From Geneva he went to Paris, where he devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. The most friendly intimacy succeeded the first interview between M. Guizot and Mademoiselle de Meulan; to friendship succeeded exclusive preference, and passionate tenderness; but it was not till 1812 that they were married. Monsieur and Madame Guizot conjointly edited, at different times, *Le Publiciste*, *La Gazette de France*, *Le Mercure*, and *Les Archives Littéraires*. Madame

Guizot's attention became more particularly devoted to moral philosophy, and to the science of education. Her husband had undertaken the publication of a periodical entitled *Les Annales de l'Éducation*; and to that work Madame Guizot contributed various articles: amongst others, the *Journal of a Mother*, which contains the germ of her last and greatest production, *Les Lettres de Famille sur l'Éducation Domestique*, published in 1826. About the time that she was a contributor to the *Annals of Education*, she produced two volumes of tales, entitled *Les Enfants*, which have been much and deservedly admired.

Until the year 1814, M. Guizot was known only as a literary man; but, after the Restoration, he obtained, under the protection of the Abbé Montesquieu, the office of Secretary General to the Minister of the Interior; and, after the return of the king from Ghent, he was made Secretary General to the Minister of Justice. He was also Royal Censor till that office was suppressed. M. Guizot's entrance into public life allowed his wife a season of repose. In 1820, however, he retired, and Madame Guizot resumed her pen. This was chiefly to aid her with the means of educating her child. In 1821, she published *L'Ecolier*, a romance of education which obtained for her the prize of the Academy. In 1823, appeared her *Nouveaux Contes*; and, in 1826, as already mentioned, her *Letters on Domestic Education*.

It was soon after this that Madame Guizot was attacked by a slow disease, against which she unsuccessfully struggled for nearly a twelvemonth. At length she resigned herself to her fate. On the 30th of July, 1827, she tenderly and tranquilly bade adieu to her husband, her son, and her family. On the morning of the 1st of August, she requested her husband to read to her. He read a letter of Fénelon's for a sick person; after which he began a sermon of Bossuet, on the Immortality of the Soul. In the midst of this sermon she expired. Madame Guizot was buried according to the rites of the Reformed Church—the religion of her husband, and the only form of worship the funeral ceremonies of which presented nothing contrary to the tenets of her belief.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

The Right Reverend George Tomline, D. D., Lord Bishop of Winchester, Prelate of the Order of the Garter, Provincial Sub Dean of Canterbury, and Visitor of Magdalene, New Trinity, St. John's, and Corpus Christi Colleges, Oxford, F. R. S., &c., was born about the year 1750. His family name was Prettyman. He was the

son of a tradesman at Bury St. Edmonds, in the county of Suffolk; and, at the grammar school there, he, with his brother, John Prettyman, received the early part of his education. From Bury he was removed to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he was distinguished as a good classical scholar and mathematician. In 1772, he came out senior wrangler; and, having been elected a Fellow, in 1781, he served the office of moderator.

Fortunately for Mr. Prettyman, Mr. William Pitt, afterwards the celebrated premier, was sent as a student to Pembroke Hall College. To what is generally termed chance, but which others regard as the special provision of Providence, he was greatly indebted. The Earl of Chatham, when upon a visit to his son at Cambridge, was one day in conversation with the master of the college, respecting the future prospects of the youth. He inquired if he could recommend to him a person competent to take upon himself the office of his tutor. The master paused for a moment—looked out of the window, and then pointing to a person who was passing at a little distance, exclaimed, yes; the young man walking yonder will exactly suit your Lordship's purpose. The person thus indicated was Mr. Prettyman. Lord Chatham immediately sent for, and engaged him as tutor to his son.

When Mr. Pitt became Chancellor of the Exchequer, he proved himself not unmindful of his college instructor. Aware of his general talents for business, and especially of his great skill in calculation, he took him to be his private secretary. He also obtained for him, in the first instance, the valuable rectory of Sudbury, with the chapelry of Orford, in Suffolk; and then, a prebendal stall, in the church of St. Peter, Westminster. Upon the translation of Dr. Thurlow, to the see of Durham, in 1787, Dr. Prettyman was, in opposition to the claims of some of the first men on the bench of bishops, appointed Bishop of Lincoln; and, soon afterwards, Dean of St. Paul's. He is said to have been offered the bishopric of London, but to have declined it.

While his lordship was private secretary to Mr. Pitt, he was most severely and unjustly satirised, by the author of the work entitled, "Probationary Odes for the vacant Laureateship." In that work, he was designated as a man destitute of all regard for truth. The reverse of this was the fact; for, in point of integrity, his character was at all times irreproachable; and he possessed an urbanity of manner and an easiness of access, which endeared him to all. As a bishop, he governed his diocese in a most exemplary manner, being vigilant, impartial, and com-

passionate. Of his attention and benevolence, the inferior clergy experienced abundant and substantial proofs.

In the year 1796, Dr. Prettyman published a sermon, which he delivered in the cathedral church of St. Paul, before the King and both Houses of Parliament, on the day of thanksgiving for the success of his Majesty's fleets. The style of that discourse (as is that of all his other sermons, &c.) is simple and perspicuous, pathetic, and animated by a glow of devotional feeling.

In 1799, the Bishop of Lincoln published his celebrated *Elements of Christian Theology*, in two volumes, octavo. This work, though professedly written for the use of students in divinity, is also admirably adapted for general perusal. In the interpretation of the thirty-nine articles, great good sense and liberality are evinced; and it is remarkable, that although the work exhibits a strong vein of orthodoxy, the right reverend author expresses himself in terms unfavourable respecting the Athanasian creed; not, indeed, on account of its doctrine, but for the damnatory clauses which it contains. The bishop's *Elements of Theology* were keenly attacked by Mr. William Friend, in a series of letters to the author.

His lordship published, in the succeeding year, a Charge to the Clergy of his diocese; and, in 1812, came out his triumphant *Refutation of the Charge of Calvinism against the Church of England*.

It was in the year 1820, that his lordship was translated to the See of Winchester, the second bishopric, in point of emolument, in the kingdom, and bringing with it the prelacy of the order of the garter. His latest publication was a *Life of his pupil and patron, Mr. Pitt*; but the work was not distinguished by that peculiarity of information, which he was considered qualified to impart, and which the public consequently expected.

Some years since, a person to whom the bishop was almost unknown, left him a very considerable fortune, on condition of his taking the name of Tomline.

His lordship had recently become a widower; and the loss of the companion of a long life, evidently preyed upon his spirits. Previously to that event, his appearance was, for his age, remarkably hale and vigorous. While upon a visit to his friend, H. Banks, Esq., at Kingstou Hall, near Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, the Bishop of Winchester was seized with a paralytical affection, which, as was at an early period anticipated, terminated in his death. He died on the 8th of November. Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Llandaff, is promoted to the See of Winchester, vacated by his death.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

YESTERDAY morning brought a change of the weather, giving hopes of a period to the constant rains, which, during many weeks past, have deluged the country. In the northern parts, especially, great hindrance has thence arisen to the culture of the soil, to wheat sowing, and considerable damage to the young wheats, much of the plants being washed out of the ground, together with the manure, and some activity of the slug experienced. On the best soils, though the wheats look most beautifully healthy and luxuriant, they are deemed somewhat too *proud* and forward, to the apprehended premature exhaustion of the substance of the roots. The turnip has wonderfully improved, the mildew abated, and on the best soils the crop is great. Never was a more plentiful grazing season, or one in which dry fodder has been more spared for spring use, or in which the stock of roots was more abundant—most fortunate, should the winter prove severe, as has been prognosticated, on the continent; an idea which receives some countenance from the early visits of wild fowl to our rivers. In the north, the damage to the wheat crop, from the variable and wet latter harvest, has been great; and few good samples will be produced from those parts. Their barley, also, has been much damaged, and is selling at a very low price. A similar complaint is made of all kinds of live stock, pigs excepted, which still retain their full market value, or even an increase, in all parts. Tilths, too, are backward in the north. The reverse of all this, however, is, fortunately, the case, on all our good lands southwards. Wool remains in every part of the country in the same dull state, with the exception noted in our last.

Wherever the harvest was protracted and difficult, the sample of both wheat and barley is considerably inferior in weight and quality to that of last year. Farmers, in general, have thrashed very freely, yet good wheats bear a high price, and find a ready sale, whilst the inferior are scarcely moveable, at a very low comparative rate. There seems yet, notwithstanding former reports, a sufficient stock of old wheat on hand to grind with the inferior new. Beans and peas, not fortunately harvested, are, in course, soft and not readily saleable. Potatoes, as we before stated, are a great crop, and purchased at a low price, in the distant counties, and in Scotland, for the London markets. They make a large and comfortable bread-store through every season. In our great cattle districts, stock of the improved kind, fetch great and satisfactory prices. Sheep, notwithstanding former losses by mortality, are sufficiently numerous for the demand, and mutton is lower in proportion than beef. In the horse markets, there is no noticeable variation; good ones of all kinds are neither plentiful nor cheap. Nothing is yet said of preparation for the forward crops. Notwithstanding the crop of apples was so abundant, that cider is much below the price of late years, considerable quantities of apples have been imported. It seems probable that good wheats will hold their price throughout the ensuing season; and that flesh-meat, from the very favourable circumstances which have attended grazing during autumn, and the great stock of winter provision, will experience a reduction of price.

The Smithfield cattle-show still maintains its full attraction with farmers, graziers, and the public, though it is remarked that few of the men of rank, formerly its constant visitors, have, of late years, honoured it with their presence. Manufacturing and engineering ingenuity is annually on the rack to produce something new, oftentimes useful for this exhibition; and the farmers are by no means reluctant or backward with their encouragement. Feeding for the show is, as much as ever, the fiddle and hobby-horse of the country; and bullocks, fattened up, at vast expenses, to elephantine dimensions and weight, do not, indeed, travel post, but are sent up five or six score miles from the country in carriages or by water! Even the ladies, in imitation of the late-lamented and patriotic Duchess of Rutland, have caught the make-fat mania, and we had, at the late show, a fine beast fattened by Miss _____. These remarks are not given to ridicule or disparage the system, which we are practically convinced has been, in various modes, eminently serviceable to the country, if not profitable, in the particular instances, to the feeders of the animals exhibited.

The meeting of parliament approaching, all other topics seem absorbed on that grand one, of the success of the new corn bill, among that bustling and energetic party in the country, which has, for years past, kept alive such a strenuous opposition. They have, perhaps, overshot the mark, and injured their own cause, in that excessive high colouring which they have given to their arguments. Neither their present, nor probable future distress, in that gloomy picture which they are perpetually exhibiting, have obtained credence or countenance with the nation at large; and, it is said, on asserted confidential authority, that the way is actually smoothed in the upper house for the easy passage of the bill, by the opinions of certain noble lords having taken an opposite course. Our great and growing population will be the security of the landed interest against any material depression of the national agriculture. The artillery of empty words, however harmless, constantly directed against Mr. Huskisson, has been impolitic; he is honoured by the nation

at large, as an able, enlightened, and active statesman, who means well, and is really capable of serving the general interests of his country, of which, the commercial must not be neglected, as our grand dependence, and the support of our greatness as a nation. Much has been said of the present distresses, of our farmers; but surely nothing of this kind can be predicated of those farmers possessing capital; or from the present improved and improving state of the country, and its immense stocks of every species of provision. That the labouring lower classes, particularly the agricultural, cannot obtain their just and due share, is the thing to be remedied; and the first step towards a remedy, is the dissolution of a monopoly, which has long merited dissolution, on that and other grounds. In the mean time, every well-wisher to his country, must also be a well-wisher to its agriculture, and equally to those engaged in it, who not only ought to live, but whose industry, equally with the industry of other classes, ought, in due time, to be rewarded with opulence. We wish them equally liberal sentiments towards their labourers, the indispensable promoters of their well-being and success. These, however, have been always neglected,—too often wronged and oppressed. Modern light has, indeed, redeemed them from the law of the *maximum* on their wages, but their number has been too great to admit of their receiving any benefit from that source. The conduct towards those miserables has been neither politic nor charitable, and has proved the dire occasion of an almost general demoralization among them. Most farms would profitably have admitted of the assistance of an additional number of hands, which, at the foot of the account, would not have amounted to more than the charge of additional poor's-rates. Happily, late accounts from various parts, state an improvement in this most important respect. The number of the unemployed is decreasing, and wages have advanced; females, particularly young servants, are said to be in request at advanced wages.

*Smithfield (Christmas Market).—*Beef, 3s. 8d. to 5s. 8d.—Mutton, 4s. to 5s. 4d.—Veal, 5s. 4d. to 6s. 6d.—Pork, 5s. 2d. to 6s. 2d.—Dairy, 6s. 8d. to 7s.—Raw fat, 2s. 8d.

*Corn Exchange.—*Wheat, 40s. to 65s.—Barley, 25s. to 36s.—Oats, 17s. to 34s.—Bread, 9d. the 4 lb. loaf.—Hay, 70s. to 100s.—Clover ditto, 90s. to 120s.—Straw, 27s. to 36s.

Coals in the Pool, 32s. to 40s. 6d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, December 24, 1827.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugar.—The Sugar market was heavy last week, and several determined sellers appeared, and they disposed of their Sugars at a further decline of 1s. per cwt. There were no sales reported; the stock of Sugar is now 10,504 hogsheads less than at this time last year. The Refined market was in a very depressed state, all last week; the only demand was for some small parcels for export. Good Lumps offered for 84s. 6d. and low at 83s. In fine goods, few or no sales were lately reported. Molasses are heavy, and lower.

Indigo.—There are no purchases to report.

Oils.—The price of Oil is fully supported, and there is no more business doing.

Cotton.—The Cotton market here is steady.

Coffee.—There were no sales of Coffee last week, the demand by private contract was confined to small parcels of British plantation.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—The sales of Rum are quite inconsiderable; the market has rather a heavy appearance. Brandy continues to be offered on low terms. In Geneva, there is no alteration.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—Tallow appears steadily advancing; the prices are 6d. higher than on Tuesday last. In Hemp, there is little alteration. Flax is quoted higher.

The Sale of Tea.—Congou finished yesterday; the following were the prices:—

Common 2s. 1d. to 2s. 1½d. Middling 2s. 1d. to 2s. 2d. Good 2s. 6d. to 3s. 3d. per lb.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 3.—Rotterdam, 12. 3.—Antwerp, 12. 3.—Hamburg, 36. 6.—Altona, 36. 6.—Paris, 25. 25.—Bordeaux, 25. 60.—Frankfort, 151.—Petersburg, 10d. rouble.—Vienna, 10. 2.—Madrid, 35½.—Bilboa, 35.—Barcelona, 34.—Seville, 34½.—Malaga, 34½.—Cadiz, 35½.—Gibraltar, 34½.—Lisbon, 47½.—Oporto, 47½.—Leghorn, 48½.—Genoa, 40.—Venice, per 6 Austrian livres per cent.—Dublin and Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—In bars, £3. 17s. 6d.—New Doubloons, 3l. 14s.—New Dollars, 4s. 10.—Silver in bars, standard, 6s.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 303l.—Coventry, 1220l.—

Ellesmere and Chester, 112½*l.*—Grand Junction, 311*l.*—Kennet and Avon, 28¾*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Oxford, —*l.*—Regent's, 25½*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 850*l.*—Warwick and Birmingham, 275*l.*—London Docks, 91*l.*—West-India, 211*l.*—East London WATER WORKS, 124½*l.*—Grand Junction, 65*l.*—West Middlesex, 71½*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE.—½ *dis.*—Globe 150½*l.*—Guardian, 21*l.*—Hope, 5*l.*—Imperial Fire, 97½*l.*—GAS-LIGHT, Westmin. Chartered Company, 55*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 167½*l.*—British, 12 *dis.*—Leeds, 195*l.*

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

Announced between the 22d of November and the 22d of December 1827; extracted from the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Dibbs, J. Dorset-street, Portman-square, plumber
Griffith, P. M. Birmingham, jeweller
Robinson, T. Porter-street, Newport-market, upholsterer

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month, 127.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Archer, F. Baldock, Hertfordshire, innkeeper. [Weymouth, Chancery-lane]
Ashwin, W. Redditch, Worcestershire, grocer. [Lowndes and Co., Red-lion-square; Cresswell, Redditch]
Atkinson, J. Oxford-street, oilman. [Willoughby, Clifford's-inn]
Aspinall, W. Wigan, dealer. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hopwood, Wigan; Scatched, Halifax]
Allanson, R. Kingston-upon-Hull, printer. [England Co., Hull; Rosser and Co., Gray's-inn-place, Holborn]
Bemrose, W. Bourn, Lincolnshire, chemist. [Greenland Co., Spalding; Watson and Co., Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury]
Buck, J. Norwich, carpenter. [Robberds, Norwich; Lythgoe and Co., Essex-street, Strand]
Browne, T. Little Eastcheap, ironmonger. [Blunt and Co., Liverpool-street]
Bamford, J. Drury-lane, victualler. [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields]
Bee, J. Chesterfield, butcher. Hutchinson, Chesterfield; Smithson and Co., New-inn
Bayley, J. Manchester, agent, [Edge, Manchester; Milne and Co., Temple]
Baxter, W. Norwich, draper. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street]
Beswick, S. Doddington-grove, Kennington, bricklayer. Loveland, Symond's-inn
Bray, F. J. Chichester-place, St. Pancras, ironmonger. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
Barber, R. Upper Clapton, plumber. [Dicas, Pope's Head-alley, Cornhill]
Brown, J. H. Duke-street, Manchester-square, chemist. [White and Co., New-square, Lincoln's-inn]
Bremer, J. C. Somerset-place, New-road White-chapel, merchant. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street]
Benton, W. Vange-wharf, Essex, wharfinger. [Bos-tock, George-street, Mansion house]
Bryant, I. George-street, Hampstead-road, builder. [Hodson, King's-road, Bedford-row]
O'Brien, J. Molynieux-street, Edgeware-road, grocer. [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields]
Brooks, N. Doverdale, Worcestershire, mercer. [Curtler, Droitwich; White, Lincoln's-inn]
Burdor, J. Middleton-square, dealer. [Hodson, St. John-street]
Baughan, J. Buckingham, innkeeper. [Yeates, Brick-court, Temple; Yeates, Northampton]
Bigg, T. Curtain-road, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Brough, Shoreditch]
Bailey, W. Dean-street, Soho, leather-seller. [Nias, Princes-street, Bank]
Bushell, T. Grace's-alley, Welclose square, linen-draper. [Thompson, Minorities]
Burnand, J. Chesterfield, Derbyshire, coach-proprietor. [Hardy, Sheffield; King, Hatton-garden]
Bolderson, W. Liverpool, grocer. [Chester, Staple-inn; Hinde, Liverpool]
Braddock, J. Share's-hill, Staffordshire, victualler. [White, Lincoln's-inn; Smith, Wolverhampton]
Broadfoot, S. and W. Ashbourn, Derbyshire, tea-dealers. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Brittle-bank, Ashbourn]
Cooper, H. Snow-hill, stationer. [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office]
Christopher, W. Springbrook-forge, Kidderminster, Worcestershire, iron-master. [Jennings and Co., Elm-court, Temple; Winnall, Stourport; Brinton, Kidderminster]
Crowther, G. H. Frodsham, Cheshire, bookseller. [Vincent, Clifford's-inn; Bartley, Dale-street, Liverpool]
Carpenter, — Clifton, Gloucestershire, patent medicine-vender. [Highmoor, Walbrook; Hodgson, Green-street, Bath]
Clitheroe, R. Horncastle, Lincolnshire, scrivener. Sellwood, Horncastle; Eyre and Co., Gray's-inn
Collier, J. Abingdon, brewer. [Graham, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Graham, Abingdon]
Crompton, E. Liverpool, paper-dealer. [Appleby and Charnock, Raymond's-buildings, Gray's-inn; Petty, Manchester]
Charlton, A. Walthamstow, Essex, cattle-dealer. [Young, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house]
Collins, W. Birmingham, Worcestershire, wheelwright. [Harvey and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Woodward, Pershore]
Christie, J. and R., and J. Stewart, Mark-lane, merchants. [Oliverson and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry]
Collett, C. E. and E. Jones, Leeds, merchants. [Turner, Basing-lane, Cheapside]
Dyson, S. Catherine-street, Strand, picture-dealer. [Jones, Bury-street, St. Mary-axe]
Dove, W. Paddington, brick-maker. [Goran and Co., Orchard-street, Portman-square]
Darwin, J. and F. Frith, Chapelton, Sheffield, iron-founders. [Rodgers, Sheffield; Rodgers, Devonshire-square, London]
Eyre, E. Sheffield, merchant. [Blakelock, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street; Branson, Sheffield]
Ebers, J. Old Bond-street, bookseller. [Dacie, Throgmorton-street, Bank]
Ellis, J. George-cottage, George-street, Hampstead-road, brick-maker. [Isaacs, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields]
Edwards, W. Liverpool, commission-agent. [Wilson, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury; Smith and Co., Leeds]
Fennel, S. St. Mary-axe, merchant. [Grimaldi and Co., Copthall-court]
Franklin, S. Manchester-square, coal-retailer. [Pocock, Bartholomew-close]
Frisby, R., R. M. and H. Mark-lane, wine-merchants. [Selby, Serjeant's-inn]
Gray, J. Berwick-street, Soho, corn-dealer. [Lewis, Crutched-friars]
Goodeve, B. Gosport, brewer. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Cruickshank, Gosport]

- Godwin, C. East Stower, Dorsetshire, dealer. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle; Chitty, Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire]
- Guyatt, G. Dulwich, Surrey, butcher. [Turner, Percy-street, Bedford-square]
- Grey, G. Morpeth, Northumberland, woodmonger. [Leadbitter, Bucklersbury; Charlton, Morpeth]
- Goldstein, N. Fenchurch-street, merchant. [Gates, Lombard-street]
- Giller, T. and J. Shepherd, Manchester, coach-makers. [Burgoyne and Co., Oxford-street]
- Goldsmid, H. Linton, Kent, wine merchant. [James and Co., Ely-place; James and Co., Staplehurst]
- Garrett, J. sen. and J. jun. Hereford, bankers. [Wheeler, Gray's-inn-place; Smith, Walsall]
- Horrocks, J. Wigan, Lancashire, tailor. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Ga-kell, Wigan]
- Heron, T. E. Beech-street, oilman. [Treherne, Basinghall-street]
- Harrop, B. and J. Tamewater, Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothiers. [Browne, Oldham; Brundrett and Spinks, Temple]
- Haynes, M. A. Birmingham, spinster. [Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Spurrier and Co., Birmingham]
- Hirst, M. Meltham, Almondbury, Yorkshire, clothier. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield]
- Horsley, J. Billiter-square, merchant. [Davies and Co., Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street]
- Harrison, J. Woodchester, Gloucestershire, clothier. [Cardale and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Hose, J. C. High Holborn, chemist. [Selby and Co., St. John-street-road]
- Hopkinson, I. Trawden, near Colne, Lancashire. [Hatfield and Co., Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Henry, H. L. Finsbury-circus, jeweller. [Spyer, Austin-friars]
- Hague, R. and F. White, Cheltenham, painters. [Pruen and Co., Cheltenham; Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields]
- Howard, D. Dukinfield, Cheshire, cotton-spinner. [Duckworth and Co., Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Kirk, R. Manchester, cotton-merchant. [Cunliffe, Manchester]
- Kinson, W. Bath, builder. [Williams, Red-lion-square; Watts, Wesgate-buildings, Bath]
- Kilsby, E. Nine-elms, Surrey, ship-broker. [Roe and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Knights, E. Debenham, Suffolk, currier. [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange]
- Lowe, E. sen. Birmingham, merchant. [Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's - buildings; Beswick, Birmingham]
- Murefield, W. Kidderminster, Worcestershire, coach-maker. [Michael, Red-lion-square; Bird, Kidderminster]
- Melen, H. Pershore, Worcestershire, grocer. [Bousfield, Chatham-place; Workman, Evesham]
- Minton, C. Bishop's-castle, innkeeper. [Horton and Son, Furnival's-inn; Baynton and Co., Broad-street, Bristol]
- Morse, S. Hatfield Peverel, Essex, silk-throwster. [Taylor, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn]
- Meek, J. Hampstead, livery-stable keeper. [Robinson, Walbrook]
- Mathews, W. Birmingham glass-toy-maker. [Burfoot, Temple; Page, Birmingham]
- Marshall, W. H. Liverpool, ship-owner. [Rambottom and Co., Liverpool; Blackstock and Co., Temple]
- Morgan, W. Bond-street, bookseller. [Clift and Co., Red-lion-square]
- Outtrim, T. Walthamstow, Essex, smith. [Thompson, Clement's-inn]
- Parsons, S. Chorley, Lancashire, linen-draper. [Cuvette, Staple-inn; Topping and Co., Chorley]
- Plimer, N. Neath, Glamorganshire, plumber. [Few and Co., Henrietta-street, Covent-garden; Beddoe, Bristol]
- Pietts, E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ship and insurance-broker. [Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Stoker, Newcastle]
- Parkinson, J. Albany-road, Barnsbury-park, Islington, builder. [Wormald, Featherstone-buildings, Holborn]
- Parrey, J. Schank, Aldermanbury, scrivener. [Fisher, Queen-street, Cheap-side]
- Pegg, J. jun. Lane-end, Stoke-upon Trent, mercer. [Young, Lane-end; Barber, Fetter-lane]
- Parkinson, T. Soothill, Yorkshire, farmer. [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lumb, Wakefield]
- Richardson, J. jun. Sprowston, Norfolk, brick-layer. [Wiltshire and Co., Austin-friars; Coaks, Norwich]
- Rooke, J. S. Sheffield, button-mould-manufacturer. [Tattersall, Garden-court, Temple; Tattersall and Co., Sheffield]
- Ridley, W. Hatton-garden, carpet-dealer. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Holborn]
- Riden, G. S. Manchester, innkeeper. [Appleby and Co., Raymond's-buildings, Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Co., Manchester]
- Rilsby, E. Nine-elms, Surrey, ship-broker. [Roe and Co., Gray's-inn-square]
- Roberts, J. Ross, Herefordshire, mercer. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Chadborn, Gloucester]
- Ringer, R. Aylsham, Norfolk, general shop-keeper. [Lythgoe and Co., Essex-street, Strand; Winter, St. Giles's, Broad-street, Norwich]
- Roberts, T. Rochester, brewer. [Weymouth, Chancery-lane]
- Salt, W. Liverpool-street, Bishopsgate-street, oilman. [Norton, Jewin-street, Aldersgate-street]
- Stallard, W. Shepton Mallett, brewer. [Willett, Essex-street, Strand]
- Stowell, J. Swallow-street, victualler. [Teague, Cannon-street, City]
- Simpson, W. Spondon, Derby, plasterer. [Clarke and Co., Derby; Capes, Raymond-buildings, Gray's-inn]
- Smith, J. Exmouth-street, Commercial-road, coal-merchant. [Teague, Cannon-street]
- Stevenson, H. B. C. Park-street, Grosvenor-square, coach-proprietor. [Ford, Great Queen-street, Westminster]
- Schofield, B. Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-manufacturer. [Redfern, Rochdale; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane]
- Simpson, J. Leeds, joiner. [Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court, Lincoln's-inn; Scott and Co., Leeds]
- Smith, J. sen. Bargh-in-the-marsh, Lincolnshire, grocer. [Brackenbury, Spilsby; Dax and Co., Bedford-row]
- Smith, T. Eccleshall, Staffordshire, malts'er. [Stanley, Newport; Harding and Co., Gray's-inn]
- Sykes, C. Leeds, surgeon. [King, Bedford-place, Russell-square; Granger, Leeds]
- Tucker, W. W. Exeter, carver and gilder. [Clowes and Co., King's-bench-walk, Inner Temple; Furlong, Northernhay, Exeter]
- Thompson, T. and Knight, J. Rupert-street, saddlers'-ironmongers. [Tattersall, Garden-court, Temple]
- Torriano, J. H. Fenchurch-street, scrivener. [Dignam, Little Distaff-lane]
- Taylor, J. Norwich, sack-manufacturer. [Austin, Buckingham-street, Adelphi; Staff, Norwich]
- Turner, J. Cockerham, Lancashire, corn-dealer. [Higgins, Lancashire]
- Tyrell, S. Bexhill, common brewer. [Verral, Lewes; Pritchard, New-bridge-street]
- Vaughan, J. Yazor, Herefordshire, tailor. [Gough, Hereford; Robinson, Walbrook]
- Watkins, W. L. Long Acre, coach-plater. [Davies, Palsgrave-place, Temple-bar]
- Walter, T. Woodford, Essex, victualler. [Lang, Fenchurch-street]
- White, J. Fleet-street, baker. [Norton, New-street, Bishopsgate-street]
- Wright, D. Lower Thames-street, ship and custom-house agent. [Wootton and Co., Token-house-yard]
- Waterfall, S. Coventry, tea-dealer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Clay and Co., Manchester]
- Williams, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller. [Swain and Co., Frederick's place, Old Jewry]
- Winn, S. Leeds, victualler. [Strangeways and Co., Bernard's-inn; Warwick, Leeds]
- Young, T. Wells, Somersetshire, baker. [Reeves, Glastonbury; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row]

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. T. M. Sutton, to be a Prebendary of St. Peter, Westminster.—Rev. C. Richards, to be a Prebendary of Winchester.—Rev. S. W. Cornish, to the Vicarage of South Newington, Oxon.—Rev. J. Jenkins, to the Rectory of Llanfoist, Monmouth.—Rev. E. Crosse, to the Rectory of Kingsdown, Somerset.—Rev. J. B. Smith, to the Rectory of Sothby, Lincoln.—Very Rev. Dr. Coplestone, to be Bishop of Llandaff, and Dean of St. Paul's.—Rev. E. Harbin, to the Rectory of Kingweston, Somerset.—Rev. E. Palling, to the Perpetual Curacy of Tithby, with Cropwell Butler, Notts.—Rev. J. Eaton, to the Rectory of Handley, Chester.—Rev. U. Clarke, to the Vicarage of Neston, Chester.—Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham, to the Rectory of Doddleston, Chester.—Rev. G. B. Blomfield, to the Rectory of Coddington, Chester.—Rev. W. Harrison, to the Vicarage of St. Oswald, Chester.—Rev. J. Griffith, to be Prebendary of Rochester.—Right Hon. and Rev. Lord H. F. C. Kerr, to the Rectory of Dittisham, Dorset.—Right Rev. Dr. Sumner, to the See of Winchester.—Rev. W. Evans, to the Rectory of Shipston-upon-Stour, with the Chapel of Tidmington, Worcester.—Rev. H. Faulkner, to

the Perpetual Curacy of Norton Juxta Kempsey, Worcester.—Rev. J. Sandford, to the Living of Chillingham, Durham.—Rev. S. Smith, to the Rectory of St. George's Bloomsbury.—Rev. E. M. Hall, to the Vicarage of Corringham, Lincoln.—Rev. F. Swanton, to be Chaplain to St. Mary's College, Winchester.—Rev. G. Harries, to the Rectory of Letterson, Pembroke.—Rev. E. Langdale, to the Rectory of East Hoathley, Sussex.—Rev. A. Hamilton, to be Archdeacon of Taunton, with the Prebend of Milverton the First annexed, Wells.—Rev. M. Webber, to the Rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster.—Rev. M. Taylor, to the Rectory of Winnal, near Winchester.—Rev. T. Watkins, to be Precentor of Winchester Cathedral.—Rev. J. Bannister, to the Perpetual Curacy of West Wooldham.—Rev. J. G. Dixon, to the Vicarage of Waghen, Yorkshire.—Rev. H. Harvey and Rev. E. Coleridge, Chaplains to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.—Rev. H. Lee, to the Vicarage of North Bradley and Southwicke, Wilts.—Rev. F. H. Wollaston, to the *sinecure* Rectory of East Dereham, Norfolk.—Rev. T. Arnold, to be Head Master of Rugby School.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

The King has granted the dignity of a Baronet to the following gentlemen respectively, and to the heirs male of their bodies lawfully begotten, *viz.*—Robert Dalrymple Horn Elphinstone, esq.—Sir Richard Hussey Vivian.—Charles William Taylor, esq.—Uvedale Price, esq.—Richard Bulkeley Philipps Philipps, esq.—The Hon. Edward Marma-

duke Vavasour—Robert Tristram Ricketts, esq., Captain in the Navy.—Francis Hastings Doyle, esq., Lieutenant-Colonel in the Army.—John Hut-
ton Cooper, esq.—Henry Wakeman, esq.—George Philips, esq.—Henry Chamberlain, esq., Consul-General in the Empire of Brazil.—John Forbes Drummond, esq., Captain in the Navy.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

Dec. 2.—The Court went into mourning for the Queen of Saxony during three weeks.

4.—The Marquis of Lansdowne wrote a letter to the Lord Mayor, suggesting "the expediency of an inquiry into the conduct of the officers of police of the city of London."

5.—The Directors of the East India Company gave their farewell dinner to Lord W. C. Bentinck, Governor-general of India, previous to his departure.

—Reduction of the Yeomanry Cavalry announced by the Secretary of State for the Home Department.

6.—Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

7.—A general meeting of the country bankers, held at the London Tavern, when a deputation of seven was appointed to have an interview with Lord Goderich, on the subject of their complaints against the branch banks of the Bank of England.

11.—A deputation from the country bankers waited upon Lord Goderich and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who stated that they were aware of the great importance of the subject submitted to them by the deputation, and that all that had been com-

municated should receive the most deliberate and serious attention, which was all that they could undertake at present to promise.

12.—Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 22 prisoners received sentence of death, 81 were ordered for transportation, and 62 imprisoned.

13.—Miss Macauley applied to the Bench of Middlesex Justices for a licence to give religious lectures, on Sundays and other days, which was not granted.

—A meeting of Portuguese merchants, held at the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of adopting measures to receive Don Miguel on his arrival in England.

—A Privy Council held, when the Recorder made his report, and two culprits were ordered for execution Dec. 19.

15.—Parliament further prorogued from the 20th December to January 22, 1823.

19.—A Common Hall of the Livery of London was held at the Guildhall, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament on the system of arrest in the City, when several resolutions were passed to that effect.

—A public meeting of the Jews was held at

the London Tavern, to take into consideration the oppressive measures established in Russia against the Jews, when an address to the Synagogues of Great Britain was proposed and carried unanimously, as well as the following resolution:—"Resolved, That our nation having for more than 2,000 years been subject to dreadful persecutions from all the powers and states of the earth, it is right and proper that at every favourable opportunity we protest against such persecution, and earnestly call on Government to render us equal justice."

—Two convicts executed at the Old Bailey, condemned at the last October Sessions.

20.—A circular sent by the Marquis of Lansdowne to the magistrates of the different police offices in the metropolis, ordering them to make out every day a detailed report, or account, of the proceedings of the various police offices, signed by one of the magistrates, at eight o'clock every evening, for printed circulation,

MARRIAGES.

At Mary-le-bone, Sir John Gerrard, bart., to Miss Monica Standish; G. Darley, esq., to Miss M. Homfray.—At All Soul's Church, G. R. Ward, esq., to Miss Webb.—At Harrow, Rev. L. Foot to Miss Cunningham.—At Havering Bower, Lieut. A. S. Robinson to Leonora Maria, only daughter of the late T. Rowcroft, esq., H.M.'s first consul general for Peru.—Rev. B. C. Goodison to Eleanor Maria, third daughter of J. Horne, esq., deputy assistant commissary general.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, C. R. Barker, esq., to Miss Mary Hammersley; Rev. T. Cooke to Jane, daughter of the Hon. C. Flint.—At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Mr. J. P. Harman, of the Stock Exchange, to Sarah Jane, third daughter of the late R. B. Curling, of the customs, Dover,

DEATHS.

At the British Museum, 84, J. Planta, esq., principal librarian of that place.—Mrs. Hoppner, relict of the late J. Hoppner, esq., R.A.—In Portland-place, General Ross, governor of Fort St. George.—66, Very Rev. Dr. W. Poynter, the Roman Catholic Bishop of London.—At South Lambeth, J. Pittman, esq.—In Craven-street, Eliza, the wife of Sir Charles Waller, bart.—In George-street, Portman-square, 84, Lieut.-General G. Russell.—In Albemarle-street, Rear-Admiral Percy Fraser.—

At Spring-grove, 67, J. Twining, esq.—68, T. Rouse, esq., principal export surveyor to the Board of Excise.—71, J. Farley, esq., Clapham Common.—At Twickenham, 71, Mrs. Ingram.—At Hammer-smith, Lieut.-Gen. Count Joseph de Puisaye, commander-in-chief of the Royalist forces in Bretagne, and son of the Marquis de Puisaye de la Candelle.—At Greenwich College, Andrew Brown, a pensioner, 105 years and 9 months old; he had been inmate there for the last 50 years, and the day preceeding his death he sang two songs to his brother pensioners!!

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Paris, Manuel Godoy, Count of Castellsfield, only son of the Prince of Peace of Spain, to Maria, third daughter of the late L. Crowe, esq., Stephen's-green, Dublin.—At the British Embassy, Naples, Count Alfred d'Orsay, to Lady H. A. F. Gardiner, daughter of the Earl of Blessington.—In Paris, Dr. W. English to Lady Maria Gordon.

DEATHS ABROAD.

In Wilkes County, Georgia, 93, Mrs. Hannah Clarke; she was a heroine of the American Revolution, and, amongst other vicissitudes, when once attending her husband (Major-General Elijah Clarke) on an expedition, she had her horse shot under her while two children were on its back with her. She was benevolent and hospitable to the prisoners taken by her husband.—In Jamaica, R. Barlow, esq.—Hon. A. Hope, fourth son of the Earl of Hopeton, on his passage from Corfu to England.—At Priola, Sicily, Mrs. Frances Dyer.—At Paris, the celebrated Helen Maria Williams.—At Madras, of cholera morbus, after an illness of two hours, Sir T. Munro, governor.—At Vienna, Field Marshall Count Broady; he first married the relict of T. Dillon, esq., of Belgard-castle, and secondly, the Princess Ann of Austria.—At Antigua, Capt. R. Dudgeon, of the Royals.—In the south-west part of Russia, Rev. A. Young, only son of the late celebrated agriculturist.—At Copet, 37, Baron de Staël, son of the celebrated Mme. de Staël, and grandson of the Minister Neckar.—At New York, the celebrated counsellor Emmett, one of the projectors of the formidable Irish rebellion in 1797, and in the event of success, was to have been included in the supreme government of Ireland.—H. Salt, esq., at a village between Grand Cairo and Alexandria; he was consul-general in Egypt.—At Pensacola, J. H. Purves, esq., His Majesty's consul.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Trustees of the Newcastle-upon-Tyne Savings' Bank have made their annual report up to Nov. 29, 1827, by which it appears that the sum of £210,699. 10s. 10d. was in the hands of the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt, including interest; and that the number of depositors were at that period 4,002.

A meeting of the Trustees of the Reading room was held Dec. 7, at which a unanimous resolution of thanks was voted to the Duke of Northumber-

land, for the liberal accommodation thus afforded to the gentlemen of Alnwick, its vicinity, and the county in general. A committee was also appointed for the government of the establishment.

At the recent meeting of the Ship-owners at North Shields, Mr. Richmond, the chairman, thus terminated his speech, in allusion to Mr. Huskisson's reciprocity system:—"In the progress of this system of change, every interest of the community is, or has been, threatened with destruction or injury; we have seen many of them successfully resist and oppose the adoption of such of

these measures as relate to themselves; we saw with admiration the struggle the Silk Manufacturers *successfully made*. We saw the Scotch Bankers defeat those regulations intended for their annihilation. We see the English Bankers engaged in a struggle with the Bank of England, instigated by the advocates of this new system, against changes, in which, if they are defeated, it will go far to effect their ruin and extinction, as they can no more compete with their untaxed competitor, than we can with the untaxed ships of foreign nations. We see the Maltsters arrayed in active hostility to regulations which they assert will be the cause of their destruction; in short, which ever way we turn, we find some interest in a state of alarm and distress at contemplated, or actually effected, changes. The Landed Interest (recently in some degree exempt from the pressure of distress so heavily felt by others) is about to experience its full share of it, if the depressed state of the markets for its produce can be taken as a criterion on which to form a judgment. A deficient revenue, most unnecessarily and wantonly occasioned by a repeal of taxes, whose repeal has only benefited partial and individual interest, threatens the public creditor with the defalcation of his dividends. The Colonial Interest has long and loudly complained of their treatment: other interests, apparently more remote, are not less threatened. A union of all, therefore, who possess any stake in the country, appears indispensable, to arrest the progress of these changes, by which all are equally threatened. The proprietors of the ships of England, than whom His Majesty possesses no more loyal or peaceable subjects, must rouse themselves into exertion, as they are the most prominent link in the chain of destruction, now extending over this noble land; fortunately for them, all are interested in their preservation, from His Majesty on the throne—from the loftiest peer to the humblest peasant, *all, all* are equally interested in their preservation."

The Dean and Chapter of Durham mean to open the Galilee chapel, attached to the cathedral, and fit it up with free sittings for the inhabitants; divine service to be performed in an afternoon.

In two gales, on the 29th of November, and on the 5th of December, damage was done to the shipping in the port of Sunderland to the amount of £10,000.

A bridge is about to be erected across the Tyne, to communicate with the turnpike-road from Gateshead and Hexham.

The Tyne Yeomanry Hussars are dismissed from all further service after the 24th December, in consequence of the letter of Lord Lansdowne.

In the second week in December, there were some severe gales experienced in the city of Durham, which did considerable injury, by blowing in windows, and injuring roofs and chimnies.

Married.] At Bishop Middleham, Mr. W. Wright, aged 16, to Miss Mary Ann White, aged 15.—At Newcastle, John Trollove to Miss Wilkinson; T. W. Keenlyside, to Miss Louisa Pollard.—At Durham, Mr. J. Kitson to Miss Judith Taylor; Mr. W. Atkinson to Miss Stoker; Mr. T. Anderson to Miss O. Lowes.—At Bishopwearmouth, Mr. Macdonald to Miss Tullock.

Died.] At Durham, 86, Mr. Palmer; 61, Mrs. Isabella Appleby.—At Chillingham, the Rev. A. Thomas, LL.D.—At Newcastle, Mrs. D. Ions; Mrs. Ellison.—At South Shields, Mr. W. Turner,

—At Gateshead, Mr. W. Hunt.—At Bishop Auckland, Mrs. Pickering.—At Stainton, 70, Mrs. Bainbridge.—At Monkwearmouth, Mr. Bell.—At Darlington, R. W. Johnston, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Trustees of the Savings' Bank established at Carlisle, have made their report of the state of its funds, by which it appears that the sum of £27,949. 0s. 5d. was invested in the bank at the date of Nov. 20, 1827.

Died.] At Whitehaven, 77, H. Jefferson, esq.; 81, Mrs. M. Royle.

YORKSHIRE.

Some poachers, who were *netting* in a field near Meaux, the last week in November, caught an unfortunate *bird* for them; they entangled a passenger in the meshes of their net, who immediately gave information to the magistrates, which led to their conviction.

There appears to be a numerous gang of villains dispersed over Yorkshire. Scarcely a week elapses but several burglaries and highway robberies are committed.

A cabinet of curiosities has been received in York from Ceylon. They consist of a very curious lady's work box; a silver statue of the mother of Boodha; a figure of Boodha, preaching; four carved ivory figures, three about five inches, and the fourth about two inches in height, beautifully executed; a cinnamon peeler, and a tom-tom beater, carved in wood; specimens of the Singhalese mode of writing, on slips of the talipot leaf: these slips are folded in a particular way, according to the rank of the party addressed; drawings of Singhalese idols; specimens of jewellery, in brooches and rings, the workmanship of which is very fine, &c.

A coin of Vespasian's was found lately in York; being one of those struck to commemorate the capture of Jerusalem. The Emperor's head is on the obverse; inscription—"Vespasianus, Rom. Imp. Aug." On the reverse is a paper tree, the emblem of Judea, and at the foot stands a Jew, with his arms bound, to denote the state of captivity to which the Jews were reduced. The inscription is, "*Judea capta*." In the exergue there are the letters S. C.

On the night of the 30th of November, a most desperate encounter took place in Kirkley plantation, near Huddersfield, the property of Sir G. Armitage, bart., between the watchers and a party of poachers, twelve or fourteen in number. The latter were armed with guns and bludgeons, the watchers had only sticks. One of the watchers was killed at the beginning of the affray, by a blow from a bludgeon, and three others were badly wounded. Four of the poachers have been apprehended, and committed to York Castle for the murder.

The first stone of the New Junction Dock at Hull was laid on the 10th of December by J. C. Parker, esq.

Preparations are making for the Yorkshire Musical Festival of 1828. The Rev. W. H. Dixon, prebendary of Ripon, has accepted the office of chairman of the committee; and various arrangements have been made.

Lodging-houses are about to be built at Whitby, for the accommodation of visitors; and considerable alterations are making in the Museum of the Whitby Philosophical and Literary Society, by the

addition of groined lights in the ceiling, which will materially improve the appearance of the building, and shew the Society's magnificent collection to greater advantage.

The Methodist Society in Leeds has been in a state of great confusion for some time, owing to the Conference having given leave to erect an organ in Brunswick Chapel, which was opposed by some of the local preachers and class leaders. A district meeting has been held there, by which a trustee, leader, and local preacher, and the Society's steward, have been formally expelled, and twenty-one leaders removed from office.

No less a sum than £21,800 has been appropriated to public buildings and works at Scarborough this year, *viz.* Cliff bridge, £9,000; new church, £6,000; new baptist chapel, £2,400; new bank for savings, £400; museum, £1,000; water-works, £1,000.

November 22, the True Blue Leeds and Wakefield coach was overturned, by which accident Mr. Cope, of Leeds, and Mr. J. Burrill, of Arkendale, and Herfield, the coachman, were killed, and several passengers dreadfully wounded. It appeared on the coroner's inquest, and since signed by Mr. Bruce, the foreman of the jury, that several individuals residing in the immediate neighbourhood of the accident were detected in the act of committing robberies on the persons of the sufferers. Whilst expressing their abhorrence at such atrocious conduct, the jury return their sincere thanks to Mr. W. Lee of Leeds, and Sarah Smith of Belle-hill, for their kindness and attention on that occasion.

His Majesty has pardoned the 15 stuff weavers, who were convicted at the Leeds April Sessions of a conspiracy, riot, and assault, on condition of good behaviour for 12 months.

The county disbursements, April 3, 1826, to April 3, 1827, have been published, and they amount to £47,787. 17s. 2½d.; upwards of £15,000 for repairs of bridges, roads, &c.; and a sum exceeding £20,000 for criminal jurisprudence and its connexions!!! However, all the manufactories are at work, and we do not recollect ever to have seen less distress amongst the labouring classes at mid-winter.

Married.] At Ripley, T. W. Beaumont, esq., M.P., to Ann Henrietta Atkinson, sister to Lady Ingilby.—At Thirsk, J. Bumby, esq., to Miss M. Mercer.—At Bolton, J. D. Whitehead, esq., to Miss C. Jambutts.—At Hull, Mr. T. Weddle to Miss Boyle.—At Scarborough, W. D. Thornton, esq., to Miss Travis.—At Cantley, J. Greaves, esq., to Miss Duckey.—At Otley, C. J. Walker, esq., to Miss Earnshaw.—At York, Mr. Todd to Miss Bell; Mr. Quarton to Miss Adamson; Mr. W. S. Walker to Miss Stafford.—At Leeds, Mr. Ritchie to Miss Jane Baines; G. R. Ward, esq., to Miss Webb.—At Pickering, T. Binks, esq., to Miss Ness.—At Staveley, H. Tennant, esq., to Miss Gray.—At Whitby, Mr. B. Simpson to Miss Barry.

Died.] At Doncaster, H. Parker.—At Fulford, J. Boyes, esq.—At Hull, 65, Mrs. Day; Miss Todd; 66, Mr. R. Allanson.—At York, J. Mason, esq.; Mrs. Kay; Mr. Hindsley; T. Townend, esq.; 86, Mrs. Dring; Mrs. Backhouse.—At Gate Helmsley, Mrs. Farrow.—At Whitby, Mrs. Laurence.—At Sherburn, the Rev. T. Jameson.—At Richmond, Mrs. Rosamond Hayward.—At Busby-hall, the Rev. G. Marwood.—At Holme-on-Spalding-Moor, Mrs. W. W. Calvert.—Near Wakefield, 76, Mrs. Glover.

SALOP AND STAFFORD.

The produce of the sale at the Ladies' Bazaar at Shrewsbury, from fancy work, made by themselves,

has netted upwards of one thousand guineas! This sum is to be appropriated for the benefit of the new county infirmary.

LINCOLN AND NOTTINGHAM.

Married.] At Welton, R. Raikes, jun., esq., to Eleanor Catherine, eldest daughter of Rear Admiral Pigot.—At Newark, R. W. D. Flamstead, esq., to Anne, second daughter of the late Rev. W. Rastall.—At Hawton, Rev. W. Fowler to Miss Seales.

Died.] At Stanwick, within two days of each other, Mr. and Mrs. Morris; she was 78, and he 81 years of age!

LANCASHIRE.

It appears from the annual report, and from that of the committee of justices, that within the last ten years there have been expended in building, enlarging, improving, and furnishing the various prisons of the county, and the pauper lunatic asylum, the following sums, *viz.*

Lancaster castle.....	£29,917	1	5
Preston house of correction	13,699	13	0
Kirkdale do. do.	94,167	14	9
Salford do. do.	40,653	15	3
County lunatic asylum....	37,201	13	2

Making together £215,699 17 7

About £10,000 of the above enormous sum has been expended on treadmills; respecting which the keepers of the several prisons unanimously report that they have entirely failed in deterring those who have once committed crime from being guilty of the repetition of it; whilst, from the report of the committee of magistrates, it appears that by the putting of prisoners to this species of labour, a positive loss has accrued to the county of not less than £3,000 per annum.

Distribution of the net receipts of the late Liverpool Musical Festival:—Infirmary, 1,600*l.*; Dispensary, 900*l.*; Blue Coat School, 400*l.*; School for the Blind, 200*l.*; Ladies' Charity, 200*l.*; Female School of Industry, 100*l.*; Marine Society, 100*l.*; Welsh School, 100*l.*; Caledonian Free School, 100*l.*; Benevolent Society of St. Patrick, 100*l.*; Parish School, Moorfields, 100*l.*; Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, 100*l.*; Female Penitentiary, 60*l.*; Refuge for the Destitute, 60*l.*; Ophthalmic Infirmary, 40*l.*; Liverpool Institution for Curing Diseases of the Eyes, 40*l.*;—Total, 4,200*l.* This is the largest sum, by nearly 1,800*l.*, ever divided among the public charities of that town after a musical festival.

Died.] At Preston, 82, Rev. J. Dunn; he was one of the members of the Old Society of Jesuits, and pastor of the Preston congregation 52 years.

DERBY AND CHESHIRE.

At the annual meeting of the Trustees and Managing Committee of the Derby Savings' Bank, held Dec. 15, at the Town-hall, the directors made their report from Nov. 20, 1826, to Nov. 20, 1827, when it appeared that the sum in the hands of government amounted to £96,060. 10s. 4½d.; and that the present number of depositors amounts to 2,335, being an increase of 65 this year.

Died.] At Derby, Rev. E. Maddeley, minister of the New Jerusalem Temple.—At Congleton, 80, R. Harrison, esq.—At Moorwood Moor, 103, Mrs. Turner.—At Little Eaton, 95, John Creswell; he was a native of Little Eaton, and never lived out of it; his widow, Catherine Creswell, survives him, and is in her 94th year!

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

An infant school has been opened at Hinckley, under the patronage of the ladies ; thus affording an asylum and education suitable to their age, and relieving, which is a main point, their parents from the care of attending during eight hours of the day.

Died.] At Gilmorton, 84, Ann, relict of the late Mr. T. Stretton.—At Smithland, the Hon. Lady H. Erskine, wife of the Hon. and Rev. H. D. Erskine, and daughter of the Earl of Portarlington.

WARWICK AND NORTHAMPTON.

A meeting of the Warwickshire Bankers has been held at Birmingham, when resolutions were entered into for more effectually protecting the country bankers from the injurious consequences of the unjustifiable attacks to which they have been subjected—and that the continuation of special privileges to the Bank of England, renders the establishment of Branch Banks inconsistent with the principles of free trade.

Several persons have been taken up lately and committed to gaol for bull-baiting, under the Act 3 Geo. IV. (commonly called Mr. Martin's) "to prevent the cruel and improper treatment of cattle."

The Holyhead and Chester mail was overturned near Walford Bridge, which divides the counties of Northampton and Leicester, when one of the inside passengers, W. Egerton, esq., was killed on the spot, and others grievously wounded.

Married.] At Tuxford, W. Kirke, esq., to Anne, sister to Sir T. Woollaston White, bart.—At Pilton, Mr. J. Baseley to Miss Selby.

Died.] At Warwick, 76, Rose French, cook at the Woolpack-inn, who for more than 60 years served in the family of the late and present proprietors of that establishment.—At Ladywood-house, near Birmingham, Lady Essington, relict of the late Vice-Admiral Sir W. Essington.—At Welford-bridge, Major-general Egerton, of Gresford-lodge, Denbighshire, killed by the upsetting of the Holyhead mail in which he was a passenger.—At Northampton, Col. Thursby.

WORCESTER AND HEREFORD.

On St. Andrew's Day, the foundation stone was laid of Netherton Chapel. After divine service, the mayor, with a numerous train of gentlemen, preceded by a band of music and 500 charity children, repaired to the site, which is a fine elevation, commanding one of the most extensive and varied prospects in England, when the vicar of Dudley laid the first stone. The chapel is to be plain gothic, to contain 1,500 sittings, 1,000 of which are to be free.

A very handsome window of stained and painted glass, of the Crucifixion (after Le Brun), is now erecting at the east end of St. Martin's Church, Worcester.

Married.] At Worcester, T. Chavasse, esq., to Catherine Margaret, daughter of Col. L. Grant, Kempsey.—At Great Malvern, T. F. Cobbe, esq., to Rosella Emma, daughter of Col. Torre.—At Inkborough, T. S. Heptinstall, esq., to Miss Heath.

Died.] At Hereford, 65, J. Perry, esq.—At Downton-castle, A. Knight, esq., junior, whose death was occasioned by a most melancholy accident. He was with several friends on a shooting party, when a pheasant rose, and one of his companions, his most intimate friend, brought up his gun to fire at it: the instant he pulled the trigger, Mr. K. advanced from behind a tree, within the line of the shot, received part of the charge, and

fell. He expired about 10 o'clock the following morning; and was interred near the tomb of his uncle, R. Payne Knight, esq., who bequeathed his valuable marbles and statues to the British Museum.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Within the last five years, "a new-created world" of rational delights, if not of elegant sociality, has arisen in the south-east district of the Royal Forest of Dean. This has been accomplished, in the construction of a church, in a truly ecclesiastical style of architecture, capable of holding 800 worshippers, a parsonage-house, and a school-house, with all needful domestic appendages; by means of which two hundred boys and girls are already learning to "remember their Creator." The organ, lately removed from Ross, (to give place for a larger instrument) being well adapted to the dimensions of St. Paul's, Park End, has been re-edified in that church, and was, November 29, made vocal to the surrounding neighbourhood, aided by a full cathedral order of vocal and instrumental music, which passed off with a degree of spirit and correctness, that proved the possibility of conducting an amateur choir without either visible or audible markings of the time, such as have been too often supposed a needful exhibition in the presence of devotional hearers, by singers, who had yet to learn, that those only "sing well together" who "listen while they sing."

OXFORD AND BERKS.

The parochial authorities of Faringdon have determined to apportion small tracts of land for the use of the poor; convinced that if the system were brought into general practice, it would tend in a great measure to do away with that abject state of pauperism under which our agricultural labourers are suffering.

The late Lieut.-Col. Boden, of the East-India Company's Service, has bequeathed a property to the University of Oxford, to be appropriated towards the erection and endowment of a Professorship in the Sanskreet language, in one of the colleges of the said University, being, as the will states, "of opinion that a more general and critical knowledge of that language will be a means of enabling his countrymen to proceed in the conversion of the natives of India to the Christian religion, by disseminating a knowledge of the sacred Scriptures amongst them, more effectually than all other means whatsoever."

The University and the City of Oxford have each offered a reward of £100 for the discovery of the person or persons who so atrociously murdered Ann Crotchley. The body has been disinterred for further examination.

Died.] At Buckland, 85, Rev. J. Berington, priest of the Roman Catholic church, author of the "Literary History of the Middle Ages," &c. His funeral was attended by several clergymen of the Church of England.—At Oxford, Mr. R. Eaton, —80, Elizabeth, relict of the late Dr. Parsons, bishop of Peterborough.—At Henley, 27, W. Neale; he had undergone tapping 49 times within the last 8 months, and lost in all 589 pints of fluid.—At Newbury, 25, James, the eldest son of Mr. J. Wells.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

By the report made at the last annual meeting of the subscribers to the Norfolk and Norwich Museum, it appears that the museum has been greatly augmented during the last year by numerous do-

nations, but particularly with one from Mr. Morrison, which is very interesting and valuable: it is a skeleton Egyptian mummy, brought from Sakara, about three miles south of Memphis, and is of a class remarkable for its antiquity.

The members of the late musical festival met and dined together, and made their report of the balance in favour of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, which appears to have been £1,672. 12s. 1d., notwithstanding the expenses amounted to nearly £5000! Next autumn there will be a grand musical festival at Bury, for the benefit of the Suffolk County Hospital.

The magistrates of Norwich have written to the Secretary of State for *another* gaol delivery in each year, as at present they have only *one*.—At the present moment, a female is in custody on the charge of murder, who must lie in prison *eight months* before she can be brought to trial!!!

Married.] P. Dykes, esq., of Beccles, to Mrs. Smith, relict of H. Smith, esq., of Ellingham hall.—At Scrivelsby, A. L. Massingberd, esq., to Miss C. G. Pearce.

Died.] At Gorleston, F. F. Hope, esq.—At Lynn, 161, J. Aldrich.—At Little Cornard, 71, T. Fitch, esq.—At Pulham, Mrs. Styfield, mother to Lady Batton.—79, S. Keer, esq., of Earlsbam.

HANTS AND SUSSEX.

Notice has been given of an intended application to Parliament during the ensuing session, for a pneumatic railway from Brighton to Shoreham, a distance of six miles, which, when completed, will afford a satisfactory experiment of the merits of the invention. Looking at the principle of atmospheric pressure in a practical way, and inquiring how it will act at a speed of only 10 or 20 miles an hour, we shall see that it is perfectly within our power to obtain a pressure sufficient to produce such a velocity, and much more.

The ladies of Brighton having established a Fancy Fair, in aid of the funds of the County Hospital; it took place at the Old Ship Tavern, and continued four successive days, when the sum obtained amounted to £1,250, after all the expenses had been deducted!!!

Married.] At Arundel, Lieut.-Col. Long to Miss Sidney Atherley.—At Andover, R. Sutton, esq., to Miss Ludlow.—At Romsey, Mr. Fildes to Miss Sonnets.—At Brighton, J. Congreve, esq., to the Hon. Louisa Dillon, sister to Lord Clanbrook.—At Horsham, H. Tredcroft, esq., to Miss Eversfield.

Died.] At Eastbourne, 70, Mr. J. Pendrill, the receiver, as heir male of his family, of the annual pension allowed by government for the preservation of Charles II. in the oak at Boscobel.—At Winchester, 87, W. Knapp, esq.—In Portsmouth Workhouse, nearly 105, Lucretia Shipway; she was born in the reign of George I.

DORSET AND WILTS.

By the abstract of the receipts and payments of the treasurers for Dorsetshire, it appears that from June 24, 1826, to June 24, 1827, the sum of £11,016. 14s. 1½d. was disbursed—out of which £4,000 was paid for building and repairing bridges, and upwards of £4,000 for the criminal jurisprudence and its accompaniments.

The Trustees of the Dorchester Savings' Bank have published their accounts up to November 20 of the present year, whereby it appears that the invested sums in the bank, with cash in hand for temporary purposes, amount to £37,566. 8s. 7d.

From the tenth annual report of the Bridport Savings' Bank, made up to Nov. 20, 1827, it appears that the Trustees have deposited in the bank the sum of £41,212. 11s. 4d.

Married.] At Lyne, J. Sloman, esq., to Miss Louisa Hillman.

Died.] At Corsham, Lieut.-Col. J. A. Castleman.

DEVON AND SOMERSET.

The tenth annual report of the West Somerset Savings' Bank (established at Taunton) has recently been published, and it appears that up to November 20, 1827, the balance due to the concern in government securities and interest, amounted to £199,982. 19s. 4d.—this amount exceeds that of last year by upwards of £3,000.

At the general annual meeting of the Trustees of the Yeovil Bank for Savings, the account made up to Nov. 20, appears to be £30,198. 4s. 1d.

Married.] At Stonehouse, W. Hitchens, esq., to Miss A. E. Kinsman.

Died.] At Newton Abbott, Mr. R. Smale, sen. for 50 years waggon-master from that place to Exeter, &c.—At Chudleigh, 100, Mary Marshall; her husband died in February last at the age of 102.—At Bath, 72, A. Dolmage, esq., of Jamaica, where he had been register of the Courts of Chancery, and vice-admiralty provost marshal general, &c.

CORNWALL.

Lately vast quantities of pilchards were discovered in St. Ives Bay. All the seans, except four, had been laid up, and the boats were hauled up on the beach, it being supposed the fishery had recently closed. The seans were got out with all expedition, and two were quickly shot, when they enclosed about 2,000 hogsheads of fish. The great weight of fish made the nets give way, and the whole of their contents escaped; but two other seans were also shot, and secured about 1,000 hogsheads. The appearance of such a quantity of fish, at so late a period, is unprecedented in the collection of the oldest fisherman.

WALES.

A handsome and commodious chapel, capable of containing near 600 persons, was consecrated at Dowlais, by the Bishop of Llandaff. It was erected and endowed by Messrs. Guest and Lewis.

It appears by the last report of the Brecon County and Borough Savings' Bank, that £30,846. 14s. 2d. had been received from its commencement to Nov. 20, 1827.

A grand organ, on the largest scale, is putting up in the parish church of Wrexham; the cost is £1,300, which was raised by voluntary contributions.

Part of Newtown (Montgomeryshire) was lighted with gas, Dec. 17, when much rejoicing was manifested upon the occasion.

Married.] T. Hughes, esq., of Denbigh, to Miss M. Williams, of Pentremawr.—At Tallilly, Mr. T. Morgan and Mr. T. Bevan, to the Misses Margaret and Elizabeth Barrette.

Died.] At Swansea, 68, J. Minshall, esq., brother-in-law to the late Lord Craven.—Mr. Williams, who for many years had resided, as harper, at Tregib, Carmarthenshire.—At Llan-Netydd (Denbigh) 97, Mrs. Roberts.—At Llanymynech, 87, Mrs. Edwards.—R. Hughes, esq., of Plas-yn-Llangoed, Anglesey.—At Denbigh, 82, Mrs. M. Foulkes.

SCOTLAND.

Died.] At Leith, 80, Rev. Dr. J. Colquhoun.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 26th of November to the 25th of December 1827.

Nov.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	N 4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols. for Acc.
26	206 1/2 207	85 1/2 86	85 1/2 86	—	91 1/2 92	101 1/2 102	19 1-16 1/2	250 1/2	82 86p	52 55p	85 1/2 86 1/2
27	206 1/2 207	85 1/2 86	85 1/2 86	92 1/2 93	92 1/2 93	101 1/2 102	19 1-16 3-16	—	87 90p	54 56p	86 1/2 87 1/2
28	206 1/2 207	85 1/2 86	85 1/2 86	92 1/2 93	92 1/2 93	101 1/2 102	19 1-16 3-16	252 1/2 253	88p	54 56p	86 1/2 87 1/2
29	207 1/2 208	85 1/2 86	85 1/2 86	92 1/2 93	92 1/2 93	101 1/2 102	19 3-16 1/2	253	88 90p	57 56p	86 1/2 87 1/2
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Dec											
1	205 206	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	—	89 1/2 90	100 1/2 99 1/2	18 11-16 1/2	250	—	51 55p	83 1/2 84 1/2
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	—	89 1/2 90	99 1/2 100 1/2	18 11-16 1/2	245 246	65 68p	40 44p	82 1/2 83 1/2
4	203 1/2 204	81 1/2 82	81 1/2 82	89 1/2 90	88 1/2 89	100 1/2 101 1/2	18 11-16 1/2	245	60 66p	40 44p	82 1/2 83 1/2
5	203 204	81 1/2 82	81 1/2 82	89 1/2 90	88 1/2 89	100 1/2 101 1/2	18 13-16 1/2	—	63 73p	40 44p	82 1/2 83 1/2
6	205	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 13-16 15-16	247	70 72p	42 44p	83 1/2 84 1/2
7	—	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	70 72p	42 44p	83 1/2 84 1/2
8	—	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	70 73p	43 45p	83 1/2 84 1/2
9	—	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	70 73p	42 45p	82 1/2 83 1/2
10	204	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	71 72p	42 44p	83 1/2 84 1/2
11	205	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	70 72p	42 43p	83 1/2 84 1/2
12	204 1/2	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 15-16	—	70 72p	42 44p	83 1/2 84 1/2
13	—	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 13-16 15-16	—	70 72p	43 44p	83 1/2 84 1/2
14	—	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 15-16	—	72p	44 47p	84 1/2 85 1/2
15	—	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 15-16	—	73 74p	46 47p	84 1/2 85 1/2
16	—	82 1/2 83	82 1/2 83	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 15-16	—	73 75p	46 49p	84 1/2 85 1/2
17	206	83 1/2 84	83 1/2 84	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 15-16 19	—	77p	48 51p	83 1/2 84 1/2
18	205	83 1/2 84	83 1/2 84	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 15-16	—	—	—	—
19	204	83 1/2 84	83 1/2 84	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	19	—	—	—	—
20	205	83 1/2 84	83 1/2 84	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	18 15-16 19	—	—	—	—
21	—	83 1/2 84	83 1/2 84	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	19 1-16	—	85 87p	55 57p	86 1/2 87 1/2
22	—	83 1/2 84	83 1/2 84	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	19 1-16	—	—	—	—
23	—	83 1/2 84	83 1/2 84	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	19 1-16	—	84 87p	55 58p	83 1/2 84 1/2
24	205 1/2	83 1/2 84	83 1/2 84	89 1/2 90	89 1/2 90	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. EYTON, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From November 20th to 19th December inclusive.

By WILLIAM HARRIS and Co., 50, High Holborn.

November.	Rain Gauge.	Moon.	Therm.			Barometer.		De Lue's Hygro.		Winds.		Atmospheric Variations.		
			9 A. M.	Max.	Min.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	10 P. M.	9 A. M.	2 P. M.	10 P. M.
20	Rain Gauge Frozen.	☾	46	50	41	29 96	29 97	100	93	W	NW	Fair	Fair	Fair
21			42	43	29	30 08	30 02	86	84	NE	NNE	—	—	—
22			30	36	25	29 77	29 65	83	86	N	NNW	—	—	Snow
23			26	36	27	29 55	29 51	86	89	NW	N	—	—	Fair
24			30	34	28	29 67	29 88	88	88	N	N	—	—	Snow
25			33	39	37	29 83	30 21	96	98	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	Clo.
26			42	45	34	30 20	30 25	98	100	WSW	W	Foggy	Clo.	Sleet
27			34	45	34	30 22	30 12	100	98	W	SW	—	—	Fine
28			36	45	41	29 92	29 70	98	87	SW	S	Clo.	—	Clo.
29			44	48	43	29 24	29 38	100	98	NW	NW	Rain	—	Fair
30			46	51	47	29 36	29 35	96	98	NW	S	Fair	—	Clo.
Dec.														
1	Rain Gauge Frozen.	☾	48	53	44	29 01	28 96	86	87	WSW	WNW	Clo.	—	Sleet
2			45	47	43	29 00	29 27	90	96	NW	ENE	—	Sleet	—
3			45	48	44	29 55	29 71	96	86	ENE	W	—	Fair	Clo.
4			50	56	49	29 66	29 71	97	93	W	WNW	—	—	—
5			51	56	47	29 95	29 73	95	95	W	W	—	—	—
6			47	49	36	29 68	30 00	80	85	WNW	NW	—	—	—
7			39	50	45	30 14	29 80	90	85	WNW	NW	—	—	—
8			46	47	35	29 77	29 86	88	90	NW	NW	Fair	—	Fair
9			40	55	51	29 79	29 55	90	98	W	NW	—	—	Sleet
10			54	55	45	29 36	29 24	98	98	SW	SW	Clo.	Sleet	—
11			45	53	41	29 39	29 30	86	93	WSW	SW	—	Clo.	Clo.
12			44	46	42	29 25	29 21	97	100	ESE	SE	Dense F.	—	Rain
13			42	45	39	29 37	29 57	97	90	WNW	SW	Clo.	—	Clo.
14			44	52	43	29 35	29 34	92	98	SSW	W	Rain	Rain	—
15			47	55	44	29 57	29 46	98	98	WSW	SW	Fair	—	Rain
16			44	51	38	29 62	29 92	92	90	W	WNW	—	—	Fine
17			42	49	40	30 08	29 96	90	90	W	WSW	—	Fair	Fair
18			51	55	49	29 68	29 57	97	98	WSW	WSW	Rain	—	Rain
19			53	55	46	29 49	29 46	98	98	WSW	WSW	—	Rain	—